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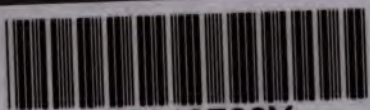
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PLEASANT MEMORIES.





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PLEASANT MEMORIES.

'Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"'

PLEASANT MEMORIES:

A Woman's Thoughts and Life-work.

BY

JOHN BAILLIE, D.D.

TRIN. COLL. CAMBRIDGE; RECTOR OF WYVENHOE, ESSEX:

AUTHOR OF

'MEMOIRS OF ADELAIDE NEWTON,' 'HEWITSON,' 'MISSIONARY OF KILMANY,' ETC.

'O let my thoughts, my actions, and my will,
Obedient solely to Thy impulse move:
My heart and senses keep Thou blameless still,
Fix'd and absorb'd in God's unutter'd LOVE!
Thy praying, teaching, striving in my heart,
Let me not quench, nor make Thee to depart!



LONDON:
HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY.
1878.

210. m. 709.

**'This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.'**

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PREFATORY.

A RECENT writer has said that, though it may be questioned whether the world knows nothing of its greatest men, it is certain that it knows, and can know, next to nothing of its noblest women;—the best and safest life for woman being, in almost all cases, that which attracts to itself least observation; their greatest work being carried on in their own hearts; and their fame rising highest in their own homes. But there are exceptions to all rules; and a notable exception is the remarkable Woman whose thoughts and purposes, and words and deeds, are recorded in the following pages.

A surviving mutual friend, speaking of 'her great intellectual power, her singular consecration to God, and her striking service as a centre of social influence,' expressed a very ardent desire that I should make an effort to delineate her noble life, especially as existing Memoirs relate, rather to young men and women, than to wives, and mothers, and ladies wielding a marked power in their circles and neighbour-

hoods: 'As a stimulus to us,' she added, 'and to quicken many to be more what she was.'

At first, the writer doubted if materials enough existed to enable him to do justice to a mind so original, a heart so unselfish, and a life so fruitful in every good and holy work. But, as he began to unfold the treasures preserved in the correspondence, and in the memories of a friendship, of more than thirty years, he seemed, not only to possess materials enough, but to have an obligation laid upon him to use them, as he best might, for the glory of that God who had made her such 'a burning and shining light.'

Of course, it demanded some delicacy in the handling, to exhibit in any considerable detail a life so very recently closed; and on this account I have been led to suppress the greater part of the names which occur in her letters, and even her own honoured name, although I have a fixed belief that she would herself have entrusted me with an absolute discretion to give or to withhold any names I might judge right. It was chiefly through her advice and encouragement that I was led to prepare my Memoir of Adelaide Newton; and no complaint has ever reached me that even the most delicate sensibilities of her surviving relatives were wounded, however slightly, though the interval betwixt her decease and the publication of the Memoir was much shorter than in the present instance. My departed friend knew this: and I am sure I should have had her entire assent to use, in

whatsoever way I might deem fitting, any materials within my reach.

Though my friend was a domiciled English-woman, and, indeed, lived all the forty years of her married life in this southern part of the kingdom, she was a Scotchwoman by birth, and, like all Scotch people, was proud of her country and of its Christian training—sometimes even to an undue disparagement of England and of the English Church.

In a recent publication, entitled '*Letters of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen*,' edited by W. Hanna, D.D.,—a remarkable confession is made by the writer:—'The most deeply devout men I have ever known were brought up as Calvinists.' And, being asked how he could reconcile this fact with his life-long war with Calvinism, and with the repulsive aspect in which, to a large extent under his auspices, his "Broad-Church" friends and disciples delighted to hold it up to reprobation, Mr. Erskine replied:—'In this way—Calvinism makes God and the thought of Him all in all, and makes the creature almost nothing before Him. So, it engenders a deep reverence, a profound humility and self-abasement, which are the true beginnings of all religion. It exalts God infinitely above the creature. In this Calvinism is true and great, and I honour it.' It was in such a Calvinism that my friend gloried,—living in it, working in it, suffering in it, triumphing in it, dying in it. And, for my part, I own to no loftier ambition than to be

found at her side, in the home above, casting my crown in lowliest self-loathing, yet in fulness of joy, at the feet of Him 'of whom and to whom and through whom are all things,'—'To whom be glory for ever and ever!'

I ought to add, as an explanation of my own so frequent personal appearance in the following pages, that it was an unpleasant necessity imposed upon me by the fact that the letters were almost exclusively addressed to myself, and that, therefore, a certain dualism was required, in order to impart to the whole an interest which a mere series of letters could not possess. I have never, however, allowed myself to appear, unless it seemed necessary for a kind of 'setting' to the jewel of her own personal characteristics.

CHAPTER I.

'Not a sweet Christian'—Force of intellect—No littleness
History of a mind—Noise and goodness—Her storehouse—
Home-circle—Augustin Cochin—Family picture—Central
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Ruskin—Nature's finest Touches—Province of Artist—
Biographer's work similar—Fulness of stature—Incidents
veiled—Scripture-personages—Analogy—Scene at Geneva—
Cæsar Malan—'Out of season'—Starting-point—Social
duties—Deficiencies—Bible's 'sweeping clauses'—About
religion—Outworks—Want of faith—Not expecting great
things—Various residences—Home-efforts—Hopeful
signs—Bishop M'Ilvaine and Revival—President Edwards
—Thirty thousand converts—A single preacher—Second Pen-
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Anxious watching—God's tidings—Paroxysms—'Hard as
adamant'—Pleadings—With sinner for God—With God for
sinner—Feet on Rock—Passion for souls—Illness—One
thing—Anguish—Hell torment—Modern cant—'Annihila-
tion'—'Victory of divine goodness'—No sympathy—Her
creed—No 'developments'—Keble—'Unready virgins'—
Sinner's fear, saint's hope—Both depart—Lowly confessions
Growing nearness to God—Christ all—Ready for His appear-
ing—Elijah—Grinding at mill—Agricultural labourers—In
bed—Healthy life—No fanaticism—Domestic watch-tower—
Difficulties—'Little child'—Outward ceremonies—Send me!
—'Night of sin.'

**'Who follows CHRIST, whate'er betide,
Is worthy of a soldier's name ;
Is HE thy Way, thy Light, thy Guide,
'Tis meet thou also bear His shame.**

**'What profits it that CHRIST hath deign'd
To wear our mortal nature thus,
If we ourselves have ne'er attain'd
That GOD reveals Himself in us?'**

‘I AM SURE she was an excellent, good woman ; but, in reading her Memoir, I could not help yawning. Her letters at seventy were very like what they had been at twenty-seven. She was what is popularly termed “a sweet Christian ;” and I always feel great respect, but considerable weariness, in the society of “sweet Christians.”’

So wrote to the author, some twenty years ago, the very dear and valued friend who was lately taken from among us, and whose mental footprints we propose now to trace. The words are eminently characteristic of her grand and noble life. Loving her Lord with a very peculiar attachment, she yet rose superior to whatever was merely ‘sweet.’ Her strong mind could ill brook littleness, whether in sentiment or in action.

It is the history of a mind, rather than of a life, which it is our purpose to pourtray. ‘Noise,’ said a French curé, on one occasion, to Augustin Cochin, ‘does no good, and good makes no noise.’ In our friend’s life of more than threescore summers there was little either of ‘noise’ or stirring incident. ‘She mixed very little with others,’ is the remark of a surviving associate (the Hon. Mrs. C——); ‘books

were her chief companions ; her own mind was her storehouse. It was more or less a solitary mind, because of its great superiority over most of those by whom she was surrounded.'

Yet she was the life of her home-circle. 'At early morning,' Augustin Cochin's biographer has lately written of the beautiful scenes in a French chateau where he spent the outset of his married life, 'the elders of the family used to assemble with the children and grandchildren and relatives for worship ; and the day, begun with God, continued in some useful occupation which served to stimulate the activity of mind, to animate conversation, and to extract from every surrounding object, even from the excursions which ensued, some lasting profit.' Not a few, who still survive, will recognise, in that family-picture, the bright and happy home-hearth of her who is now gone. The daily incidents themselves may be beginning to fade from the memory, and to assume that dreamy appearance which the lapse of time gives to the past ; but the central figure in the scene cannot fade away,—'though dead, she yet speaketh.' With a husband who was proud of her and was himself a man of quiet power and energy, and the possessor of an ample fortune, and with a rising family who inherited not a little of their parents' mental force, and with a numerous household around her, she found herself summoned by her indomitable courage and Christian zeal to a wide field of daily labour for her

Lord. And the fragrant memory of her service seems to add an ever-abiding charm to the written records which we are privileged to lay before our readers in all their unfaded freshness.

It has been truly said by Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, that Nature's finest touches are things which must be watched for, her most perfect passages of beauty being the most evanescent. And he adds, most justly, that they are these evanescent passages of perfected beauty which the artist ought to seek for and arrest.

What is true of the province of the artist in delineating the face of Nature is scarcely less true of the province of the biographer in delineating and fixing those passages of mental and moral and spiritual beauty which otherwise would pass away into oblivion. Out of hundreds of letters which lie before me at this moment as the memorials of a life-long fellowship, my office is to select the 'touches' which most vividly represent the noble mind which has passed away into another sphere.

Some readers may be surprised, even startled, at the 'fulness of stature' attained by her at her first introduction to them, and may desiderate a narrative of her conversion and gradual growth in grace, and of the daily incidents of her outward life. For the most part, these are, of necessity, veiled. But the PERSON stands before us not the less vividly, just as in Scripture some of the most striking personages—such as

Jonathan, Elijah, Elisha, Caleb, Daniel, Isaiah, the three Maries—are introduced to us as already converted, a veil being drawn by the Holy Spirit over the method in which God brought them to Himself, and the great fact only being certain, that, whereas once they were blind, now they saw. It is the aspect in which she ‘saw’ the objects presented to her keen ken that we are now to ‘mark, learn, and inwardly digest.’

It is more than thirty years since, one afternoon, at Geneva, I stood at the side of Dr. Cæsar Malan in front of his hospitable dwelling outside the city-walls. ‘A daughter in the faith,’ said he, with a glistening eye, ‘gave me this ground when I was driven from the town for preaching the Gospel.’ In the evening I was talking about the ‘old man eloquent’ to a fellow-traveller whom I met in the hotel.

‘Ah! I have cause to thank God for ever having met that dear servant of His,’ remarked the lady, with some emotion.

‘How?’ I inquired.

‘More than twenty years have now passed,’ she rejoined, ‘since, on one of his many visits to England, he had been invited to dine at the house where I was staying on a visit. He arrived rather early, and, on entering the drawing-room, found me alone. I had been religiously brought up; but, having heard of Malan’s way of questioning strangers very pointedly

about their condition before God, I remember I would rather have seen any other person in the world enter and find me face to face with him, and alone. "Delightful weather!" I said, in an embarrassed tone. "Yes, dear friend;" he whispered gently, in his broken English, "but may I ask you what kind of weather it is in your soul?" The question seemed strangely "out of season" at such a moment; and, at first, I felt inclined to resent it: but it was put so kindly and with such an intense solemnity, that the tears rose in my half-blinded eyes, and that day was to me the starting-point of a new life.'

This incident, and some kindred reminiscences in the daily life of that 'winner of souls,' I had communicated to my friend as a sample of the honour God puts upon the Christian who has faith enough to be 'instant,' not only 'in season,' but 'out of season.' It will be seen how adult a faith she had already reached, when I quote the burning words which it drew from her.

'I have been led lately,' she wrote, 'to dwell much on the general deficiency in relation to social duties. We are commanded to support the weak, to cherish and encourage the feeble-minded, to warn those who are unruly, to be kind to, even to love, *all* without any exception or limitation. Here the Bible comes in with its sweeping clauses. There is no reservation made, no reason given, no excuse under peculiar circumstances or temperament suggested; no, "all"

is the solemn voice of God, speaking in His own power and authority, and commanding us to "do these things, if we know them."

'And yet,' she added, 'Christians meet in the common intercourse of society, and spend their precious time, it may be, speaking *about* religion—the outworks of the Church; but how few have the true courage which ought to distinguish Christ's followers, and penetrate beneath the surface, and say, "How is it with your soul?" Every day I live convinces me more and more of the imperative nature of this duty—of the success God grants to it, when undertaken for His glory and in reliance on His strength, and that it is my want of faith which does not give me boldness to speak the truth to sinners lying in wickedness. If I leaned more simply on God, He would give me a mouth and wisdom. How often we ask these things without an *expectation* that He will give them! And so we do not receive the blessing.'

During all the years of her married life, one chief concern of her thoughts and longings was the Christian good of the people immediately surrounding her three successive residences. Alluding to the labours of several missionary agents whom her husband and herself had stationed, at their own great cost, among the home-heathen at their door, she writes:—'S—still presents hopeful signs. The meetings continue to be well attended; there have been two sermons in

the open air—from one hundred and fifty to two hundred people present, who behaved with much seriousness and propriety. The weekly meetings are also fully attended. It is strange that in some houses the attendance is mostly of the young, and in others almost exclusively of the elderly people. We need more the spirit of believing prayer, and of trust in God's willingness to do all for them that we want.'

But she was learning day by day that 'those who honour God He will honour.' On one occasion, Bishop MacIlvaine of Ohio was asked, sneeringly, what the 'Revival' had done for his country. 'Done!' replied the good Bishop; 'it has given us a hundred thousand souls.' Our friend was not one of those coldly suspicious critics whose calling seems to be to bring up 'an evil report of the pleasant land.' We shall afterwards meet her in rejoicing sympathy with the great work of God which some eighteen years ago turned so many of our desolate wastes into very 'gardens of the Lord.' But, meanwhile, we find her recognising in happy faith the divine handiwork in other days. 'What an extraordinary circumstance,' she remarked, one day, in conversation on this subject, meeting a weak objection which often is alleged against the reality of religious awakenings, 'is mentioned respecting the American revivals in President Edwards' time! In a population of three hundred thousand—less considerably than that of Manchester—there remained, after the lapse of a good many

years had tested them, thirty thousand genuine converts. Of course, more than double the number,' she added, 'had in some way been affected, though not savingly. These were those who had given evidence throughout life of having received Christ. And this was mostly through the instrumentality of a single man, beginning with a single Church, and the leaven spreading rapidly!'

All the greater charm had that work in her eyes, that it was not the fungous growth of an unhealthy excitement, rising, like Jonah's gourd, in a night, and perishing in a night, but the calm, deep, quiet anxiety of a second Pentecost, where the preacher was so hidden behind the Divine Worker that the glory was seen to be all His own. 'God is very jealous of His own prerogatives,' she observed, on another occasion; 'man takes part of the glory; God will not suffer this; and—the work is stopped.'

Christians often wonder at their want of success in reaping the Master's fields. Let them imitate our friend in *expecting* a blessing, and in giving to God *all* the glory when it comes.

This was seen, eminently, in the tender and wise care with which she watched over *individual* souls, and in the reciprocal confidence which her love inspired.

One is whispering in her ear, 'how sinful she feels it, to continue under the hiding of God's face.' She is 'tempted to a sort of despairing resignation to what

is inevitable, precluding almost any effort: and at times the conflict is so severe as to make her doubt her interest in Christ, and be ready to give it hopelessly up.'

'I can only pray for her,' is her loving response; 'and I do trust, that, after her heavenly Father has taught her even more of her own helplessness and sin, He will give her more faith and joy, and tell her also of His willingness to save her through every temptation, and to keep her close to Him with or without external privileges.'

Another 'has been subject for two years to such strong and deep convictions of sin, that they have almost amounted to paroxysms of distress. Gradually they fade away.' And then comes 'a season when the heart seems hard as adamant, and nothing apparently can move it. Sometimes this state of hardness has continued for a month or two, and there is an evident dislike to every good thing.' Then, at the next stage, comes 'an overwhelming state of grief; many times in the day she cries over her evil heart; nothing can comfort her; drowned in tears, she pronounces herself to be more wicked than the man who took pleasure in nailing Jesus to the cross.'

In spite of a 'shrinking repugnance to disclosing her feelings,' this troubled one unbosoms her griefs to our friend: she pleads with her for God; she pleads with God for her; she tells her the 'desire of

Jesus is towards her,' and the sunshine comes. And, giving all the praise to God, she writes: 'In Christ is all fulness; and there is no reservation in His promises of spiritual blessings. We shall have all we can hold—be filled with His fulness.'

It might be supposed that this lofty 'passion for souls' scarcely admitted of a higher range. Yet, from an 'illness' in which she 'contemplated her departure as an event very probably near,' she rose with a fresh determination to live for this '*one thing*.' 'My comparative seclusion from all worldly things,' she wrote to me, 'has not been without its blessing. One view was very strikingly impressed on me. I was considerably longer in suffering than usual; and it came so vividly into my mind—If I find it so intolerable to endure this anguish for a few hours, oh! *what* must be the nature of *eternal* torment in hell—*never* to be delivered—to bear worse than this with no hope of its termination—with no compassionate Saviour to support you—with the agony of conscience stinging, besides! I thought that, if I were spared to rise again, I would never pass a sinner unwarned of his fearful doom, as if it demanded a whole life, every moment of time, to entreat them to flee from the wrath to come.'

It will be seen from these sentences that our friend had no sympathy with the modern cant about 'annihilation' or such a 'victory of divine goodness' as will ultimately effect for the lost an emanci-

pation from the pains of hell. She was old-fashioned enough to accept loyally and unhesitatingly the Lord's plain words, believing that, if hell were not eternal, heaven itself would not be eternal, since the eternity of both was set forth by Him in identical terms. Nothing more intensely stirred her soul than the idea of diluting the gospel to suit the exigencies of modern philosophy or the eccentricities of 'modern life.' Sin; wrath; atoning blood; a substitutionary righteousness; a new creature, born of the Holy Ghost, through a living union, by faith, with a crucified and risen Saviour—were the articles of her creed, not accepted merely as dogmas, but graven on her conscience and in her heart. These dogmas admitted of no modern 'developments;' she found them in the Bible, as the Church down through the ages had found them; they were the secret of her own bright daily life; and she could no more surrender or qualify them than she could question or surrender her existence. In certain of his Ritualistic proclivities she had no sympathy with the author of *The Christian Year*; but with her whole soul she endorsed those ever-memorable words:—

'Then is there hope for such as die unblest,
That angel-wings may waft them to the shore;
Nor need the unready virgin strike her breast,
Nor wait desponding at the bridegroom's door

'But where is then the stay of contrite hearts?
Of old they lean'd on Thy eternal Word,

But with the sinner's fear their hope departs,
Fast link'd as Thy great Name to Thee, O Lord :

'That Name, by which Thy faithful oath is pass'd,
That we should endless be, for joy or woe:—
And, if the treasures of Thy wrath could waste,
Thy lovers must Thy promis'd Heaven forego.'

Another of her lowly confessions indicates her growing nearness to Him who 'is light, and with whom there is no darkness at all.' 'Alas! how soon,' she writes, 'these impressions fade away! How little fruit do they produce! Pride, making us rely on ourselves—unbelief, hindering us from seeing how willing Christ is freely to give us strength and courage—sloth, indulging our carnal inclinations to rest—all make us fall very short of what we may be. I feel I know very little yet of what it is to do *everything* to the glory of God. The commonest action of everyday life might be a religious action. Eating, drinking, and trivial intercourse, might all be done to show forth the Saviour, or to acquire strength for His service. I deeply lament that I so often do these things to please myself, not for God. Oh, that I could put myself completely out of view, that my Saviour only should be seen! Then I should come nearer to St. Paul, who "counted *all* things"—and he had many talents—"but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus," and was willing to be *nothing* that Christ might be all.'

One day, we were talking together of the manner

in which we should like to be employed at the moment when the Lord should come to take us away to be with Himself.

I remarked how Elijah, though he had been told that he was to be taken that day before sunset, went steadily through his ordinary occupation of visiting and counselling the sons of the prophets.

‘Yes,’ she interposed, ‘and in like manner, when the Lord speaks of His “appearing,” He intimates that “one woman is grinding at the mill,” another—an agricultural labourer—is busy “in the field,” a third is lying in “bed” quietly asleep, and all three are as ready to be “taken” as if at the moment they were on their knees praying.’

It was this healthy life she was learning daily, hourly to live—not the unhealthy, forced fanaticism which depends, for its hot-bed, evanescent feeling, upon the constant excitement of religious exercises.

‘It requires much faith and patience,’ she writes from her domestic watch-tower, ‘to watch over such a household and family as mine. There are so many conflicting claims and different temperaments. I feel indeed that I am as a little child, totally incapable of guiding and directing them as much as a mother and a mistress is called upon to do. Will you pray for me, my dear friend, that God may fit me for my work—that, sinful and weak as I am, yet He may touch

my unclean lips as with a live coal from off the altar, till I am ready to say, "Here am I, send me!"

'To be a living Christian,' she observed, on another occasion, 'we have no need of incessant outward ceremonies; for have not we been buried with Christ in His death, and are not we risen again to newness of life by the power of His resurrection? And does not Christ, our living Head, represent us in heaven? And is it not the part of us, His living members, to represent Him here on earth?'

'The night is here,
Oh, be Thou near;
Christ, make it light within;
Drive away from out my heart
All the night of sin!'

CHAPTER II.

Sick soldiers—Officers—Forty-second regiment—Bible-class—Native Maltese—Blinded idolaters—Husband's hairbreadth escape—Wider horizon—God's controversy—His servants removed—Mr. McBride—Strength taken away—William Burns—'Cleave to Christ'—Soul's exodus—Christ's method—Two and two—Mutual comfort—Christian and Hopeful—Green spots—Their fragrant memory—From Malta to Egypt—'Cook' not yet—Great Pyramid—Desert journey—Palestine—Forsaken—Holy City—'Become heaps'—Sion—Crop of barley—'Ploughed as a field'—Bethany—Gethsemane—Tidings welcome—Thoughts—Land of wonders—Restoration—Millennarianism—Not carnalising—Strange neglect—Farther scenes—'Mighty Memories'—Dead Sea—Cities' grave—Sychar—Its well—The woman—Jezreel Plain—Nazareth—Cottage-home—Carpenter—Son of Mary—Carmel—Grand prophet—Tyre—Merchant princes—'Perfect in beauty'—Scraped as a rock—Home—Happy hours—Memories recalled—Lingering after-glow—Things distasteful—Charity-patrons—Pharisee and 'Poor Widow'—Sham revivals—Flagrant instance—'A Revival on'—'Must be there'—The stool—Did feel something—Converted—Another revival—Excited feeling—Reaction—Real revival—Irish—American—'Saw grace of God'—'Was glad.'

**'Awake, thou careless world, awake!
The final day shall surely come ;
What Heaven hath fix'd Time cannot shake
It cannot sweep away Thy doom.'**

‘DO you find the sick soldiers impressible? There is seldom scepticism or hardness on a death-bed. How have you been received by the officers? That is a difficult duty—to be consistent as a Christian, yet untempered by austerity or gloom—to declare the truth boldly, yet not needlessly offend by doing it injudiciously. It is a very trying position, yet God is able and willing to give grace and strength for it.’

These sympathising words were called forth by the circumstance, that, during a winter which I was spending in Malta, I had the opportunity of ministering to one of the noblest of our regiments—the ‘thin red line’ of Crimean repute, the ‘Black Watch ;’ and never have I found a door more ‘wide and effectual’ opened to me as a minister of Christ. Again and again I was able to report to my friend the unwonted blessing which seemed to accompany the Gospel-message, as many as three or four hundred of the men volunteering to attend on a week-day in the barracks a Bible-Class, whilst the commanding

officer sat regularly beside me at a little table in front of them, in token of his interest in what he believed to be 'for the good of his men.' The New Testament 'centurions' I had often singled out as some of the most attractive instances of Divine Grace ; and one and another and another officer of that distinguished regiment, by sustaining so earnestly my feeble endeavours to benefit them, revealed to me the secret of the peculiar complacency with which the Master declared He 'had not seen so great faith, no, not in Israel.'

Another object of her kindly sympathy that winter was, 'the poor blinded idolaters,' among whom I found myself—the native Maltese. 'I suppose,' she wrote, 'the mass of the people are little less barbarians than in St. Paul's time. How skilfully Popery adapts itself to the natural man! Every spiritual object is professedly represented by an outward one, till the creature is put instead of the Creator ; man's wisdom and man's plans of exciting the feelings supersede the calm, solemn warnings and encouragements of God's Word, till at last, because they do not like to retain God in their knowledge, He leaves them to themselves. You have excited my sympathy much for the poor Maltese.' And no wonder! To think that for nearly a century Christian England has held that dark island, and that scarcely a single honest, resolute effort has been put forth by her Churches to evangelise its

benighted, belated people! *O peccatum infandum, horrendum!*

That same winter, her husband had been given back to her, almost from the grave. 'Owing to the carelessness of a groom,' she thankfully wrote to me, 'his horse was not properly harnessed to the phaeton. It took fright from the carriage pressing upon its legs, ran off at full speed, and, after proceeding nearly half a mile, dashed against an omnibus, and threw Mr. ——— violently upon the pavement. The general impression was, that his head had struck against a lamp-post, and that he would never speak again; but, providentially, his arm had intercepted the blow, and, though much bruised and shaken, he was not seriously hurt! Two or three days' confinement to a sofa brought him nearly to a state of convalescence; and, though his arm is still painful and his sprained foot still lame, he considers himself quite well now. In the midst of life,' she concluded, 'truly we are in death.' And we may add justly, with good Hezekiah, 'By these things she lived, and in all these things was the life of her spirit.'

With 'a heart at leisure from itself,' she gradually entered more deeply into whatever bore upon the life of the Church or the fortunes of Sion. '*Nihil est alienum, quod Christianum est,*' was becoming year by year the directing guide of her consecrated life. 'The present condition of our Church and country,' she writes, 'seems to be rather a gloomy one. It

appears as if God had a controversy with us. One by one, He is removing His honoured instruments of blessing—whether by death, as in the case of Mr. M'Bride, or by depriving them, Samson-like, of their power, as in that of Mr. William Burns, who now seems to be shorn of his strength and to have become as other men.'

The removal of the former of these eminent servants of God she noted to me thus: 'The fever, at first bilious, at last became yellow fever, and he suffered most excruciatingly. One of the three doctors who attended him testified that, during a thirty years' practice, he had never seen such agony. Owing to the state of his mouth and throat, he was able to speak but little; yet he was kept in perfect peace, and, though the fever ran very high, he was never delirious. To one of his elders, who was much overcome on leaving him and had said something about it appearing to *man* hardly possible he should be taken away whilst so much remained for him to do, he answered: "Christ has no need of a poor worm like me." He blessed his people, and added, "Tell my dear people to *cleave* to Christ, and, through Him, to one another also. Tell them—I know that my Redeemer liveth, and, because He lives, His people live, and shall live, also." About half-an-hour before his death, he requested to have the twenty-third Psalm sung, and he joined in it himself throughout; then he had read to him the opening verses of 2 Cor. v., and he calmly fell asleep.'

A little glimpse into her inner life is given thus:

'It was very consistent with the tenderness and love of Jesus' nature to send out His disciples, "two and two," to be a comfort and help to each other. Bunyan's picture of Christian and Hopeful is somewhat similar : the one is a prop, the other an encouragement, each most useful to his fellow as possessing what the other lacked. We should be very grateful when we meet those with whom we can take sweet counsel. They are green spots in a wilderness.' It was on such 'a green spot,' let it be added, that 'Paul the prisoner' found himself when, meeting the Roman 'brethren' at Appii-forum, he 'thanked God, and took courage.' And it was a like spot that the beloved disciple longed for, when, addressing 'the well-beloved Gaius,' and feeling how poor a medium of fellowship was 'paper and ink,' he 'trusted he should very shortly see and speak to him face to face;' and, when saluting by letter 'the elect lady and her children,' whom he 'loved in the truth,' he felt he must postpone the 'many things' he had to say to them, until he could 'speak' to them also 'face to face.' Then, and then only, their mutual 'joy would be full.' And (may I be forgiven for saying so?) it is because we mutually found in our Christian fellowship one of the greenest spots in our lives, that I have been constrained to seek to perpetuate the memory of it.

In the spring I had quite unexpectedly decided to go on from Malta to Egypt and Palestine, and had from Jerusalem sent my friend some impressions of

the scenes I had been visiting. The days of 'Cook' were not yet; nor had railways broken the olden charm which the land of the Pharaohs bore. I had told her of the weird sights which seemed scarcely to differ from what Moses and his compeers might have looked upon—a land of hovels and of slaves, and of a ruler who appeared to imagine that they existed only for his pleasure. I had spoken of the entrancing associations which crowded into the mind as I stood on the summit of the Great Pyramid, and how that mysterious night when the Paschal Lamb brought immunity to each blood-sprinkled dwelling seemed to be still echoing the 'great cry in Egypt because there was not a house where there was not one dead.' I had taken her with me to the Red Sea, and had listened to the triumphal song which Moses and Miriam erst had sung upon its farther shore as they beheld the defiant host 'sunk like lead in the mighty waters.' And I had gone up from the land of Egypt through the pathless desert to the Holy Land, with my little cavalcade of camels and my tent and my water, just as Joseph's brethren or the Holy Family might, thirty or twenty centuries before, have trodden the same weary, burning sands. And I had entered the south of Syria, only to find it 'forsaken,' like a house and garden which had not been occupied for years and years. And, arrived at the Holy City, I had pictured to her 'Jerusalem' literally 'become heaps,' and 'Sion

ploughed like a field,' and covered at the time with a crop of barley, instead of her once magnificent towers and palaces which King David used to gaze on with such kingly and saintly joy. And, lastly, I had carried her with me into the most affecting of all these scenes—the holy Sepulchre,' where such multitudes of pilgrims from all countries 'seek the living among the dead,' and to 'the true cross,' which owed its certificate of identity to the holy wit of the Empress Helena in touching with a corpse each of the three, when only this cross started it into life! And to other scenes which superstition had not been able to desecrate—Olivet, whose shades seemed yet to re-echo the Redeemer's 'strong crying and tears;' and Bethany, where Jesus appeared still to 'love Martha and her sister and Lazarus,' and 'the perfume of the ointment' still 'filled' all its memories; and Gethsemane, which even yet was vocal with the 'agony,' and its thrice-repeated, 'If it be possible,' and its thrice-whispered, 'Not My will, but Thine be done!'

The tidings she welcomed characteristically thus:—
'I was truly rejoiced to see your handwriting once more. Many a conjecture had been occasioned by your mysterious silence—many a "Witness" conned over in the hope of discovering some clue to your abode. All was in vain, when at last your welcome letter arrived. And so you have been treading the most sacred, most interesting, most extraordinary spot in Christendom! How I envy you the tour! the

meditation on prayer in Gethsemane! the walk to Bethany! and the ascent to the Mount of Olives—the spot from which He went up, and where I believe His feet shall once more stand, when He returns the second time in glory!

‘I have been reading,’ she proceeded, ‘Fairbairn’s *Typology of Scripture*—very able, but very adverse to my views with respect to the restoration of Israel to their desolate Land. Yet my opinion, so far, is only confirmed by it, that God has not yet finished working out His wonders in that Land of wonders. Jerusalem will yet be the joy of the whole earth; and, when her King holds His regal sway there, “out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God will shine.” It is most true and most comforting that we have not to wait till then. Even now may we enter the presence-chamber, and hold most intimate communion with Him who is seated on the throne. But I do not find that holding, as I do, the opinion of those who are called Millennarians has any influence in carnalising that most sacred intercourse, as some assert. I think I never realised as deeply what the things of Eternity are—how *very near*—how all-important—since I caught a glimpse of the glorious things reserved *here* for the people of God—which God so repeatedly calls upon His children to study, and which many, eminently good and holy in other respects, so strangely neglect.

‘You really must come,’ she added, ‘and stay a

little while with us on your return to England, and let us have your impressions, while they are yet fresh and vivid. We shall all be truly delighted to see you again, and to hear the thousand things which cannot be written, and which yet are so full of interest. The portion of your route which you intended to traverse was scarcely less interesting than that which you had already gone over—Tyre, Sidon, and Mount Carmel ! How many mighty memories of the past come crowding with these words !

These 'mighty memories' had all been summoned into vision, as in turn were visited such scenes as the Dead Sea—that grave of the guilty cities whose charms had bewitched even the 'righteous' Lot ; Sychar and its adjoining 'well,' on which erst had sat the Pilgrim-stranger, finding His hunger and His thirst and His weariness all unconsciously gone, by reason of the joy which welled up in His breast as He told the marvelling 'woman' all her sins, and there and then forgave her ; the Esdraelon plain, and its neighbouring mount, itself transfigured into a thing of wonder by the temporary sojourn on its summit of two inmates of heaven, wearing their robes of glory ; the outlandish village, whose cottage-home witnessed well-nigh three decades of the meek boyhood and lowly manhood of the Carpenter-Son of Mary ; the grand Carmel-home of the yet grander prophet, who prayed as never before man had prayed, and was answered as never before man had been answered, and yet

afterwards was cited as a pattern for all to copy through all time; and last, not least, the city of 'merchant princes,' whose 'builders had perfected her beauty,' and whose traders in every sea had enriched her treasures, till she was made so 'very glorious' that she had 'set her heart as the heart of God,'—but now 'scraped like the top of a rock,' and 'a place for spreading of nets in the midst of the sea!' And, fresh from these other scenes and memories, I was able, on my return, to visit her delightful home-hearth. And well do I remember the happy hours which we spent over the thoughts inspired by them.

It was always so pleasant to hold intellectual converse with her; for, whilst thinking for herself on every subject, there was no dogmatism, nor any impatience of an opposite judgment. I never knew any one with whom mere authority went for so little; and yet the reasons she was so 'ready to give' for her conclusions were always so luminous and so weighty, that few ventured to engage with her in argument, however stoutly backed by usage. In spite, however, of her commanding powers of conversation no one ever felt as if he was overborne by mere talk. The 'rights of women' was a term odious to her; this woman's sphere was in her home; and she shone there so beautifully, yet so modestly, that I never left it without carrying with me a fragrance which lingered many days.

She was too real a disciple of Him who 'sat over

against the treasury,' weighing in His just balance the 'abundance' of the Pharisaic patron and the 'penury' of the lowly 'widow,' not to shrink in sensitive dislike from a feature of modern charity which acts so often as 'a dead fly in the ointment,' marring its sweetness before both God and man. 'I think,' she remarked to me, one day, in allusion to a painful example of the failing, 'there has been much harm done, both in England and in Scotland, by seeking for influential names to put upon Committees. God cannot be pleased with the work and service of those who know Him not; and we know He reckons the "two mites" of one of His own children better than the pounds of those who may be wealthy in men's eyes, but who are not rich towards God; and He can make the mites go further than the pounds—can He not?'

Another unhealthy feature of a different sort caused her scarcely less distress. Whilst rejoicing in any fresh tokens of real life in any body of Christians, she could not tolerate *sham* 'revivals.' She told me once of a member of her household, who used to attend a chapel some three or four miles off, and who came to her, one day, begging permission to go to it on a week-evening. It was a dreary road, and rather stormy weather, and her mistress naturally asked her why she was so anxious to go.

'There's a revival on, ma'am.'

'A revival? When did that come about?'

'Oh! ma'am, they have determined they *must* have a revival, and we *must* all be there to-night.'

'But it is God's work to make a revival, is it not?'

The girl was allowed to go; and, the next day, her mistress made inquiry about the proceedings of the night before.

'There was a great stir in the chapel, ma'am; and, as one and another and another were converted, they all shouted, "Glory be to God! praise the Lord!"'

'And were *you* converted?'

'Why, ma'am, they made me kneel upon a stool, and I was surrounded by half-a-dozen men; and first one prayed over me, and then asked me if I felt anything.'

'And *did* you feel anything?'

'No, ma'am, I told them I felt nothing.'

'And what then?'

'Oh! ma'am, they bade me kneel again, and another of the men prayed over me, and more earnestly than the other, and then asked if I didn't feel anything? It was a dreadful time, ma'am; but my hard heart felt nothing.'

'Well, and did they give it up as hopeless?'

'No, they made me kneel again; and another man poured out a prayer such as I never heard before in all my life.'

'And you felt now?'

'Yes, ma'am, I said I thought I did begin to feel something.'

'That encouraged them?'

'Yes, two or three more of them prayed, and they bade me welcome into the fold of Christ.'

'You were converted?'

'Yes, praise the Lord, I am.'

'Well, let me hope to see the fruit in your daily service.'

But alas! no fruit appeared; the poor deluded convert's 'goodness' was 'as the morning cloud and the early dew.'

'We have had a *revival* in this neighbourhood lately,' she writes, describing a like scene elsewhere; 'but it has been a revival of man's making. The W—— have had a celebrated preacher—a gentleman of independent fortune, but not, I should think, of very well cultivated mind—at the little village at our Lodge-gate. The whole country-side is in a ferment—which is certainly better than a dead calm; but there, I fear, the work stops, except in the case of those who declare themselves "converted," and who generally are fatally deluded by their excited feelings. The more I see of this system, the more thoroughly unscriptural and dangerous and soul-deceiving it appears to me to be.'

With very different feelings, however, did she look upon such a work as the Irish or American revival or similar awakenings in England or Scotland. Like

another Barnabas, she had too keen a spiritual discernment and too loyal a 'faith,' not to 'see the grace of God and be glad,' wheresoever His arm was made bare. And she was never content without some visible manifestation of His almighty power. 'We need a quickening impulse,' we find her writing; 'and, more than all, we need an outpouring of the Spirit over the true Church of Christ; for, here at least, it seems dry, and parched, and barren.'

The daily breathing of her heart was—

'Brethren, go forth beside all ways,
The wanderer greet with outstretch'd hand,
And call on him who darkly strays,
And bid him join our gladsome band.
That Heaven has stoop'd to earth below,
Proclaim the glad news everywhere;
That all may learn our faith, and know
They too may find an entrance there!'

CHAPTER III.

Omnivorous appetite for books—Divined their merits—Kingsley's *Glaucus*—'Daughter at school'—Kingsley's *At Last*—Conversation—Sabbath—Its obligation—Positive law—Why enacted—'A Gospel'—Brilliant talker—No 'bluestocking'—Abreast of literature—Review—Cockburn's Memorials—Edinburgh society—'Attic salt'—Irreligiousness—Bewildered—Christian motives—'Female Nestors'—Profane oaths—Protest—Types of female piety—Many-sidedness—Review—'Monarchs retired from business'—Usual characteristics—Wide field—Majesty not sublime—Weaknesses and follies—Thackeray—Quaint anecdotes—William III.—Lords Justices—French Ambassador—Order to quit—Old boots—'Five shillings'—Arrest—Charles V.—At St. Just—Choir—Imperial gratification—'Very throat'—False note—Offender not spared—Sixty servants—Thirty books—Polish kings—One of them—Left the chase—Porter in market-place—More sleep—Less care—Charlotte Brontë—Life a failure—Abounding gifts—No happiness—Girlhood—Womanhood—Uncared for—Face of nature—Newspapers—Prematurely old—School controversy—Dim gropings—Shadow of death—Christian perfection—'Never be saved'—No genuine love—God or man—Distrust human nature—Heart never revealed—'No earthly creature'—Successful authorship—Congenial society—Better circumstances—Overshadowed—'Clock ticking loud'—Death of sister—'Moments so dark.'

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‘ Since, then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built ; oh, dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last !
Till then afford us so much wit
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee ;
And both Thy servants be !’

OUR friend had an omnivorous appetite for books of every sort; and, by a kind of instinct, she quickly divined if there was any food worthy of digestion and assimilation. 'I have been reading *Glaucus*, by Kingsley,' she writes, for example: 'that man can touch no subject without making it amusing. Do you know the *Daughter at School*, by Dr. Todd? It is an admirable little book for girls either at school or at home; indeed, I do not think even Grandmamas are at all beyond the reach of its influence.'

We were talking together, on one occasion, about Kingsley's book, *At last!* She had been reading it with a good deal of interest, and asked me if I had noticed a very striking passage, enforcing the sanctity of the Sabbath.

'Yes,' I said, 'I did observe it, and scarcely ever saw the obligation of its observance more pointedly put; and I was struck with it the more that it came from such a quarter.'

'Would you read it?' she asked.

'Yes,' I said, 'it is here:—"It is easy to sneer at such a fashion as formalism. But how else, except by an external positive law, is man to learn that the

laws of right and wrong, like the laws of the physical world, are entirely independent of him, his likes or dislikes, knowledge or ignorance, of them—that by Law he is environed from his cradle to his grave—and that it is at his own peril that he disobeys the Law? A higher religion may, and ought to, follow—one in which the Law becomes a law of Liberty, and a Gospel, because it is loved, and obeyed for its own sake; but even he who has attained to that must be reminded again and again, alas! that the Law which he loves does not depend for its sanction upon his love of it, on his passing frames and feelings, but is as awfully independent of him as it is of the veriest heathen. And that lesson the Sabbath does teach, as few or no other institutions can. The man who says, and says rightly, that to the Christian all days ought to be Sabbaths, may be answered, and answered rightly—“all the more reason for having one day which shall be a Sabbath whether you are in a sabbatical mood or not; all the more reason for keeping one day holy, as a pattern of what all days should be.”

A brilliant talker, yet shrinking sensitively from the semblance of that most odious member of society—‘a blue-stocking,’ she always was abreast of the literary topics of the day; and scarcely any book could be named on which she had not formed a ripe and just judgment. As a sample of her mode of handling the current literature of the time, I can pro-

duce a brief paper which I had induced her to write for a Review which I at the time edited. It was on Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of his Time*.

'This volume,' she wrote, 'presents a singular picture of Edinburgh society at the end of the last and beginning of the present century. It is written with much of the "attic salt" which was the prevailing characteristic of that literary circle of which Brougham and Jeffrey were the leading spirits. It partakes, too, we regret to say, of the irreligiousness so prevalent at that time. With few exceptions, Lord Cockburn's band of gifted friends were living exemplifications of the melancholy fact, that the highest reach of human intellect can comprehend nothing of true religion without the Spirit's teaching. Water does not rise above its level.

'Accordingly,' she continues, 'Lord Cockburn is bewildered, whenever he tries to analyse the character and discover the motives of a living Christian. From the same cause, he holds up certain "female Nestors" (as he calls them) as specimens of religious women, having just before given an extract from their conversation in which an oath was introduced, with two or three anecdotes which closely border on the profane. To do him justice, he expresses some doubt as to whether these ladies would be considered religious now. He admits that they would have "excited horror," and ends with—"So various are the opinions of what constitutes religiousness."'

And she added, with a characteristic emphasis :—
'Against this doctrine we protest. In every age the work of the Spirit has produced the fruits of the Spirit. While acknowledging the vivacity, the talent, and the clear sound sense, which gave these ladies so great an influence over the circle in which they moved, we cannot consent that they be put forward as the types of female piety in that century which produced Lady Huntingdon, Lady Glenorchy, and Hannah More.'

A sample of her many-sidedness I find in another paper which she wrote for me. The book was entitled *Monarchs Retired from Business*. 'Such is the title,' she wrote, 'of a fresh volume from Dr. Doran's indefatigable pen. It bears his usual characteristics, being light, gossippy, and entertaining. It embraces a very wide field—from the apocryphal retirement of anonymous Saxon kings before the Conquest to Ferdinand of Austria, and Ludwig of Bavaria, in our own times. It is consequently somewhat desultory and unconnected, yet bringing together very curious and amusing anecdotes, whose raciness is somewhat injured by the flippant tone in which they are narrated. The old saying, that "no man is a hero to his valet," seems exemplified in Dr. Doran's researches ; for, the nearer we approach to fallen majesty, the less sublime appear to be the materials of which it is composed. Dr. Doran seems to have a peculiar instinct for detecting the weaknesses and

follies, if not sins, of the inner life of the great ; and his caustic touches may have first given the idea which Thackeray has successfully followed out in his Lectures on the *Four Georges*.’

With her keen sense of humour, she could not dismiss Dr. Doran without one or two of his quaint anecdotes. Here was a specimen, drawn from the reign of William III.

On one occasion, the Lords Justices, who administered the government during the king’s absence in Holland, very unceremoniously ordered the French ambassador, Poussin, to quit the English dominions. The envoy was on his way to the packet at Dover, when he was stopped by a boy of whom the ambassador angrily demanded his business.

‘My business,’ replied the Kentish lad, ‘is, that when you landed here, you were without boots, and I lent you an old pair to ride up to London in ; you never returned me my boots, nor sent me any money for the loan of them.’

‘Boy,’ replied Poussin, who did not deny this strange transaction ; ‘here is half-a-crown for your old boots ; take it, and stand aside.’

‘I will neither take it nor stand aside,’ replied the pertinacious owner of the missing property. ‘I will have five shillings.’

The ambassador of the Grand Monarque haughtily refused to accede to such exorbitant terms, and turned towards the boat. By this time, however, a

mob had assembled ; and nothing in the world, in those days, was so brutal as an English mob ; they so terrified the envoy that he was but too glad to allow himself to be arrested by a constable. The latter conducted him, in custody, before a justice ; and the representative of Louis Quatorze there paid the five shillings demanded for the hire of the old boots in which he had ridden to London.

Another related to Charles V. in his retirement at St. Just. The best vocalists among the brotherhood attuned their voices, a little to the glory of God, but very much more for the Imperial gratification. They sang with diffidence before an exquisite judge, who not only winced at a false note, but could at once detect the very throat from which it issued, and who never spared the unlucky offender. Pains, too, were taken to provide for him the most able preachers ; several were attached to the church ; and, if any happened to be travelling in the vicinity, there was sure to be despatched to them a summons, which they were as sure to obey with alacrity. Finally, he had a household of sixty servants and a library of only thirty books.

And another, touching the troubles of Polish kings. Of one of them (Boleslaus II.) it is recorded, that one day he suddenly disappeared from the chase, and was discovered some days afterwards in the market-place of the capital, disguised as a porter, and carrying on that laborious office. He

was entreated to return to the vacant throne ; but he persistently refused, declaring that he had carried no weight on his shoulders, since he had been porter, half so heavy as that which had nearly crushed him whilst monarch : he had slept more in four nights (he added) than during all his reign before—had good health and appetite, no cares, was king of himself, and did not care a doit who was King of Poland.

It would not be easy to give a more interesting and affecting glimpse into an inner life, than I find delicately revealed in some notices which, at my request, she threw off concerning Charlotte Brontë — notices which only a woman could have fitly written.

‘ Few things are more saddening,’ she says, ‘ than the record of a life which has failed in reaching the end for which it was fitted. When we see fine intellect, quick and ready perception, an eye to mark the beautiful, and a pen capable of recording its impressions, we are disappointed if we discover that all these gifts have failed in securing happiness. The biography of Charlotte Brontë is a mournful example that nothing but the knowledge of the Creator in His redemption-work can satisfy the vain yearning of His creatures, or give peace and rest to an immortal soul.

‘ It is a sad story,’ she proceeds, ‘ most graphically told. The little band of motherless children, of whom Charlotte was the third in age, were immured in a

wild moorland parish, with a home rendered most unhealthy, in its physical aspect, by the want of common sanitary regulations in the village and by the close proximity of a crowded churchyard, and in its mental one by the peculiar mode of training, or rather non-training, which the eccentricity of their only surviving parent led him to adopt. They were uncared for—to a great extent uneducated. Yet, perhaps, these very circumstances were the means of developing their minds more freely and more fully than if they had possessed the common amusements and companionships of their age.

‘In the absence of other occupations,’ continues our friend, ‘they studied the face of Nature, till they knew by heart her every feature around their bleak moorland home ; and they dwelt on the workings of their own minds, till they could weave tales of deep interest concerning the inner mysteries of others. They thought, they reasoned, they read newspapers, till the children who had never been young grew prematurely old, and Mr. Brontë wrote of his daughter Maria, at eleven years of age, that he “could converse with her on most of the leading topics of the day with as much freedom and pleasure as with any grown-up person.”

‘The usual consequences,’ she proceeds, ‘of such premature development followed. Mrs. Gaskell has anathematised the school which she thinks caused the deaths of Maria and Elizabeth Brontë ; and a long

controversy as to the justice or injustice of her animadversions has followed. But we do not think it needed the severe treatment she describes, to account for the death of the two eldest, and for the enfeebled health of the remaining sisters. We trust the vivid imagination and sensitive nature of Charlotte Brontë coloured, even to caricature, the system pursued in Mr. Carus-Wilson's school, and the miseries which she fancied she endured.

'In fact,' pursues our friend, with her nice perception of character, 'this first outset in life is but a transcript of all the rest. Charlotte Brontë was never happy. She was ever reaching forward to something which as often eluded her grasp—ever fancying that a change of circumstances would bring relief to a life which she endured but never enjoyed. Her circumstances changed ; her desire was fulfilled ; but rest was as far off as ever. If she had possessed but one true Christian friend to whisper that the disease was internal, not external, and to urge her to seek the only true remedy !

'She had her dim gropings after truth,' my friend continues, in her generous desire to recognise and make the most of whatsoever could be commended. 'She writes,—“ I know the treasures of the Bible ; I love and adore them ; I can see the well of life in all its clearness and brightness ; but, when I stoop down to drink of the pure waters, they fly from my lips as if I were Tantalus.” And again,—“ I am in

that state of horrid, gloomy uncertainty, that at this moment I would submit to be old, grey-haired, to have passed all my youthful days of enjoyment, and to be settling on the very verge of the grave, if I could only thereby ensure the prospect of reconciliation with God, and redemption through His Son's merits." And yet again,—“Uncertain that I ever felt true contrition; wandering in thought and deed; longing for a holiness to which I shall never, *never* attain; smitten at times to the heart with the conviction that ghastly Calvinistic doctrines are true; darkened, in short, by the very shadows of spiritual death; if Christian perfection be necessary to salvation, I shall never be saved.”

But, herself initiated into the true secret of a happy and noble life, our friend detected the fatal defect in this remarkable woman's unhappy position. ‘There is no genuine love to man,’ she says, ‘except there be also love to God: united to Christ, however, human beings become, for His sake, interesting and attractive to us. Charlotte Brontë wanted this cultivation of the heart; and, therefore, she was unhappy, in all her various experiences as a governess—unhappy at Brussels—unhappy even in the home which she had long fancied would be a haven of repose. She avows that she “distrusts human nature”—could not endure to accept a present from a friend—found all her pupils unamiable and uninteresting, and the Belgian girls “singularly cold, selfish, animal, and

inferior." We cannot think she ever felt the genuine confidence and truth, which the highest and best kind of friendship always produces. There seems systematically a veil thrown over the secret workings of the mind and heart. We do not believe that to any living creature she ever revealed them.

'A girl in her position,' proceeds our friend, laying bare with a rare anatomising skill a character almost without parallel among modern writers, 'could hardly delineate so forcibly the wild and stormy passions expressed in her tales, had she never felt them. Yet, if she had such an experience, there is no trace of it in her biography, and her correspondence mostly dwells on outward facts, and shows only glimpses of the inner life. She does not give confidence—she does not expect sympathy or love. On one occasion she writes,—“I was struck with the note you sent me with the umbrella; it showed a degree of interest in my concerns which I have no right to expect from any earthly creature.”

'The life, begun so coldly,' pursues our friend, 'continued sorrowful to its close. Successful authorship brought, not only fame, but improved worldly circumstances, and opportunities of mixing in society with literary men and women whose tastes and talents were congenial to her own. But her home had long been darkened by the vice and misconduct of her only brother; and her success in literature was overshadowed by his dreary death. In the same year

both her sisters followed him to the grave ; and she stood without one kindred heart to rejoice when her cup of joy seemed filling, except her aged father. " I do hope and pray," she writes, " that never may you, or any one I love, be placed as I am. To sit in a lonely room—the clock ticking loud through a still house, and have open before the mind's eye the record of the past year, with its shocks, sufferings, losses —*is* a trial."

' We have not space to dwell,' our friend continues, ' on the lives and characters of her two sisters. That of Emily is peculiarly interesting, though we still miss womanly tenderness and God-fearing faith.

' The details of her death are fearful :—She would suffer no one to assist her, says the biographer ; any effort to do so roused the old stern spirit. One Tuesday morning in December, she rose and dressed herself as usual, making many a pause, but doing everything for herself, and even endeavouring to take up her usual employment of sewing. The servants looked on, knowing what the catching, rattling breath and the glazing eye too surely foretold ; but she kept at her work ; and Charlotte and Anne, though full of unspeakable dread, had still the faintest spark of hope. On that morning Charlotte wrote—probably in the very presence of her dying sister :—" I would have written to you before, if I had had one word of hope to say ; but I have not. She grows daily weaker. The physician's opinion was expressed

too obscurely to be of use. He sent some medicine, which she would not take. Moments so dark as these I have never known : I pray for God's support to us all—hitherto He has granted it.”

‘The morning drew on to noon,’ adds our friend ; ‘Emily was worse—she could only whisper in gasps. Now, when it was too late, she said to Charlotte, “If you will send for a doctor, I will see him now.” About two o'clock she died. Without one word of faith or hope, or even a hint about eternity, she passed from earth. Yet of this death-bed Charlotte writes : “We feel she is at peace. It is God's will, and the place where she is gone is better than that she has left.”’

The notices are summed up thus : ‘We have commented on this book chiefly in its religious aspect as being the most important. In this point of view we have been compelled to differ from the public voice ; on others we freely accord it a full meed of praise. One defect, however, we must point out, even judging by the world's standard. Perhaps it was premature to write the biography at all ; for a woman's history must be intertwined with the histories and characters of others, and it is difficult to deal perspicuously, and yet gently, with survivors. Mrs. Gaskell's hand has not been gentle. We fear she must have wounded the feelings of several of her heroine's dearest friends and relations. The whole episode of Bramwell Brontë's guilty love might surely have been spared, or the name and position of the

lady less clearly indicated, more especially as Mrs. Gaskell has been obliged to retract some of her statements, and acknowledge they were based on insufficient authority. There are also some histories of sin and sorrow connected with respectable Yorkshire families, which seem needlessly recorded, as they do not appear to have had any bearing upon the formation of Charlotte Brontë's character or opinions. The great day will reveal many hidden things. It does not become us, frail and fallible ourselves, to drag forth unnecessarily, to the full light of day, the sins of others. To their own Master let them stand or fall.'

'Awake, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns;
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead, gather'd into frowns;
Thy Saviour comes, and with Him mirth:
Awake! awake!'

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Bacon—Arguments rather than judgments—Realistic impressiveness—The Haldanes—Great work—Geneva incidents—Extreme darkness—Merle D'Aubigné—Gausson—'Draw himself up'—Like conflict now—Biographer's signal services—Dr. Guthrie—Ragged schools—The City—Sins and sorrows—Outspoken frankness—God's cure—Her own efforts—Princely income—Cottage friends—Not a 'Lady Bountiful'—Not effusive—Tenderest sympathy—Servants and dependents—A Dignitary—Mental darkness—Enlightened love—Incidents—Dr. Guthrie—Demon of ignorance—A Milesian—'Broke a branch'—Fabric swept away—Dr. Guthrie again—A visitor—House on fire—No alarm—'Flee instantly'—Rush out—Two preachers—Read essays—Christ only—Burning appeals—Dr. James Hamilton—Poet's fancy—Painter's brush—Graphic scenes—Varied gifts—Flash of genius—Oratory—Arguing into truth—Beauties of holiness—Christian experience—Plainness of speech—Sui generis—Ministry of London—American pastor—Peculiar cases—Mode of treatment—Conspire with Holy Spirit—One truth—Remove error—'My trouble that night'—To God in despair—Americanisms—Our noble language—Deteriorated—Her pure style—'Well of English undefiled'—A preacher—Vulgarisms—A contrast—Not a martinet—Precision—Language and thought—Bacon's Trio—Social cataclysm—Our friendship—Going to live.

**'The Church's desert paths restore,
That stumbling-blocks, which long in them have been,
May hinder now Thy Word no more ;
Destroy false doctrine, root out notions vain,
Set free from hirelings, let the Church and school
Bloom as a garden 'neath Thy prospering rule !'**

LORD BACON, in one of his Essays, speaks of some who, in their discourse, desire rather commendation of wit in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment in discerning what is true, as if it were a praise, he adds, to know what might be said and not what should be thought. Our friend was too earnest and too real to accept a place in such a bede-roll. Whatever she thought or felt, she said without fear or favour. And this gave to all her conversation or written judgments of men or things a singular charm of freshness and vivacity and realistic impressiveness.

I cannot furnish an apter illustration than some paragraphs which she threw off for me, touching the lives of Robert and James Haldane. 'This volume,' she wrote, 'is already well known to the Christian public. The story of their life and labours is familiar as household words. Their one book was the Bible, and right earnestly did they execute the commission entrusted to them by Him who "holds in His right hand the seven stars." Led at each step by a way which they knew not, and single-hearted enough to follow implicitly that leading, they were honoured to

accomplish a work on the Continent and at home, which to this hour is only developing its fruits.

‘The first opening at Geneva,’ she proceeded, ‘is a remarkable illustration of the vastness of the results suspended oftentimes on the most insignificant incidents. One morning, when he was just upon the eve of quitting the city, Robert Haldane had fixed to go on a little excursion in company with a Swiss pastor, M. Moulinie. The pastor, who had been taken ill, sent as his deputy a young student, with whom Mr. Haldane got into conversation about the Gospel. In extreme darkness, he was willing to receive instruction; and, as they separated in the evening, he promised to return the next morning for farther instruction. He came, accompanied by a fellow-student, also anxious to be “taught the way of God more perfectly.” This incident, apparently so trifling, led Mr. Haldane to prolong his stay; and, from one step to another, the work proceeded, until among the converts were numbered such men as Merle D’Aubigné, Gaussen, and Neff.

‘Gaussen,’ she continued, ‘gives an interesting glimpse into those interviews. “The gravity of Mr. Haldane,” says he, “the authority with which he always appealed to the Scriptures, and his profound acquaintance with them, made an impression on me never to be effaced. His visit was blessed to us all. I make bold to number myself with those who cherish his memory with the fondest and most affectionate

gratitude." Before his arrival, he had been told at Berne that there was a youthful pastor near Geneva, who would listen to his statements, but "would draw himself up and not answer a word." That pastor was Gausson!

'Never,' she added, 'were there needed more urgently than now men of the stamp of Robert and James Haldane. The secret of their power lay in an uncompromising testimony for the Word of God in all its integrity and divine simplicity. And in their hands it was, not Gehazi's dead staff, but a breathing thing—instinct with heavenly life. The biographer has rendered a signal service to the Church by embalming their fragrant memories. Conflicts are at hand, and are even now upon us, which will prove that he who would worthily fight the good fight must be girt with that "sword of the Spirit" which the Haldanes, above all other men of this age, knew how to wield.'

In another direction, we find her active mind associating itself with human wrongs and God's way of cure. One of her most intimate friends was Dr. Guthrie, the chief originator of 'Ragged Schools.' After reading his notable appeal, *The City: its Sins and Sorrows*, she wrote: 'The volume consists of four discourses on Luke, xix. 41. They are emphatically "Sermons for the Times," more so than any which have issued from the press within the present generation. For fine fancy, touching illustrations,

outspoken frankness on sins too seldom made the subject of pulpit-discourse, earnest appeal and thrilling eloquence, these Sermons are unsurpassed. No preacher of the present day but Dr. Guthrie could secure for sermons on such themes certain perusal and intelligent consideration by thousands of our upper and middle classes—the very persons most difficult to reach. The sermon on “the City” is striking, true, and powerful. The “sins and sorrows” include the impurity, the intemperance, the ignorance, and the spiritual destitution, that prevail in cities. No one can read these sermons without deepest feeling, without, at least I hope so, an awakening of philanthropic effort. They present such scenes, and urge such arguments, as ought, with God’s blessing, to arouse every thoughtful reader to rise against the vices which are destroying souls, undermining society, and degrading the country.’

And it was not merely in words that she combated these appalling evils. Her princely income was at the service of every honest effort for the Christian good of men. Unlike the ‘fool’ whose ‘eyes are on the ends of the earth,’ she, in concurrence with her husband, spent many hundreds of pounds yearly upon the poor surrounding their successive residences. I remember going with her oftentimes into the cottages and noting the thorough acquaintance she had with their inmates’ condition, both physical and spiritual. It was evident they felt her to be, not a distant

'Lady Bountiful,' but a loving, sympathising friend, who, like the 'Friend of publicans and sinners,' was 'touched with a feeling' of their infirmities and griefs and needs. Naturally she was not effusive in the expression of her emotions, but rather unduly reserved; yet no way-worn heart could fail to be assured that another heart was throbbing in tenderest sympathy with itself. And, whilst caring so kindly for her neighbours, she did not forget (as too often happens) her immediate dependents and household. On Sundays and on certain week-days, she regularly instructed her servants, even teaching some of them whose education had been neglected to read and write and do simple accounts. And whatever visitors were in the house, she scarcely ever allowed these labours of love to be interrupted or shortened.

I remember her alluding more than once to a certain squire who used to boast of his bailiff's happy ignorance of the arts of reading, writing, and counting. Though a dignitary of the Church, he preferred to have his dependents in mental darkness, fearing that, if they could read or write, they might be more difficult to manage and control! Nothing could exceed the pity, and even indignation, which such sentiments stirred in her. Her own gentle rule rested, not on fear, but on enlightened love. And yet at this very hour multitudes of mistresses and masters, especially farmers, oppose a stiff, passive resistance to the education of the working classes from the same belated,

benighted idea. Our friend lived in 'the light,' and would have all people, high and low, rich and poor, live in it with her.

This reminds me of a story, which I once told her, to her great amusement, and which I had had from our mutual friend, Dr. Guthrie, as a sample of his own fights with the demon of ignorance.

Among the horde of poor Irish in the Doctor's parish in Edinburgh, there came to him one day from the Cowgate a genuine Celt, declaring how anxious he was to be a Christian and live a new life, and particularly to have his children baptized. Dr. Guthrie welcomed him, and, liking the man's look and bearing, agreed to take him under a course of Bible-instruction. For some six or seven weeks, the process proceeded, apparently with much hopefulness, till at last, at what was intended to be the final interview, the Doctor was putting his pupil through the leading outlines of Bible-truth.

'Now,' said he, 'will you tell me what Adam broke when he ate the forbidden fruit?'

Of course, he expected the answer, which he had many times impressed upon him,—that he broke God's express law. But Paddy's ideas were not so easily cast in the new mould. With great gravity he responded, 'Och! yer Rev'rence, and didn't he break a branch?'

It was too much for the Doctor's keen sense of the ludicrous, and he fairly gave way. But it was

also too much for his loving heart as 'a winner of souls.' Here was the entire fabric of instruction, which for weeks he had been building up, swept away as if it had not been. And the case taught us all, if it did nothing else, a lesson of quiet, persevering, unswerving patience in seeking and bringing back the ignorant and them who are out of the way.*

Another of Dr. Guthrie's characteristic illustrations we have more than once talked over.

'Suppose,' said he to me, one day, in his study, 'as I am sitting quietly here in my arm-chair, a visitor is introduced—places himself before me—deliberately takes out his spectacles—wipes them—mounts them on his nose—then produces from his pocket a paper—opens it—proceeds to read—"Dear Sir, May I take the liberty to inform you that your house is on fire? and may I further venture to suggest that perhaps on the

* In the Biography of Dr. Guthrie it is justly remarked that 'he left on every man the impression that of all things he was most interested in that man's favourite pursuit; and he encouraged him to speak of it.' I remember our friend describing a conversation which she had in a railway-carriage with a clerical fellow-traveller. She tried him on politics, on science, on theology, and on every conceivable topic, without awakening any interest. At last she elicited that his speciality was Archæology; and for half-an-hour she enjoyed a spirited conversation, making him feel that she was about as much at home upon it as himself, and at the same time availing herself of the opportunity of extending her acquaintance with it. In this way she was always welcome as a most pleasant and agreeable and instructive companion.

whole it might be expedient that you should begin to consider whether it might not be well to go out?"

'What should I in that case do?' asked the Doctor.

'Why, look about as deliberately to see if there were any flame, and, after a little, come to the conclusion that it was a false alarm—resume your seat—and bid your visitor, "Good Morning."'

'Exactly so.'

'But,' added the Doctor, 'another man comes rushing in—shouts with his whole might, "Fire! Fire!"—takes me by the shoulders, crying—"Flee, sir, for your life!" what should I do then?' rejoined the Doctor.

'Why, of course, rush out and not look behind you for a moment.'

It was the Doctor's graphic way of contrasting two preachers—the one a dull, make-believe reader of a neat, timidly framed essay, which never moved or stirred a single soul, and the other the fervid, urgent appeal of a messenger who was determined that he must and should be heard, and insisted on an immediate escape. It will have been seen, from her remarks on Dr. Guthrie's Sermons, in which of the two categories he was classed by her. Mere essays in the pulpit, however ornate or clever, she could not tolerate; she must have 'Christ and Him crucified,' and in the power of the Holy Ghost: nothing else,

she knew, by her own experience, could meet the wants of the human heart and conscience.

A preacher of another stamp—also an intimate friend—I find her describing after this fashion. * ‘ Like his former works ’ (she wrote in reference to Dr. James Hamilton’s *Lessons from the Great Biography*), ‘ the present volume is a compound of the poet’s fancy and of the painter’s brush. He describes with singular pictorial beauty, and generally with historical, geographical, and scientific accuracy. The scenes in the Saviour’s history are brought up, as in a panorama, before the hearer’s mind. You see the grassy slope, the terraced hill, the waving field, the stormy Galilee, and the busy street. You become familiar with the costumes and thoughts of Jews, and listen with affection to a Saviour’s well-known voice. There is withal such a truthful exposition of Scripture, and there are so many affectionate exhortations, throughout the volume, as, with its descriptive charms, must make it a favourite with the young, and, by the blessing of God, very helpful in winning souls to Jesus.

‘ We take great pleasure,’ she added, ‘ in observing in the various religious works which issue from the press, how great a variety of gifts the Head of the Church has bestowed upon His ministers. Some have the flash of genius ; others the power of oratory ; a third dips his words in intellect, and argues his hearer into truth ; a fourth has an eye to observe, and the skill to describe, the beauties of holiness ; a fifth

analyses Christian experience, and detects the things that are lacking; whilst a sixth, with sober seriousness and plainness of speech, discourses of the things of God. Dr. Hamilton is *sui generis* in the ministry of London; and, if these and other Lectures which he has published be samples of his ministry, happy are the people who have him as their pastor to lead them to the green pastures and to the still waters which the Good Shepherd has provided.'

Yet another stamp of preacher fell under her ken; and she wrote (the book was Spencer's *Pastor's Sketches*):—'Dr. Spencer seems to have been a devoted and successful minister in the United States—belonging, we imagine, to the Baptist Church. He died in the zenith of his usefulness—amid the lamentations of all to whom the cause of Christ was dear. The book is a record of a few of the peculiar cases with which he was called to deal during his ministry. His method may sometimes appear questionable in our eyes; but, generally speaking, he was justified by the result. We should suppose that he was a man of great strength and vigour of body—undoubtedly he possessed immense energy and power of mind—the *mens sana in corpore sano*. It would not be well for one whose natural temperament and spiritual experience did not rise so high, to imitate his mode of treatment. Each individual has his own idiosyncrasy, each believer his own peculiar view of truth. This we are required to employ for Christ. To merge our

own individuality—to become the reflex image of another, however full of talent and distinguished he may be—does not raise us to his level, but degrades us beneath our own. And the result is utter want of power and influence over others—a failure in the work.’

Some of Dr. Spencer’s illustrative cases struck her as specially apposite. ‘How,’ inquired a young man, one day, to whose conversion a few words spoken by Dr. Spencer had led, ‘can you tell what to say to one after another, when there are so many, and you have never seen some of them before, and they say so little to you?’

‘I have only one rule on that subject,’ he replied : ‘I aim to conspire with the Holy Spirit. If I perceive any one truth has impressed the mind, I aim to make its impression deeper, because the Holy Spirit has already made that impression, and I would not diminish it by leading off the mind to anything else. If I perceive any error in the individual’s mind, I aim to remove it ; for I know that error is of sin, and not of the Holy Spirit.’

‘But,’ said he, ‘our impressions are so different.’

‘No matter, they are of the Holy Spirit, if *truth* has made them; and He can choose the kind of truth which is appropriate to a sinner, better than I can : I just aim to conspire with the Holy Spirit.’

The young man was struck. ‘I am confident,’ said he, ‘that if you had said much to me, or any-

thing, to turn my mind away from that one thing, it would have done me hurt. You have no idea how much you increased my trouble that night. I somehow wanted you to lighten my burden—you made it heavier. Then I was soon led to see that none but God could help me. I had partly begun to think my heart was improving. I found out the contrary, and turned to God in despair. He gave me peace, through Jesus Christ.’

The words which Dr. Spencer had used when the young man said—‘I feel I have a very wicked heart,’ were—‘It is a great deal more wicked than you think it,’ and he left him immediately.

‘The result,’ says our friend, ‘is given above; but the editor, John Angell James, appends a foot-note—“This abrupt method requires great caution, or we should in some cases break the bruised reed.”’

Reverting to the volume, she added :—‘We regret that this interesting book should be disfigured by even more than the usual amount of Americanisms in language. It is, not only inelegantly, but even ungrammatically, expressed. This ought not to be suffered to gain ground in England. *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, and other popular books of our Transatlantic brethren, have familiarised us with certain modes of expression which, if generally adopted, would deteriorate the structure of our noble language. Should this book reach a second edition, we trust these glaring defects may be remedied,—so that educated and

refined minds may not revolt against the truth on account of the medium through which it is conveyed.'

It will be noted how singularly pure were her own draughts from 'the well of English undefiled.' It would not be easy for even the most microscopic eye to detect in them any tainting germ. Indeed, she was fastidious almost to excess.

And it was not only in language, but in thought and illustration, that she insisted upon purity and refinement. I remember that on one occasion I was on a visit to her and persuaded her with some difficulty to drive some twenty miles off to hear a great London preacher, against whom she had imbibed an apparently invincible prejudice, on account of certain vulgarisms which she had understood were a marked feature of his sermons. We heard him in the afternoon in a tent, and nothing could be more unexceptionable in style or grander in effect; and, to my own great satisfaction, my friend was perfectly charmed, at once recanting all her exaggerated prejudices. But, unfortunately for me, we remained to hear him in the evening, and, alas! all was changed. Whether it was that the preacher imagined that his audience was now only a gathering of working men and rustics, and that vulgarisms of speech and of illustration would be more intelligible and more to their taste, I could not divine; but my friend was rehabilitated in her prejudices, and I was discomfited.

But she was not a martinet—not a slave of

punctiliousness. Her exactness and precision of style was the natural result of exactness and precision of thought. The former ministered to the latter as its necessary complement. Lord Bacon somewhere says, in his own terse way, that 'reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.' This trio, so seldom found in well-balanced combination, existed, in our friend, in a degree such as I have rarely found in a woman, so that, whether in correspondence or in *tête-à-tête* converse, and whatever the subject or book broached, she was always at once full, ready, exact. And, when there was added to this a heart to which (as Bacon says again), you might 'impart, in a kind of civil thrift or confession, griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lay upon one's own heart to oppress it,' it may be imagined what it was to possess such a friend, and why it is that the survivor would not willingly let the memory of it die or its blessing be confined to a few select hearts in an age when the bustle and turmoil and exceeding haste seem to threaten man with Bacon's supreme social disaster of forgetting that a crowd is not company, and faces but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

How deeply she felt this social cataclysm, may be gathered from such utterances as the following in a letter to myself:—'I was sorry not to be able to meet you at L——; but our friends' arrival made it im-

possible, though I tried to contrive some plan of getting away for twenty-four hours. No one *lives* now; we are all going to do so some day; and, meantime, we have not a minute to spare. It is not a healthy state; it is not good for the growth and development of either mind or body. I hope we may be more fortunate in your next unoccupied moment.'

How intently she continued to watch over the souls of those dear to her, may be gathered from the following:—'I cannot tell you how much your opinion of her spiritual state has cheered and encouraged me in my task of watching over her. A corroboration of it is, that I do not think she has enjoyed any visit except the one to —. She has felt the kindness of her friends, and been happy in it; but she has evidently been wishing to return home ever since she left your roof. This *is* encouraging; for I agree with you that, at her age and in her situation, if she had not the root of grace within, she would be more likely to feel happy in a wider intercourse with worldly society and worldly gaiety, than in passing her time rationally and tranquilly in the house of a minister of Christ.'

'O Thou, that glow'd with love, and died,
Kindle my soul with fire divine!
Lord, in the heart Thou'st won, abide,
And all in it that is not Thine
Oh, let me conquer and destroy,
Strong in Thy love, Thou Fount of Joy!'

**'The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.**

**'Oh, fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong!'**

CHAPTER V.

Life of a mind—Hunger for truth—The false hated—‘Jesting Pilate’—Mental struggles—Kindred spirits—Madame De GUYON—Louis Quatorze—Splendid court—Profligate—Persecution—Her descent—Education—Convent—Bible found—Studied whole days—Evanescent—In world—Parisian life—Early marriage—Domestic trials—Bread of sorrow—Anxiety of soul—Salvation by works—Saviour’s work finished—Peace and joy—‘Perfectionism’ rejected—Sanctification by faith—Telling words—Atoning blood—Many seeking God—Cases—A physician—A laundress—Banished—Whole day—Speaking of God—Holiness without austerities—Instructor arrested—Twenty-seven years in prison—God glorified in me—Her solitary confinement—‘Like rubies’—‘Cannot keep God away’—Bastile—Dungeon of awful memories—Man in Iron Mask—Coming reckoning—Prematurely old—Glow of love—Any suffering pleasant, to win souls—Slept in Jesus—‘Abandonment’ detected—‘Christ in us’—‘Christ for us’—Her will—Good confession—Fénélon—Bossuet—Personal appeal—Come to Jesus—Ladies with leisure—What doing for Him?—Her own beautiful life—Minutes tick quickly.

‘And let the fire within me move
My heart to serve Thy members here ;
Let me their need and trials prove,
That I may know my love sincere,
And like to Thine, Lord, pure and warm ;
For, when my soul hath won that form,
Is likest to Thy holy mind,
Then I shall love both friends and foes.
And learn to grieve o'er others' woes,
Like Thee, my Pattern, true and kind.’

IN this life of a mind which we are endeavouring to trace, nothing is more marked than, on the one hand, its intense hunger after whatsoever was true and Christ-like, and, on the other, its not less intense dislike and rejection of whatever was false in thought or in action. "What is Truth?" said jesting Pilate,' writes Lord Bacon in his *Essay on Truth*, 'and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief,—affecting free-will in thinking as well as in acting.'

Our friend reckoned it no honour to be emancipated from the 'bonds' of a fixed belief, but rejoiced in the Truth as the 'liberty' with which 'Christ had made her free.' I cannot illustrate her own mental struggles and trials and triumphs better or more vividly than by recording her thoughts as she on one occasion at my request studied the development of a spirit kindred in many ways with her own—Madame de la Mothe GUYON.

Introducing the narrative, she wrote:—'France, in the reign of Louis Quatorze, presented strange

phenomena. The king and court were the most magnificent that the nation had ever seen. The Church of Rome had there as gifted orators as ever occupied a pulpit. Literature had its most honoured names. But religion was low, and linked to the dissolute members of a profligate court. Persecution most severe followed the Protestants; and the revival of piety among a few in the National Church received the frown of the Monarch, the condemnation of the Pope, and the strong restraint of power. Yet amidst the darkness of that night and the danger of that persecution, some lights shone brightly and illumined many souls. In the person of a WOMAN appeared one of the most remarkable characters that France has produced, and one whose living piety and useful labours all Christians delight to honour.

'Madame Guyon,' she proceeded, 'was born at Montargis, in the Orleanois, April 13, 1648. She was descended from the Seigneurs de la Mothe Vergonvillla, an honourable family in the district. Her education was received at the hands of the Ursuline nuns, among whom she had a sister, and at the house of the Benedictines, where for a time resided the Duchess of Montbason, under whose care she was placed. She spent a short time also in the Dominican convent, where she received an impression which was destined to bear much fruit. *She found a Bible, and perused it.* She was then not twelve years of age, yet this is her account of the study of the In-

spired Word :—" I spent whole days in reading it, giving no attention to other books or other subjects from morning to night ; and, having great powers of recollection, I committed to memory the historical parts entirely."

' However, as she was young, fond of gaiety and of reading romances, clever, fascinating, and surrounded by admirers,' the writer continued, ' the impressions were evanescent—the love of God was not in her heart. Removed to Paris in 1663, she threw herself into the world ; and, by means of her beautiful person and enlarged intellect, her sparkling wit, engaging manners, and great powers of conversation, she made a marked impression on Parisian life. Whilst scarcely sixteen, she was married to M. Guyon, a man of great wealth, but twenty-two years her senior. She had not seen him till a few days before her nuptials ; there was no mutual affection ; and, owing to evil influences, their union was never happy. Domestic trials sank her spirit ; her sprightliness was gone ; with wealth in abundance, she yet was miserable, eating the bread of sorrow, and mingling her drink with tears.

' But now,' proceeded our friend, ' she became anxious about her soul's peace with God. Seeking the way of life, she read Christian books, and endeavoured to sanctify herself in order to be justified, and by good works to acquire godliness. An exiled lady, whom she happened to meet, discovered to her her

fatal error, telling her that she was seeking acceptance "by a system of works, without faith." After struggling in darkness for a year, she found her way to the Saviour, and thenceforth was filled with love to His person and zeal for His glory. She was then in her twentieth year. Ten years later, her husband died ; and now, with an only daughter (her sons being left behind her in Paris to be educated), she removed to Gex, a town near Geneva, and dedicated her life and fortune to the Lord Jesus.

'Settled at Gex, she began works of benevolence—making ointments and applying them to wounds, visiting the sick and distributing to the needy. Still "a cloud rested on her path ; the seal of her mission was not yet broken." But she had learned to submit in all things to the will of God. She was ready for anything to which, in His holy providence, the Lord might lead her. She had learned *justification by faith* ; that had given her peace. She now learned *sanctification by faith* ; this was to give her that conformity to her Redeemer, and that self-renunciation, which so eminently characterised her life.

'First at Gex, and next at Thonon, her powerful, yet simple words,' says our friend, 'told most marvellously on all classes of people. Though very retired, and living in a small room, persons under conviction of sin found her, and she spoke to them words of life. The numbers soon grew ; and, to be of proper service to their souls, she divided them into three

classes—"those without religion ; those who gave evidence of religion but had no faith for anything above the mixed method of life, the way of mingled sin and holiness ; and those who, under the special operation of God's Spirit, were hungering and thirsting after entire righteousness." The first she showed "the intricacies of the human heart and the *impossibility of acceptance with God except through the application of the atoning blood of Christ received through faith* [the italics are our friend's]: the second she taught as their circumstances required : to the third she endeavoured to impart those higher and deeper instructions which they seemed to be able to understand and to bear."

'Many were deeply impressed. "Great was my consolation," says Madame Guyon, "never greater did I experience in my whole life, than to see in the town of Thonon, a place of no great extent, so many souls earnestly seeking God. Some of these seemed not merely to have repented for their sins, but to have given their whole hearts to God, and to have experienced the highest spiritual blessings." Many striking cases of conversion occurred : one was a physician of eminence ; another, a priest of the oratory ; a third, a poor laundress, who, amidst trials and difficulties, caused partly by her own wickedness and partly by a passionate, paralytic husband who had "strength enough in his unparalysed arm to beat his suffering wife," was brought to the Lord and became an ex-

ample of godly life, prayer, and reading the Word, suffering persecution for the truth.

‘Driven from Thonon, a place endeared to her by the work of the Lord,’ our friend proceeds, ‘she went, first to Turin, and afterwards to Grenoble. Many had regarded her here as a heretic ; but no sooner did she appear, than people flocked to her, though a stranger, from all sides far and near. Friars, priests, men of the world, maids, wives, widows, all came, one after another, to hear. “So great was the interest felt,” she says, “that for some time I was wholly occupied, from six in the morning till eight in the evening, in speaking of God.” Many were the souls that submitted at this time—He only knows how many.’

Our friend next describes her forced flight to Marseilles, ‘that great and learned city furnishing no refuge for this fugitive, praying woman ; for, if an army had come among them, it would scarcely have caused greater consternation. “I arrived,” says she, “at ten o’clock in the morning, and that very afternoon all was uproar against me.” Again she went to Italy, and on her way experienced great danger and rudeness ; but the Lord preserved her. In 1686, she returned to Paris, where various nobles and men of learning and piety sought her friendship and were delighted to sit at her feet. But some dignitaries of the Church opposed her, as salvation by faith alone was not likely to meet their approbation, and sanctification by faith, without austerities or self-inflicted

penalties, was still more opprobrious. Persecution began. La Comba, her old instructor in the faith, was arrested and sent to the Bastille—that “abode of broken hearts.” He was incarcerated for life. He spent twenty-seven years in prison, in various places, for the sake of Jesus. But he was at peace. “All my desires,” said he, “are summed up in one—that God may be glorified in me.” Truly it was through great tribulation that he entered into the kingdom. Solitary imprisonment for so long a time was a terrible ordeal. But it is written, “As thy day is, so shall thy strength be;” and La Comba glorified God in the fires.’

Herself of the stuff of which martyrs are made, our friend records Madame Guyon’s arrestment by the King at the instigation of the Archbishop of Paris. Sent to the convent of St. Marie, ‘she was shut up,’ our friend says, ‘in a small chamber, deprived of her maid, separated from her daughter, and guarded by a harsh and cruel man. After eight months of solitary confinement in a room exposed to the sun the whole day, she was released in October, 1688, by the intercession of Madame de Maintenon, and again was enabled to bear her testimony for God. For seven years, her influence for good extended over France. Fénelon became her disciple, wrote in defence of her principles, and was banished from his diocese in consequence. Madame Guyon herself was incarcerated in the prison of Vincennes. “I passed

my time there," she tells us, "in great peace, content to spend the remainder of my life there, if such should be the will of God. I employed part of my time in writing religious songs. I and my maid, La Gauthière, who was with me in prison, committed them to heart as fast as I made them. Together we sang praises to Thee, O God! It sometimes seemed to me as if I were a little bird, whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing to do now but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. *The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies.* [The italics are our friend's.] I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world. My heart was full of that joy which Thou givest to them who love Thee in the midst of their greatest crosses.

"Strong are the walls around me
That hold me all the day;
But they who thus have bound me
Cannot keep God away:
My very dungeon-walls are dear,
Because the God I love is here."

'In September, 1698, she was removed to the Bastille—that dungeon of awful memories, with walls twelve feet thick, piercingly cold in winter, and shut out from the light of the sun all the year. Here she spent four years in solitude, without being permitted to see her friends or write to them. Every prisoner who entered it was compelled to swear not to reveal

what had passed in it. But its history will one day be patent to all. It is known that in one year no fewer than one hundred and forty-seven Huguenots were thrown into it. When Madame Guyon entered, the 'Man in the Iron Mask' had been there for thirty-seven years. This man always wore his mask. Few knew him ; he did not himself know who he was. Many supposed him to be a twin-brother of Louis XIV., the magnificent king. But God sees the tears and hears the groans of the oppressed ; and there will be a reckoning before which the hearts of kings and mighty men shall quail. There will be witnesses enow of the cruelty of man when the day of the Lord comes.

'On her release in 1702,' our friend continues, 'she was banished to Blois, an hundred miles south-west from Paris. She was then fifty-four years of age ; but her sufferings made her look prematurely old. Her heart, however, was not old, but seemed daily to renew its strength and glow of love. "As God is infinitely wise and happy," she wrote from her retreat, "all my wisdom and happiness are in Him. Everything which, in a state of nature, I should have called my own, is now lost in the Divine immensity, like a drop of water in the sea.

"How pleasant is all that I meet !
From fear of adversity free !
I find even sorrow made sweet
Because 'tis assigned me by Thee !

“ My spirit and faculties fail,
 Oh, finish what love has begun !
 Destroy what is sinful and frail !
 And dwell in the soul Thou hast won !”

‘ And again : “ If any person think there is any good in me separate from God, they are mistaken ; and, by indulging in any such thoughts, they do injury to the God whom I love. All good is in Him and for Him. If I am saved at last, it will be the free gift of God.” And yet again : “ *I feel much for the good of souls. It seems to me that I should be willing in my own person to endure the greatest sufferings, if it might be the means of bringing souls to the knowledge and love of God.*” ’

The italics are our friend’s ; for they express her own deepest and most abiding and most steadily operative emotion of her life.

In the words which follow, intimating that, ‘ on the 9th of June, 1717, Madame Guyon was called away,’ I seem to hear from eternity the echo of another departure of which I shall have by-and-by to speak :—‘ She slept in Jesus, and was at peace. She now enjoys fully that Divine love after which she longed so ardently here, and has, without the cross, that complete conformity which she sought to possess in the tribulation. She rested from her labours, and her works do follow her.’

Our friend spoke of her ‘ forty volumes of Christian writings ’ as ‘ all laid on the altar of love to her Lord

and for His glory.' Whilst she did not fail to detect in them a tendency to that 'abandonment' whereby 'God becomes central in the soul, and whereby all that is the opposite of God gradually dissolves itself and passes away,' and whilst she could not give place, no, not for an hour, to that Quietism which substituted 'Christ in us' for 'Christ for us,' and too often has claimed for itself the shelter of Madame Guyon's name, she saw in her noble life the amplest of all guarantees for her simple rest in Christ as at once her atoning^d sacrifice and her only righteousness.

Our friend appeals to the outset of Madame Guyon's 'Will' with much delight, as a confession which she would herself have written in the view of the judgment-seat. It ran thus:—'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This is my last will and testament, which I request my executors, who are named therein, to see executed. It is to Thee, O Lord God, that I owe all things; and it is to Thee that I now surrender up all that I am. Do with me, O my God, whatsoever thou pleasest. To Thee, as an act of irrevocable donation, I give up my body and my soul, to be disposed of according to Thy will. Thou seest my nakedness and misery without Thee. Thou knowest that there is nothing in heaven or in earth that I desire, but Thee alone. Within Thy hands, O God, I leave my soul, not relying for my salvation on any good that is in me, but solely

on Thy mercies, and the *merits and sufferings of my Lord Jesus Christ.*'

Our friend adds : ' Her life was a noble testimony to the grace of God. From the period of her conversion, it was entirely devoted to the service of the Lord. Hers was the joy of "acceptance in the Beloved." She dwelt in the love of God, and realised a heaven within her heart. Her life won admirers everywhere. That mind cannot have been feeble which could influence the most distinguished circles in France—which could mould Fénelon, contend with Bossuet, sustain the trials and discipline of so many years, and write so many works which have survived 150 years. Her life yet remains for the edification of the Church. Brought up a Roman Catholic, she yet belongs to Evangelical Christendom. She prayed, not to Virgin or saints, but to the Lord Himself. Faith in Jesus Christ was the secret of her peace with God and of her holy life.'

And she closes with this personal appeal to the reader :—' Do you possess this faith, and exemplify it? Without it, splendid talents, agreeable qualities, many virtues, are nothing. They cannot justify a sinner. You can be saved only by the atonement and righteousness of Jesus Christ. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Do you believe in the forgiveness of sin for yourself? Only by this confidence in the Saviour can you be pardoned. *God justifieth the ungodly who believe in Jesus.* Come to

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Jesus for pardon, peace, and justification! "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," is His own assurance to your soul.

'Then, are you *holy*? This was the result of faith in Jesus in the case of Madame Guyon. It infallibly follows faith always. Live in the Spirit, walk in the Spirit.

'And is your life a *useful* one? Madame Guyon gave her all to the Lord, and was spent in His service. She denied herself to do good to others; she suffered to do good, and she had her reward. Souls were her hire here; and the crown at last replaced the cross.

'Ladies with leisure and means, with gifts and opportunities! What are you doing for Jesus? This sister of blessed memory calls you to labours of love for His sake. "Honourable women" have laboured in the Gospel; follow these! No work of faith can be lost; no word spoken in the name of Jesus can fall to the ground; no cup of water given for His sake can lose its reward. Let love to the Lord rule you, and lead you to live for Christ and to be continually doing good.'

Unwittingly, our friend was picturing her own beautiful life. Like Madame Guyon, she 'gave all diligence, adding to her faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly-kindness, and to brotherly-kindness charity.' These things were indeed in her,

and abounded, and made her to be, above many, neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

‘Life is terribly short,’ she wrote to me; ‘and time is surely much shorter than it used to be, so that, though sixty minutes still make an hour, I presume, yet they *tick* faster than they did in the days of my youth, and so the day is over before it seems well begun.’ As years passed on, she seemed to labour the more intently to fill it up worthily for God.

“Redeemer, come ! I open wide
My heart to Thee : here, Lord, abide !
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal !
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until our glorious goal is won !”

CHAPTER VI.

is strange world—Keen eye for its ways—Literary types—Tone of society—‘Shocks me’—Amusing and clever—Hollow and unreal—A jest of everything—Not a member of it—London life—Turmoil—Air—Low fever—Unredeemed dulness—An oasis—Brighton—Monster hotel—Ritualism—Midnight masses—‘All that rubbish’—‘The corporal’—Awful predicament—Our journeyings ordered—Young officer—Died in Christ—A bereavement—Sudden shock—Translation—Joy of Lord—Travelling—Oxford—Perthshire Highlands—Noted preacher—Unrefined—‘Shrink from it’—Not fond of such society—‘How to close with Christ’—Everybody growing old—Soon be over—A foreign visitor—Keen discernment of character—‘More fervency’—Account of conversion—Different phases—Corruption of whole nature—More seen afterwards—‘Inexpressibly sad faces’—Like Charles I.—Quest for government—Characteristic of Ritualism—Deceitfulness—Shuffling—Startling fact for Church’s natural history—Love for children—Little oddities—Burning books—A live lion—Christian ordinances—At great cost—Little life—‘For their hire’—Money the rock—Discouragement—‘A fortune’—‘Not even a tolerable man’—Readings—Buckle’s *Civilization*—‘Essentially bad’—Sir Gardiner Wilkinson—‘Feast of reason’—Judson—‘Extremely interesting’—Inner life—Glimpses very curious—Mysticism—Eclipse of faith—Congregations not awakened—*Missionary of Kilmany*—Blight in blossom—Plague-spot on earth—‘Liberal soul’—‘Cheerful giver’—‘Abundant blessing’—Lack of ‘labourers’—Conventional expounding—‘Isms’—Prophecy—Dogmatism—Russia—Persecuted member of a family—Specially cared for—Motherliness.

**'Fight, though it may cost thy life ;
Storm the kingdom, but prevail ;
Let not Satan's fiercest strife
Make thee, warrior, faint or quail !'**

OUR friend had a keen though not censorious eye for the ways of this strange world. 'Our neighbours,' she writes, 'are all at home just now ; and we have been meeting some curious types of the literary world. The tone of their society shocks me a good deal. It is extremely amusing, and very clever ; but, when you have laughed at and with such men, it sounds hollow and unreal. They make a jest of everything—not only of what is sacred, but of every high and noble feeling still left in our fallen nature. It forms a curious subject of study for one who from "this loophole of retreat" gazes out on such a world. I should not like to be a member of it.'

Owing to her numerous family-relationships, she was necessarily thrown into a variety of scenes. 'Our London life of turmoil,' she wrote, after one of her occasional visits to the metropolis, 'came to its (in my case) natural termination, as London life and London air never suited me ; and I took low fever, which confined me to my room, and made me quite unable to write to any one. I hope you found C—a more agreeable place of sojourn than W—. In

the country so very much depends upon the neighbours; and very often it is an atmosphere of dulness, unredeemed by any scintillation of intellectual or religious light. S——shire does not reputedly stand very high; but I trust you may find C—— an oasis in the moral desert. Have you seen a book called *Quiet Resting-places*? I think you would like it—it is very suggestive.'

Writing from the 'Grand Hotel' at Brighton, she says:—'I find now I can make no plans; only the day is provided for, and that is sufficient for us who know not what a day may bring forth. We are excessively comfortable in this monster-hotel, which affords us everything we require, from baths and corn-cutters upwards, without going out in search of them. We have several friends and acquaintances here—two in this hotel; so, with books, newspapers, work, and society, we get along very pleasantly.'

'There is a greater development towards Romanism than ever,' she adds, referring to a painful feature of Brighton religious life; 'midnight-masses—communions, I mean—with dressed altars and acolytes, and all that rubbish. I see, by the Anglican "Directorium," that, if the priest let "a crumb of the corporal" drop, he must not only do penance, but wash his hands and drink the water! What have Englishmen come to, when they can write, print, publish, and read such nonsense—much more perform it?'

On another occasion, she writes:—'Your invita-

tion is a most tempting one ; I should like exceedingly to accept it ; and, indeed, I did not altogether give up hopes of it till this morning, when, after we had had a family-consultation, we were reluctantly compelled to come to the conclusion that we could not possibly leave home this month. The bounds of our habitation are all ordered for us, and so are all our journeyings. If we mark the indications of God’s will, we have as true a pillar-cloud as the Israelites had in the wilderness. I am glad to hear there was hope in young C——’s death. I hear he told his sister he *felt* he had taken hold of Christ, and that he was peaceful and happy to the end.’

Some travelling morçeaux occur at intervals.

‘We had a very pleasant visit to the south,’ she writes, ‘particularly to Oxford, which I had not seen for many years. I was greatly struck with the monument to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer. It is a curious inscription to stand in the middle of Oxford—a legible and standing protest against all the foolery which emanates now from their schools.’

Another journey is chronicled thus:—‘At length we are turning our steps southwards, after a most pleasant and most prosperous journey. We have travelled very slowly, resting at every point of interest for three or four days, and meeting with such extraordinary kindness from everybody. We were a good while at S——, and then in the Perthshire Highlands. I enclose ——’s letter. I had no idea he was so unedu-

cated as well as unrefined. I suppose it is very wrong in me; but my whole nature shrinks from intimate companionship with men of this stamp. I can hear them—not always with pleasure—and pray for their success, and, I hope, love them in so far as they bear the image of Christ; but I am not fond of their society. I got a copy, or rather some copies of *John Berridge* in Edinburgh, but have not had time to read it yet. Have you seen a little book, *How to close with Christ?* Very good for distribution. I should like very much to see you, and will let you know when I go to London, if I should have even an hour or two to spend with you. But everything seems so uncertain now in this world. Mr. H—— is now a great invalid; and Lord B——, who, when I was last here, called in full health and strength to condole with him on the death of his son, came yesterday, with death written on his face. Everybody of our generation seems to be suddenly feeling old age and debility coming upon them. For my part, it is long since I ceased to take much interest in the things of this world. How soon it will all be over!

A visit from a distinguished foreigner, who had suffered not a little for Christ's sake, elicited from her a very keen appreciation of character. '—— was our guest for several days. He only left us last Thursday, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the quiet and retirement of the country. I was much interested in him, and owe you thanks for introducing him to us.

I would have liked to see more *fergency* of love to Christ as a *Person*. He has evidently a very clear intellectual perception of the truth; and, in the account he gave me of his conversion, it was evident that he was brought from error at first simply by that intellectual perception. Such cases are not so common as when a man is convinced of sin, and, feeling himself lost for ever, must either flee to Christ as a Saviour or lie down in utter despair. And the effects of these two different modes of operation by the Holy Spirit generally form very different phases of Christian character *at first*. As we journey on, the difference becomes less marked, and at the end is often not discernible, as God, in His wonderful wisdom, produces, in the one, deeper knowledge of the utter corruption of his whole nature, and, in the other, glorious views of the Godhead, and of the plan of salvation. No doubt, to — Christ will become increasingly precious, not only as the centre-point of the whole scheme of redemption—to the exclusion of churches and priestcraft, and idolatrous worship of saints, but as his only rock and shield and Saviour against Satan and himself—the “old man” within him. He has one of those inexpressibly *sad* faces—like Charles the First—which leads one to think of a violent death. It lights up when he smiles; but, whenever he is silent, the idea of a martyr recurs to my mind.’

A quest for a governess for one of her daughters brought her into certain revelations of one of the

most painful features of Ritualism. Two opposite responses as to the religious sentiments of a particular lady drew forth such a reflection as the following:— ‘ Tractarianism imitates its prototype, Romanism, and seeks to hide its views from strangers. Our former experience in this line led us always to suspect a taint of Ritualism when there were reserve, and turnings, and doublings to discover our sentiments. To do the Low-Church justice, there was no attempt at disguise, but a plain declaration of religious views without a single exception. If you are thinking of writing the natural history of the Church, here is a startling fact to put down in your common-place book—explain it how you may.’ It *is* a startling fact; and the whole recent history of Ritualism has proved its affinity with Roman Jesuitism in nothing more palpably than in its shuffling effort to conceal its most revolting features, though latterly it seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the time to throw off the mask is come.

Children, and children’s little oddities and idiosyncrasies, had always great attraction for her. Here is an instance:— ‘ —— was caught the other day in the act of conveying a pinafore full of books to the fire, and, on being remonstrated with, replied “ he had been Paul preaching at Ephesus for a long time, and his sermon was very good, and now he was the man bringing his bad books to be burned.” He is always dramatically disposed, and is very ingenious in his

contrivances to represent things as realities.' And another :—' I intend bringing — with me to town, as her chief desire in this world is to see "a live lion!" I do not mean Dr. Livingstone or Mr. Spurgeon, but the veritable animal in Regent's Park. As this desire can be so easily gratified, we think of indulging her.'

At great cost (as we have already noted), her husband and herself maintained Christian ordinances for some thirty years, not being satisfied with the somewhat vapid provision furnished in proximity to their successive residences. Her verdict upon the enterprise I find awarded somewhat painfully thus :—' Do you know I am really getting heartless about P— in England, either in the north or in the south? There seems nothing to encourage in any quarter—scarcely any real life ; and what there is, so hidden, so silent in its blessed operations, that it is not known beyond its own immediate vicinity. I dare say God has yet in Scotland far more than seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal ; but the characteristic which strikes me, in our experience of the rising ministers, is—self-seeking to an extreme degree—how much they can get, and how little they are to do, for *their hire*. It grieves me to write this ; but really pecuniary things seem the rock on which the Free Church will split yet. When they put their trust in God, their wants were supplied as by a miracle ; and the hearts of their people were opened

to give of their substance to Christ and His servants. But now there seems so *grasping* a spirit on the part of the one, and so illiberal a response on the other side, that it makes me both deeply disappointed, and very sad, to see the result. We want *life*—real, earnest, living men; but oh, what a want is that!

None who knew her will attribute this painful estimate either to inadequate opportunities for forming a correct judgment, or to any feeling of disloyalty to her hereditary and once greatly honoured Church. They spent what in one of her letters she calls 'a fortune' in their endeavours to maintain a testimony for God in the face of difficulties which would have worn out the patience of a faith less brave and resolute; and not hastily or causelessly did she express sentiments like the above or like the following:—'Mr. — is still with us. We do not like him. He has an intellectual eye; but nothing comes out of it *to us*. His preaching is very commonplace, we think; he differs very widely from us in this estimate. Lady H— had not heard him herself, but spoke from the recommendation of others. I begin to attach very little weight to such opinions. It seems so difficult to meet with even a *tolerable* man; so, we are waiting.'

It was always a pleasure to meet her or to get her conversational letters; for there was sure to be some fresh emanation from her constantly accumulating store of 'things new and old.' For example, she writes:—'I am going to take advantage of the storm,

and vigorously read *Buckle on Civilisation*. I feel it to be rather presumptuous, as he seems to embrace a very wide range in mental philosophy, and moreover gives a prefixed list of nearly six hundred weighty volumes as *part* of his authorities. The book seems to me essentially bad—*i. e.*, what the Broad Church school calls liberal, and I consider infidel. That phase of error seems very much on the increase. We are going out to dinner,' she adds, 'to meet Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, of Egyptian celebrity; and, notwithstanding "the feast of reason and flow of soul" expected, I really wish we were safely home again—it is so wild a night, and slippery too. Snow travelled down with us from London, and accompanied us here. It seems to have come from the south to the north, and to have clung to our movements with a strange pertinacity.'

And again:—'I have just finished Dr. Judson's *Life*. It is extremely instructive. There is not much of his inner life revealed; but the glimpses got of it are very interesting, and also profitable. There is a curious passage of his spiritual history—shadowed out, not fully drawn—during which he seems to have practised the austerities of the Port Royalists and other mystics. This phase of Christian experience is, I think, more or less conspicuous in the soul's history of every believer. I have watched it often. It always emerges into the glorious liberty of the children of God, where it springs from

the right source. Judson's *Life* is provoking, because it gives no account of the steps out of it,—only, you can see he did get out of it. I like his notion about strictly following the example of Christ and the Apostles in missionary operations, though I think he greatly undervalues schools.'

And again :—'Have you read the *Eclipse of Faith*? It is worth reading; though as to any check upon the prevailing errors of the present day, it is something like Mrs. Partington sweeping out the Atlantic.'

And yet again :—'It does not appear to me as if *congregations* just now were getting much of the Spirit's influence; it is more, individual souls called out of the mass, and often not by public ordinances. I am truly rejoiced to hear that the *Missionary of Kilmany* is selling so very well. I am much mistaken if that book does not do good when you and I are in the grave. We are all well and enjoying this lovely weather. The place is looking beautiful, and yet there is always some blight in the blossom, or some defect in the flower, to remind us that the plague-spot is on the earth at its fairest places, and makes us long for the time when, in its renewed beauty, righteousness will dwell in it.'

Notwithstanding their very large outlay in maintaining stately in several places Christian ordinances, her husband and herself were always ready to aid in the most generous way any object which could be shown to be a real work of God. I never, I think, had

occasion to ask such aid but once. I wanted, for a purpose in which I was interested, eight sums of 100*l.* each ; and, in heading the list, she wrote :—‘ I quite agree with you in your view of the *privilege* of giving to the Lord’s cause. I am sure we may set to our seal that He is a gracious Master, and that never have we been enabled to restore to Him a part of what He has given, but He has poured out a rich and abundant blessing.’ And, although circumstances occurred to render the contribution unnecessary, not the less was it accepted of Him who accepts the will for the deed.

In the same letter, she adds :—‘ We have a very poor specimen of Free Church probationers here just now. Our experience of them is really lamentable. Alas for that Church, if she must find her future ministers out of such material ! Yet, doubtless, there is gold somewhere, though hidden for the present by the quartz which holds it.’

Few things vexed her so much as the absence, in the pulpit, of simplicity and textual preaching. ‘ Nothing,’ she wrote, ‘ has done more to corrupt doctrine and prevent men from digging deep into the precious mine of Scripture-truth than the habit of hanging an essay of one’s own upon any words of the Spirit which may be wrenched to suit it, without having regard to the context. Very few people read the Bible to any profit ; the reason is, that they are so accustomed to conventionality in expound-

ing it that they never seem to think it necessary to seek for the plain English meaning of plain English words. This generates *isms* in plenty, but not Bible-Christianity.'

Her candid and strong mind could not brook the dogmatism which she so often found associated with the application of the Prophetic Scriptures to passing events. 'Why,' she asks pointedly, 'is it always taken for granted, that the mystic "Euphrates" must be Turkey? Has she ever proved such a defence or bringer of wealth and power to the Papacy, as the real Euphrates was to the real Babylon? How can the Russians be called "Kings of the East" in any extended way? They are no colonists; they have no power in the East beyond their own territory; they are a nation of slaves at the feet of an Imperial despot who was never even called a *king*. I think we must look for a free, powerful, *maritime*, and colonising nation, to suit all the marks given.'

One of her Christian specialities was to sustain and comfort any member of an upper or middle-class family who was suffering home-trials for Christ's sake. Alluding to 'a very sweet girl' who was so circumstanced, and in whom we were both deeply interested, and who has since passed to her rest with God, she says:—'A—— became seriously impressed some years ago; she was ill-used shamefully at home, and forbidden to enter a Free Church, or visit

the poor, or do any Christian work. It was then I was brought into contact with her. I felt for her deeply. *She* never complained of this harsh treatment and personal unkindness; but I knew it from other sources. Since then, I have heard there has been some change; and certainly she is now allowed to follow Christ without opposition. Try and lead dear A—— forward. She is so modest and gentle, you scarcely can imagine how decidedly she has acted; and she needs encouragement and support. Tell me if you consider me right in my estimate of her character.'

There was a motherliness about her, directed by a broad common-sense, which made her counsel prized by her poor neighbours in their domestic and bodily troubles: and many a visit of the doctor did she make needless by her shrewd skill in ministering to the illnesses of all classes of 'patients.' It is told of Lady Warwick that 'to her sick neighbours she was a common physician, often with her own hands dressing their most loathsome sores.' Nothing pleased our friend so much as to be able to minister to any necessities, bodily or spiritual, of those around her. She did not patronise the poor, but was a kind, loving, common-sense friend, making them feel as if she were gratifying, not them, but herself, in her most self-sacrificing acts of charity.

‘Let me to others do,
As Thou hast done to me,
Love them with love unfeign’d and true,
Their servant be
Of willing heart, nor seek my own,
But, as Thou, Lord, hast helped us,
From purest love alone.’

CHAPTER VII.

reat point in biography—Exhibit the man as he was—Not varnished—Not special pleading—Where the defects here?—Not existent—Much to say—Yet plain truth—Management of servants—Good mistress, good servant—Arran and Chalmers—‘Oh, he’s worldly!’—Highland Christians—Protracted services—Not right within—Dr. Keith and Prophecy—Mount of Olives cleft—Rejects First Resurrection—Her political intelligence—Death of Sir Robert Peel—His statercraft—Difficult cases—Delicately handled—Change of residence—Uprooting—‘Uncle Tom’—Distorted picture—Why needed?—Sensation—Not reason—Beauties of Nature—Lingering leaves—Way of holiness—God known, is salvation—Anticipated re-union—Racy sentence—John Newton—Knotty questions—Prince of Persia—Michael—Primeval man—Modern Deism—Penal justice—Psychological thoughts—Hewitson’s inner life—‘Flesh’ and ‘Spirit’—Struggles—Eye on Christ—Not on self or sin—These seen best at Cross—‘One thing’—Our calling sure—Then bring others to Christ—New Baptism—German naturalist—Society in Peru—Primeval forests—Animals—Contrast—Sin and Satan—Inseparable—Home tour—Communion with God—Foster—Not loveable—Source of love to man—Sanctification—How far possible—Inward corruption—Unbroken triumph—‘Entire consecration’—A death-bed—‘Joined to idols’—‘Complete redemption’—Elijah—Two witnesses—Bible-Depths.

**'Slay in me the wayward will,
Earthly sense and passion kill,
Tear self-love from out my heart,
Though it cost me bitter smart !'**

‘I TRUST God will give you wisdom to select and adjust the precious materials you possess respecting ——’s hidden life. The great point in biography appears to me to be, to exhibit the man just as he was—not as a mere hero-worship; nor ought it to be a piece of special pleading to varnish over any defect or hide any shortcoming. There will be enough in every one of Christ’s disciples, to need humbling thoughts of our nature, and to exalt the boundless righteousness which spreads the curtains of Solomon over the black and unseemly tents of Kedar.’

So wisely did our friend indicate the lines on which a memoir which I was engaged upon should be laid. I accept the indication most unreservedly. Yet the reader may ask of me, ‘Where are the defects and shortcomings *here*, which you undertake not to hide?’ Will he believe me, and will he honour my perception of character, so far, as to deem it no extravagance, when, looking over a friendship of more than thirty years, I fail to remember any act which I should have wished her not to do, or word which had better have been left unspoken, or temper which ever

ruffled her calm spirit? I am aware this is much to say of any human being; but I should not be honest or loyal to her Lord if I said less. It is the plain, simple, unvarnished truth. And it will scarcely be a matter of surprise, therefore, that I should have felt impelled, by a necessity laid upon me, to record, so far as is possible to me, her hidden, grandly moulded life.

I never saw any one more successful in the management of servants. The proverb, that a good mistress makes a good maid, was eminently true in her case: her chief servants were fixtures in the family, united to it by a tie of dutiful affection. 'A good and faithful servant,' she said to me one day, 'is from the Lord.' And, referring to the troubles which sometimes arise from servants of an opposite sort, she said, 'These little annoyances are all *ordered*, and ordered wisely.'

The reader may be interested to know after what fashion our friend celebrated the occasion of the first wedding in her family. 'I trust,' she wrote, in immediate anticipation of it, 'God will enable us, in some degree, in the future, to testify that we desire to do nothing is to be done in the circle of near relations, and, in the

by a few of the young people whom the precentor has trained.'

In a minister or a missionary nothing satisfied her Christ-like yearnings over the perishing, but a seeker and a winner of souls. 'A name to live' went for very little in her eyes. 'I trust,' was her earnest remark, another day, 'you may be enabled *fully* to declare the glorious Gospel in P——. It is a dead, Gospel-beaten place. It was long under the dominion of *moderatism*; and I fear it is not making much progress since the great revival under William Burns.'

I remember an incident which tickled her exceedingly, in illustration of the danger of people living on the memory of some past awakening, instead of clearing to a present Lord. Dr. Chalmers visited Arran on one occasion, to stir up the people to a more

adequate sense of the duty and privilege of contributing liberally to the necessities of the Church's work.

The island had been the scene of a great spiritual awakening some half-a-century before; and the

of the present generation was a lofty, spiritual

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phase of these Highland Christians did not escape her keen eye. A few weeks' visit to Rothesay one summer gave her an opportunity of watching it and forming a just estimate of it. 'The services last week,' she wrote, after the grand occasion of their summer-communion, 'were most unduly protracted. I told Mr. E—— this yesterday, and he agreed as usual; but I also said I thought it was a betraying of souls, for it was a snare to hinder them from private duties—from a thorough searching of their own hearts, and the laying bare the depths of the iniquity there discovered before Him who only could heal them. The craving after constant public services betokens, at such a time, that there is something not right within, and that they dare not investigate searchingly their actual condition before God.'

Some minor features of the same occasion are given thus:—'We had a most extraordinary sermon from Mr. Moody-Stuart on Friday upon an extraordinary text. In general I do not like peculiar texts; but in this instance there was no straining or wresting of Scripture from its natural meaning, and it was really awful. The text was Eccles. viii. 10-12. We heard Mr. Bost, of the French Reformed Church, on Tuesday. His details were so graphic as to approach the ludicrous; but he seems an earnest, good man. We had also a Mr. M——, who would have made his fortune as a singer, I should think. His chanting of the prayer was really beautiful; and I can scarcely

believe it was not intentional. Any minor-canon would be glad to have him as a substitute in a cathedral.'

The prophetic future, though not in relation to particular dates, continued to have a special attraction for her acute and reverent mind. 'Did you notice,' she asks, 'that Dr. Keith thinks one reason for the Mount of Olives being "cleft" is, to afford a channel for the "river," which he believes to be literal, as seen in Ezekiel's vision, and to be the same as "there is a river" in the 46th Psalm? He says the Mount of Olives is the only obstacle to a complete course down to the Dead Sea—which such a volume of water as is there described would purify, at least in the deepest part, leaving the shallow upper end still salt and marshy. And yet he disbelieves "the first resurrection!" He gravely says, that, as there is only one passage to prove it, and twenty on the opposite side, it is better (!) to accommodate that one with the others, than to make them yield to it!'

As a sample of her political intelligence, the reader will be interested with the following, though it

* I shall not soon forget a delightful *tête-à-tête* which we enjoyed one day beneath a splendid cedar in my garden near London. Dr. Keith was in full force; and so was my friend; and, for several hours of a summer's day, we 'spoke one to another' of 'the kingdom,' and 'thought upon His name.' Referring to it afterwards, she wrote:—'We owe you some of the most pleasant hours we have passed since we came to London. I was quite charmed with Dr. Keith, and only hope he may come and visit us.'

relates to an incident somewhat remote :—‘ Have you not been struck by Sir Robert Peel’s sudden death ? Truly God can bring down the pride of the mighty in a moment. What does Lord Palmerston, or Greece, or Italy, signify to him now ? All those mysteries of statesmanship—all those acute, shrewd calculations—all his high hopes and expectations—perished for ever ! He will be missed, too, in the world. Men of business valued him as a clever, practical man of business ; but still I never thought him one of those master-minds which discover and apply great principles, as Dr. Chalmers was. His talent seemed to be, to adapt himself to the necessities of the time, and discern what was expedient, a little time before it would have been forced upon him.’

Her aptness of judgment in handling delicate and difficult cases was manifested in the instance of a servant-girl whose master’s son had seduced her and cast her off. I had consulted my friend concerning this parishioner of mine, because her seducer resided in a town near her residence. ‘ As you may see from the date,’ she wrote, ‘ I had not come home, and consequently it is not in my power to act upon your suggestion, and call upon the poor young woman whose case you narrate. I regret this very much ; for, though I consider she is very much to blame in having encouraged the attentions of one superior in station to herself, and then consenting to elope with him, still her imprudence and (I must call it) want of

principle form no excuse for the heartless villany of her betrayer. We would advise that, meanwhile, the young woman should return to her parents, and that the case should be put into the hands of a respectable solicitor in M——, who should be instructed to write and threaten an action-at-law against the son. If he be respectable and have any regard for his character, he will be afraid of the thing becoming known in his own town, and will feel that he cannot stand against a well-known lawyer,—so that the letter would probably produce either an offer of marriage, or a compensation for the injury. If the girl be well-conducted, she would, in my opinion, do best to take the latter; for a union for life with an unprincipled reprobate is surely only productive of misery. But she and her parents can judge best about this. P.S.—Perhaps the girl should not leave the town till the lawyer sees her and hears her statement; but her case would be stronger afterwards, if she were under the protection of her parents.'

On changing her residence, she writes:—'We are likely to remove now in little more than a month; and, as you may imagine, the prospect of uprooting sixteen individuals and all their belongings—to say nothing of outdoor servants—is no slight task, when the tent has been pitched in one place for more than twenty years.' Like Abraham's of old, the tent and the altar went together. After both had been fixed, she adds: 'I feel tolerably sure that the Lord has a

work to be done, even in this thinly-scattered population. There seems considerable anxiety to hear.'

In the same letter, turning to another subject, she says :—' I cannot quite agree with you about " Uncle Tom." It is, no doubt, very powerfully written ; but the characters are distorted representatives of real life—no more true than Dickens. It is a pity that the public taste requires such *stimulants*. That it has had a wonderful effect on the public mind, I do not deny ; but I regret that writing of that class and kind should be necessary to awaken feeling on so important a subject. It is not a healthy state of things.'

Then, in a rejoinder, she adds :—' I do not disapprove of " Uncle Tom." On the contrary, I thoroughly enjoyed it. I merely lament that it is *only* by means of fiction that the public mind can be stirred. Relate the story as *facts*, without the embellishment of graphic picturing, and it falls to the ground. This is not healthy. It is sensuous. It is the exercise of feeling and imagination at the expense of reason and intellect. I do not object to the occasional employment of fiction. I find a ready response to its delineations in my own mind. But I would not like to draw my whole intellectual subsistence from it, any more than I should like to live entirely upon frothed cream. The public seem to exist upon it—that is my complaint—and the disease is increasing.'

The beauties of Nature had always great attractions for her. ' November,' I find her writing, ' has

now set in, though the temperature here is mild enough for May. Every day sees a diminution of the lingering leaves; and soon the oak-woods will be bare. Yet God's works are marvellously perfect. In every stage there are beauty and symmetry.'

Some thoughts concerning God's way of holiness occur in another letter thus:—'I like very much your remarks about the Spirit's office of showing us Christ. I had been engaged before in *thinking out* Christ's declaration, that no man can know the Father except the Son reveal Him to him. Here are the whole Persons of the Trinity employed in the manifestation of each other. And then we see that this knowledge, when revealed to man, is salvation. "This is life eternal, to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." The apostles point always to progress in knowledge, not of ourselves, but of Him, as Sanctification. This is most heterodox to an unconverted man: it may be assented to, but not believed in, by a babe in Christ: it is only the full-grown man who can stay himself *upon his God*. Isaiah points out this same spiritual perception of God as the cure for spiritual darkness, and darkness through God's absence from the believer's soul. When he is walking in darkness and sees no light, let him trust in the name, or manifested character, of Jehovah—not that there is a change in his own character, or that he feels differently than he did before, but that God is unchangeable, and that he has been shown by the Spirit some-

thing of the glory, the beauty, and the salvation which there are in Him.'

Anticipating the pleasure of our two families spending our holiday together, she writes:—'It will be indeed delightful, if it please God that we should be at R—— at the same time. We may hope to have many a walk and talk together. And, as it is in our Father's hands, who never willingly grieves or afflicts His children, we know that, if it be good for us, it will be given. I was struck by a racy sentence of John Newton's yesterday:—"I would make Mrs. C—— well if I could. But God loves her much better than I do; and He can, but He does not: so I conclude it is far better for her to be as she is."'

Here are some of the knotty questions which occasionally pressed upon her for solution:—'Do you think the prince of Persia (in Dan. x.) is Cyrus? or an angel set over that kingdom? Do you think Gabriel literally strove against him, or merely moved Cyrus' heart towards the Jews, he himself being bound by every *natural* motive to resist Gabriel's suggestions? Who do you think Michael is? What is "the voice of the archangel," with which the Lord is to come? "Archangel," I believe, is only once mentioned. Is Michael Christ? "Who is sufficient for these things?" Yet it puts us in our right position, and makes us feel as dust before the Mighty One. How near we may be to the invisible world! The men who were with Daniel saw *nothing*. If our eyes were opened, what

hosts might we not see in the very room around us ! It is evident a very thin partition divides us from the unseen.'

Other thoughts were constantly suggesting themselves. 'I do not often,' she writes, 'read the *British Quarterly*; but there are two capital articles in the last Number—on Dr. Harris upon *Primeval Man*, and on Theodore Parker and *Modern Deism*. Harris has a curious theory that the development of the Divine character is progressive. The reviewer, I think, ably points out his error in considering that God's object in revelation is to demonstrate to man His all-sufficiency, instead of simply self-manifestation. However, he takes the first formation of the earth to bring out power, the vegetable creation (ferns, &c.) to demonstrate wisdom, and so on, till he comes to penal justice, which he seems to think must have been shown by this earth being the "first estate" of the angels—from which they were translated to their different destinations after having stood their time of probation. Then comes man, destined to unfold mercy with righteousness. This seems to me fanciful, and also to circumscribe the wonderful working of the great I AM to this narrow spot of earth. Un-speakably important, no doubt, it is, as having been the abode of God Incarnate and hallowed by His blood; yet are there glorious spheres in creation, which will doubtless each be made to bring their quota of glory to their mighty Maker. What a wonderful God He

is! We have been attending a Course of Lectures on the microscope; and the care and attention and comfort lavished on an invisible animalcule, the nice adaptation, the marvellous mechanism, make our very minds ache with the idea of the Architect.'

'I have not room,' she adds, 'to speak of Theodore Parker. The article is by Dr. Vaughan, and is well worth reading; but I fear rationalism is spreading among his denomination—the Independents. Vaughan at once gives up *verbal* inspiration. This admitted, how can any one stop short of the German philosophy?'

Her fine spiritual mind was ever manifesting a singular skill in psychological observation, and always for a practical end, not for mere speculation. Reverting, for example, to Hewitson's *Memoir*, she writes:—'The point which strikes me most in the delineation of his inner life is the unusual absence of that severe mental conflict—that struggle between the "flesh" and the "spirit"—which would *ordinarily* be the lot of those of the same mental calibre which he possessed,—of course, I mean, after his conversion. This I trace to his continual looking out upon Jesus—resting in Him—living with Him—having his eye directed to His glory and beauty, and not to the dissection of the corrupt heart within. I am convinced that the constant dwelling even upon sin in our hearts has the effect of hindering the work of grace there, as well as of casting dark shadows of

gloom and doubt over what ought to be light and life and peace.

‘Nowhere,’ she continues, ‘does the sinner see himself so guilty as at the foot of the cross, because there he beholds God’s estimate of sin—of his sin, and the price which Divine love paid to cancel it. But it is not easy to keep the eye there, particularly in a time of inward trial and temptation. The power of doing this appears to me to have been the grand secret of Mr. Hewitson’s holy life, and peace in suffering and in death.’

How intently her own heart continued to be set upon King David’s and St. Paul’s ‘one thing’ may be gathered, not uncertainly, from such words as the following:—‘If we are sure of our own calling and election, the only other thing worth living for, is, to warn others to “flee from the wrath to come,” and, by God’s mercy and grace, to be made the instruments of good towards perishing sinners.’

Then, alluding to my recent return from Italy, she proceeded:—‘In the loveliest country and amidst the most sublime scenes of natural beauty, a Christian ought never to be happy except he be striving, like the Master, to go about doing good; and I trust that, as the *place* signifies nothing, He may indeed now, on your return to your people, baptize you anew with His Spirit, and enable you to declare fully and freely the glad tidings of salvation.’

And she continues:—‘There is a curious instance

mentioned by a German naturalist in his account of Peru—a recently published work—which might refute easily all the vain imaginations indulged in by the men of this world concerning the innate good in man's nature ; and it is all the more valuable, as the author is not apparently a religious man. He gives an account of the awful state of society in Peru, particularly Lima, among so-called Christians,—scarcely equalled in wickedness and shamelessness by the poor aborigines in the mines. Every species of vice, utter forgetfulness of the God who made them, with the most wanton disregard of human life, characterise men in that favoured region. Afterwards the author travelled through the primeval forest, where he beheld the animal-creation as free from bondage and misery as they can have been since the Fall. Everything teemed with life, and *happy* life. The description is most extraordinary of the immense numbers of animals, unharmed and unseen by man, which were enjoying and fulfilling the end of their existence. Destruction and death certainly were among them ; but only the weakest of each species generally fell victims, and the result seemed to be—the highest possible state of health, activity, and pleasure, so that the author—not speaking in a religious point of view—says that “nothing in their state could possibly be improved.” What a contrast to man ! and what a heart of sin is thus displayed !

And she adds:—‘I was struck with a remark I read

lately—in refutation of an assertion that sin and Satan were inseparable—“How do we know that God’s purpose, in binding Satan for a thousand years, may not be, to show that, without any outward agency or incentive to sin, the heart of man is capable of such desperate wickedness as will lead to the awful apostasy spoken of by the Apostle as taking place at the end of the Millennium?’

A home-tour elicits the following:—‘This is a lovely spot, and one well fitted, by its calm, quiet beauty, to lead the heart to rest on Him of whose glory it is but a faint reflection. I agree with you that, generally speaking, change of scene and of society sorely dissipates the mind, and draws it away from close communion with the Saviour. I have always felt this deeply; and (will you forgive me for saying?) I am glad you feel the same, for I have been afraid I was peculiarly liable to “start aside as a deceitful bow,” and to receive carnal impressions from a carnal world. It ought not so to be; for is there not fulness of grace for every time of need? The fault is in my own slothfulness and want of earnestness in seeking for it, and a kind of undefined despair of getting it. I am sure that St. Paul, in “journeyings often,” would have the felt presence of Christ as much with him as when he stayed at home; and He who supplied St. Paul’s need can supply ours also, even “exceeding abundantly above what we can ask or think.”’

Foster was a man of that lofty intellect with which our friend's could not fail almost unconsciously to associate itself; but intellect did not satisfy a heart which found its chiefest joy in a warm, though lowly, attachment to her Lord. 'I am quite of your mind,' she wrote, 'about Foster. The more I read of him, the less am I satisfied with his tone of mind and character. Some of his peculiarities are singularly trifling for such a mind. I cannot imagine him a *loveable* man at all; and he does not seem, especially in early life, to have had much of the milk of human kindness about him. It needs love to Jesus to be burning brightly in the heart, before we *can* love our fellow-men or bear their infirmities. It is only after we see the gulf from which we have escaped, and estimate the unspeakable value of that great redemption, that every human being becomes interesting to us, either as being a brother in Christ, or as having a soul unsaved and so standing on the brink of ruin. I do believe that (as Dr. Hamilton says) the knowledge of the Saviour gives a man an eye and an ear and a heart. I am sure it quickens our intellectual faculties and refines every feeling.'

In the sequel of the same letter, she again finds herself face to face with a grave problem which, though oftentimes put aside after a jaunty fashion, cannot be evaded by any earnest soul that longs to be like Jesus, and to whom 'to live is Christ.' 'It is sad to think,' she continues, 'how much we live

below our privileges. We are called upon always to "rejoice:" and I believe we should always do so if we only lived nearer to God, as He has invited us. There is no limit to His grace except our capacity; and yet which of us has opened our mouth so wide that we are "filled" with Him—with the fulness which is in Christ? I should like to know your ideas as to how far sanctification may be carried in the present life. I bless God that I know some living instances of His glorious grace in subduing all *outward* indications of evil; but then I cannot see in them the workings of corruption within. The diaries of eminent Christians testify that all their lives they have had to mourn over the evil within themselves; but is there any limit to God's promises in this matter? may they not have had less because they did not *expect* to be answered when they prayed to be sanctified *wholly*? But we can discuss this and many other points when we meet.'

We did often talk, and search the Scriptures, concerning the momentous question; and, whilst giving no place to the idea that there ever was or could be an unbroken triumph over the combined temptations of the devil, and of the 'old man,' we both of us saw the urgent necessity of aiming day by day, and hour by hour, at an *entire consecration* of 'body, soul, and spirit,' to Him who 'loved us and gave Himself for us.'

Nothing can be more painfully true to nature than

the characteristic feature of so many death-beds, of which she here gives an example : ' I cannot imagine how worldly people can bear sickness so well as they do, without the sense of its being " ordered " by a Father's love. I have been watching the death-bed of an old lady who does not seem ever to have had her conscience aroused in the slightest degree ; and yet it is astonishing how patiently she bears pain. It is very sad to see how completely dead to natural feeling the heart becomes in old age, and how impossible it is for man to rouse any emotion respecting the things of Eternity. It seems as if she were left " without understanding " on these points, though acute enough on all earthly matters ; and she constantly reminds me of that fearful sentence— " Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone ! " "

She was always thankful for any new glimpses of Bible-truth which were opened to her, accepting willingly whatever seemed in itself truth-like, though not squaring with some previous conclusion. For example, she writes : ' Mr. — has been giving us a series of admirable sermons on the intermediate state and on the *complete* redemption of the saints at the Second Coming. The one last Sabbath was on the Apostasy which precedes it. He explained the coming of Elijah very much to my satisfaction, and pointed out—what I had not so fully noticed before—the similarity between him and the two witnesses, prophesying in sackcloth, shutting up the rain from

heaven, calling down fire. In connexion with this—when I was looking over the passages on my return home—I asked myself, Does not there seem some connexion between the death of the witnesses for three days and a half and the shutting up of rain for three years and six months? I am convinced there are *depths* in the Bible which will startle those who see farthest now, when they come to the clear light of the end of time.'

'O watchman! will the night of sin
Be ever past?

O watchman! doth the tarrying day begin
To dawn upon Thy straining sight at last?

Will it dispel
Ere long the mists of sense wherein I dwell?

**' Her watch-fire's light,
To guide aright
Our weary souls, by earth beguiled.'**

CHAPTER VIII.

Writing a book—Building a house—Criticisms—Emendations—Thoughts of the future—Abraham and the Land—The Heavenly City—Youthful matron—Loving approval—Relative duties—Watching for souls—A convert—Fluctuations—Betokens life—An estimate—Accuracy of information—‘Secret mistrust’—Troubled depth in the eye—London whirl—Scylla and Charybdis—Royal Institution—Body of the Sun—Prayer-union for children—Great Exhibition—Beyond all idea—Variety of persons—Fat Turk—A monk—Iron Duke—Christmas guests—No empty place—Lack of preachers—Father’s demise—Her housewifery—Visit to Scotland—Euphrates Valley—Hayfever—Life of Calderon—Brontë—Sedgwick—Modern Scepticism—Bunsen and Ruskin—Westminster—Quarterly—Scurrilous attack—‘Hewitson’—Wax flowers—Religious world—All except life—Christ’s second coming—Why disliked?—Sign of the truth.

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‘ In faith I hide myself in Thee,
I shall not perish in the strife ;
I share Thy war, Thy victory,
And Death is swallow’d up in Life.
Thy strife, O Christ, with death of yore
Hath conquer’d, and I fear no more.’

‘WRITING a book is like building a house. If one listens to all the criticisms and emendations proposed even by an admiring public, either will end by being a very anomalous specimen of its kind.’ So wrote our friend, on one occasion, in reference to sundry ‘improvements’ which certain correspondents had suggested in the structure of my *Memoir of Adelaide Newton*; and her answer was, that the feature chiefly complained of was, in her eyes, ‘the charm of the book.’

‘When,’ she added, ‘do you expect your editorial and authorial (if there be such a word) labours to be terminated? In one sense it is scarcely to be desired; for, dwelling intently upon the inner life of an eminently holy man, one can hardly help being spurred on to seek the same grace which shone so brightly in him and which is so ready to be communicated to us. We have not, because we ask not, or ask amiss; or because, our thoughts and looks being much engrossed with earth—it may be, with *religious* earthly things—we fail to gaze upon that bright and glorious One who would give us, in beholding Him, to be changed into His image.’

How deeply her thoughts penetrated into the ways of God in the past and in the future, may be gathered from such a suggestive hint as the following:— ‘What do you consider to have been really the promise to Abraham? I have been thinking over it lately. “To *thee* will I give it,” says Jehovah, more than once, without mention of the “Seed.” Then it is explained in the Hebrews as “a heavenly city.” This must mean “New Jerusalem;” but “New Jerusalem” itself appears, from Galatians and Hebrews, and Revelation itself, to be the Church; for a “city” is not the “bride of the Lamb.” I believe that Abraham will get the land of which he had the promise; but it appears to me there is something deeper in the promise than the possession of Canaan. Is it that Abraham saw, by faith, the glorious things reserved for his country in the latter days, and, perceiving the reign of Christ in the heavenly city in the midst of his territory, rejoiced at his being alike a partaker of the glory, and honoured also to be a possessor of the territory in which the King of kings holds His judgments and His court?’

A youthful matron thus earns her loving approval:—‘I have been very much pleased with ——’s firmness, and decision, and calm, quiet good sense, in making her domestic arrangements; and I cannot but feel she is far better fitted to take the management of a house than I was at her age. But I have deeper cause for thankfulness in perceiving the sense

she has of her responsibility as a mistress, and of the breadth and spirituality of the Law in all that appertains to relative duties in her new position. For this I can only praise the wondrous grace of Him who has wrought these things in her.'

In another letter, she speaks of a youthful convert who was complaining of 'declension and coldness of heart,' and adds, in her own meek and self-renouncing way:—'Alas, how often I can echo her complaint! But she has not been so much accustomed to the fluctuations of the hidden life, or to trace the source of the hidings of God's face—which is so generally from sin. In this case, I have no doubt, it proceeds from an unusual bustle and excitement having driven her off the watch-tower; and I trust she may soon gain again a glimpse of that face, without which, I rejoice to find, she cannot live.'

The light did shine again. 'She was at the Communion last week,' I find our friend writing a little later; 'and the Lord seems to have been present with her and to have graciously revealed Himself to her,—so that He has put a new song into her mouth and removed her darkness. It is a blessed thing when we are brought to feel the ebbs and flows of Divine grace. It betokens *life* within.'

These last words indicate a feature of her own hidden life, which she recognised more and more intensely as she grew older in her experience of its trials and triumphs.

An eminent American Christian once wrote :—
' I have noticed a very striking difference between my religious exercises now and several years ago. Then I was all joy—felt as if I could die for Christ—had the most joyful anticipation of heaven—would sit for hours, almost in an ecstasy. But now I too often feel happy when I look with the least complacency upon death. Yet it does seem to me that, if I know my own heart, my views are more Scriptural, more consistent, more mature, than they were then. The Bible is more truly precious ; and I see far more of the sinfulness of my heart and my perfect impotency.'

And she adds :—' My faith is stronger now ; for sometimes, when my path is hedged up, and I am ready to sink in deep waters, I am enabled calmly to stay my soul upon the bare promise of God. Joy alone is a fallible criterion. I had rather have the assurance that I had parted with one darling sin or given up one beloved idol for Christ, than be raised to the third heaven in joy.'

These are weighty words ; and a like experience of those lights and shadows was fitting our friend for comforting the downcast, at once so tenderly and so wisely, with the consolations wherewith she herself was being comforted so abundantly of God. It is a great and grave lesson for certain spiritual sciolists of this day who look down upon tried Christian people with a kind of condescending pity as

needing to learn which be the first principles of the Gospel of Christ.

It reminds me of a conversation, which I had one day with our friend after we had both been reading a memoir of a mighty man in Israel—the late Dr. John Duncan. A more intensely spiritual and deeply taught man the Church in modern times has scarcely seen. And yet such was the depressing effect of bodily pain and of a naturally melancholy temperament that, in his last illness, he expressed to a friend a doubt whether, after all, he might not be ‘going to the bad place.’

‘Why, you are not fit for it, my dear brother!’ The thought at once calmed him.

Thus she noted one phase of human character:— ‘Mr. — is to preach for us on Tuesday. I expect to like him very much; for I have been much pleased with his conversation and general bearing in society. He seems very clever naturally, and to have cultivated his mind carefully; and, in one or two scientific matters—out of the theological line—to which our discourse led us, I was struck by the *accuracy* of his information.’

And an estimate of an opposite kind—not, however, volunteered, but asked for a special purpose—she gives:—‘I hardly know what to say of —. Did you never feel a kind of undefined, secret mistrust—an inward misgiving—in your intercourse with him? There is a troubled depth in his eye, which I

have often noticed in others, but never saw in one whom I had reason to believe was truly in Christ. I daresay you will smile at this ; but I cannot help the impression, though I would not act upon it, nor speak of it, except confidentially.'

One of her many brief sojourns in ' the great metropolis ' is recorded thus :—' I have certainly no idea how anybody can live a quiet life in London. You have always said so, and I feel bound to believe you ; but it is quite against my experience. On the contrary, the whirl seems to increase, till I have sundry reflexions about Scylla and Charybdis ! The very day I wrote to you, Captain and Mrs. E——, and Mr. and Miss R——, called. As it was at the conventional hour when everybody goes to call upon everybody else, I am sorry to say we missed them ; but I shall hope to be more fortunate when we return their visit. I am going to a prayer-meeting at Captain Trotter's this afternoon, and afterwards to the lecture at the Royal Institution, which we think will be peculiarly interesting. It is on the latest discoveries in the body of the Sun. It is so kind to have given us the tickets : we have got two more for to-night ; so we go *en masse*. Have you seen the proposal for a prayer-union of all Christian parents for their children ? It was kept last year ; and the paper says there has been fruit from the prayer then. We had a meeting at home on the appointed day.'

Another of her London visits—some time pre-

vious—was to the Great Exhibition—an event which already seems to be at the distance of half a century. She writes :—‘ I have always time to read *your* letters, wherever I may be. The Crystal Palace is *wonderful*, beyond all idea. The outside disappointed me. It is simply a gigantic greenhouse on the top of an immense shop whose windows are closed by dark-coloured mahogany shutters. But the inside is most marvellous. I have not seen a single person whose expectations have not been surpassed, or who has been disappointed. Still, three days are enough for me, while I hear of many who have gone constantly ever since it was opened. The varieties of people are most amusing. The number of foreigners is not so great as was expected ; but there is still enough to be very curious. Padre Gavazzi and the Duke of Wellington—a monk in full costume, and a fat Turk in spectacles and a fez—may be seen together sometimes—at least we saw them all. It is a strange thing, this gathering together of the nations.’

‘ More interesting still,’ she adds, ‘ was the inspection I made this morning of the Nineveh marbles. They are most curious—these disinterred remains of that proud city on which God’s vengeance was poured. I cannot enter on the subject now ; but it has deeply interested me.’

An interesting family-glimpse is given thus :—‘ I was beginning to wonder if you were still located in the great city you love so well. Your missive

found me surrounded by our usual Christmas guests. This year we numbered upwards of thirty in household. We had a very pleasant reunion, only shadowed by the visibly increasing infirmity of my father. I fear his naturally very vigorous constitution is breaking up under the weight of more than fourscore years; and it tinged our intercourse with sadness to think that we could scarcely hope to meet again as an unbroken circle—which, with the single exception of my mother's death, has been the case for eight-and-twenty years. We have had many a message to us; but the hand of the "king of terrors" has never yet been laid on any member but one of that particular circle.'

'What an extraordinary winter,' she adds, 'this is! We gathered snowdrops, roses, and primroses in the open garden on Christmas-day. We still continue our Sabbath-service. You know we are stereotyped characters—not easily or lightly given to change: otherwise, we have every inducement, for the supply is worse, not better, and more difficult to secure. The only thing is, that I do not see we could do better anywhere. Seek for a good preacher in almost any denomination, and you get Echo's answer—"Where?" So we remain *in statu quo*, spending a fortune, and getting no adequate return.'

Later, she wrote:—'My dear father died last week. I have only been at home one day since my return from his funeral. He had no disease whatever,

and we could not help hoping he might yet be spared for a little time longer. But it was not so ordered. A small vessel gave way—probably near the heart; and the servant, who had gone in early to light his fire, found that he was gone. His death must have been perfectly painless and quite instantaneous: he probably was never conscious of his end. There is much mercy mingled in this affliction. He had no suffering; his mind was quite clear to the very end; and for some weeks he had expressed himself conscious of eternity being very near.'

Women of her mental calibre are often accused of being but indifferent housewives. No one could charge our friend with this delinquency. Never did I see a household more superbly administered, and withal so quietly and easily. 'We have either been away from home,' she writes, 'or with hosts of people at home, ever since I wrote to you. Last week, we were thirty-two in household; and, in hot weather, with no London market at hand to supply one's daily wants, I assure you I had to copy our great mother, Eve, and be "on hospitable thoughts intent." — are going to the "Art Treasures" for the third time on Monday. I do not think any of us will be at the Queen's visit. I have no taste for such things, and would certainly not waste four or five hours for the pleasure of seeing Her Majesty, when I could employ the same time another day in looking at the gems of art the building encloses.'

After another visit to Scotland, I find her writing:—‘We have at last got home from our Northern tour, which we enjoyed very much. We were as far north as Inverness, and stayed a few days longer than we at first intended in Morayshire. The scenery on the banks of the Findhorn was quite new to us, and all that part of the country very interesting from its historical associations, remains of antiquity, and picturesque beauty. And now,’ she asks, ‘what are you doing? While we have been wandering in the far north, steaming to Staffa and Iona, or lingering in some of the lovely watering-places on the Clyde—which would be Paradise if only they had a tolerable climate—have you, with our indefatigable senators, been enduring a tropical temperature, with no alleviation except the shady side of Pall Mall?’

In the same letter, she continues:—‘I see that you, in the metropolis, have shared in the dreadful thunder-storm we had here last Thursday. It raged here for more than eight hours; but I have not heard that it has done any damage except splitting a very fine tree in a farmer’s ground. It is singular that for three successive years the lightning has injured that man’s property. Last year, it struck down his son, and fused the iron hoop of the milk-can he was carrying, at the same time flattening the can like a plate. Yet all has not succeeded in producing the slightest feeling in the heart of a most ungodly man—so true is it that nothing, except the Spirit of

God, can melt our hardened nature. We have had terrible floods following the storm. I spent Friday with Mrs. Cavendish, and found plenty of work, as a good Samaritan, in ferrying distressed travellers across roads impassable to pedestrians.'

And she adds :—' What do you think of India ? What terrible news ! I feel almost guilty in having so much to enjoy and so little anxiety, when others are subjected to such frightful trials. Oh, what a creature man is in his unconverted state ! Will this outbreak not necessitate the formation of the Euphrates-valley railway, and promote the restoration of the Jews to Palestine ? I hear the Euphrates has diverged from its channel since Colonel Chesney surveyed it, and is now scattered over marshy plains, and so unavailable for water-transit. Is it in this way that His people shall yet pass over the river "dry-shod," when they return to their long-lost inheritance ?'

After an interval, she writes :—' I rejoice to find I have gained my correspondent once again, for your letters have now become necessities of life to me—at least I always depend upon them for a certain degree of quickening as well as material for thought. Even a casual word sometimes helps and comforts those who receive it, when the writer or speaker little knows how serviceable it is, or how much need there may be of it. Several passages in several of your letters, not directly intended for me, have yet been

so applicable. Do you happen to know any preacher who could help us? I have given up all idea of getting any one to preach more than tolerably; but it is difficult to obtain even this moderate qualification.'

A Christian mother once wrote: 'No one can govern a family of children well without much reflection and what the world calls trouble.' Our friend's entire life was one continuous sacrifice of personal ease and convenience for the sake of one and another of her family. For example, she writes: 'We intended to be in Scotland before now; but — was seized with hay-fever, and, in little more than twenty-four hours after summoning medical aid, I sent him off, accompanied by several others, to Blackpool, which is certainly arid enough to cure any disease produced by excess of verdure. I do not know if you have ever come into contact with hay-fever. It is not at all dangerous, but very distressing, as it not only irritates the mucous membrane of the eyes, nose, and throat, but even gets down to the respiratory organs. Absence from any locality where the pollen of grass floats, is the only remedy, and proved quite effectual in —'s case.'

In the same letter, she adds: 'I have been reading a stupid *Life of Calderon*, by Trench; a more stupid *Life of Lord Arundel and His Wife*, by the Duke of Norfolk; and a most stupid posthumous novel by

Charlotte Brontë. I am really studying Sedgwick's *Discourse*. I read it twenty years ago; but the original work is now enlarged by prefaces and appendices to four times the original size, and combats Pantheism and the gradual development theory, &c. with great success.'

The modern scepticism, especially in its form of German mysticism, she could scarcely muster patience to tolerate. One day, we were talking together of Ruskin's summary method of dealing with it, in reply to Bunsen's objection to men, who had not studied his countrymen's philosophy, giving an opinion about it. 'A prudent man,' wrote the author of *Modern Painters*, 'must consider first its worthiness of being studied, and by a sample. Glancing into the second volume of his *Hippolytus*, we find him talking of "a finite realisation of the infinite" (a phrase considerably less rational than "a black realisation of white"), and of a triad composed of God, Man, and Humanity (which is a parallel thing to talking of a triad composed of man, dog, and canineness); knowing these expressions to be pure, definite, and highly-finished nonsense, we do not in general trouble ourselves to look any further.' Her practical mind felt that life was too short to be wasted in such barren dreams; and, like Ruskin, she voted their dismissal from the urgencies of daily thought and work.

Bewailing the rampant hostility to Divine truth

everywhere manifesting itself, she writes : ' The *Westminster* seems to be becoming quite infidel. There is a fearful leavening of *occult* infidelity in our general literature just now. Two or three books which I have glanced over—popular books—within the last few weeks, have been all, more or less, tinged with it ; one I saw highly praised in a religious critique for its good tendency.'

' Did you read,' she asks, in the same letter, ' that scurrilous article in the *Quarterly* about " the men " in the Highlands ? Utterly repulsive as was the sketch, I could not help acknowledging to myself that there was a *substratum* of truth in it.'

In the sequel of the letter, she says : ' I am delighted to hear of the success of *Hewitson*. It bears being a constant companion ; and few memoirs, except M'Cheyne's, stand that test. I delight in it exceedingly ; and, when weary in body or in mind, particularly the latter, I turn to it for a refreshment. Not many books can afford this. It is the minute touches of character which constitute much both of its charm and of its value.'

Turning to another subject, she adds:—' I do not understand your allusion to my wax-flowers. — is taking lessons in another branch of flower-imitating, which is even prettier and more life-looking than the wax ones. But they are, after all, like Ezekiel's " bones," clothed with flesh and sinews, yet wanting " breath." They have every characteristic of a flower,

except life, and the fragrance which accompanies life. How many there are of this class in the *religious world* just now !

A painful feature of Christian life, though happily less marked in more recent years than formerly, she notes again, in another letter thus : ‘ How curious it is that the doctrine of the coming of the Lord should excite such *enmity* among His own people ! Strange that they should so dislike to hear of the expectations of others ! It would not be so with the advent of a dearly-loved earthly friend. I cannot exactly understand *why* it should be so ; but I hold it as one of the signs of the truth. Neither is premillennialism made by any means so prominent feature in your Memoir. I suppose your intention simply was, to present those who were looking to the ministry with a living portrait of a living minister. The “blessed hope” formed a striking part of that character. If there were those who deemed it an error and a delusion, it *ought* to have had no effect in hindering their reception of the book. Except, like Queen Elizabeth, they wished to have a portrait without shadows, they need not have objected to *this* defect—in their opinion—in addition to the other frailties and weaknesses of fallen nature. I doubt if there be *any* book, in which you could concur in *every* sentiment ; but I never understood, that, if you presented it to another, you were to be considered as identifying yourself with all the opinions contained

in it. It *is* a pitiful affair ; but—we have not giants in these days.'

And she adds : ' For myself, I believe the " blessed hope " is, not only comforting in life, but supporting in death, and sanctifying in both.'

And it was not a mere selfish ' hope.' Referring to a *cause célèbre* which at the time was attracting much attention, she wrote : ' There seems something radically wrong just now in every sphere of society. Surely the foundations of the earth are " out of course," and will probably remain so, till the time of " the restitution of all things." Meanwhile, " the Lord reigneth—" that is a rock to stay on, the only rock amid the surging billows of this heaving world. He will do as seemeth Him good—another stronghold for faith and hope. Just now he is almost put out of His own world, the miserable principle of expediency being the ruling power among our statesmen. If we had but a man of principle to grasp the reins of government, this country might yet weather out the storm. There is " salt " in her still—enough to preserve her from the sore judgments which threaten neighbouring nations. But, if we go on in the downward course we have been pursuing for some time past, I fear no such exemption will be ours. I dare say you will laugh at this political epistle ; but really the signs of the times are intensely interesting just now, so forgive it and write me another.'

Again, she says : ' Our whole household has been

laid down with violent influenza. With myself it produced so severe a headache, and so protracted also, that I felt quite incapable for any exertion, either bodily or mental, for a few days. Thanks to the Giver of all good, we seem all now fairly well again. The voice of joy and health is heard once more in our dwelling. What a difference it would make, were our spiritual perceptions as acute as our natural ones, and if the diseases of the soul occasioned us as much uneasiness as those of the body! Then we should neither faint, nor falter, nor fear man, while we tried unceasingly to snatch those dearest to us from the power of the destroyer.'

Referring to a ministry in her neighbourhood bearing a high repute, she writes: 'I do not think it is one of progress. His gift is more for drawing in sinners than for building up saints. The system of the Church makes him afraid to go *deep* into doctrine, I imagine, in case he should discover something which militated against "our admirable liturgy." Many, perhaps most, in the present day, seem to be seeking after truths agreeable to their system, not earnestly inquiring "what is Truth," irrespective of human codes of divinity.'

'All joy to the believer! He can speak—
Trembling, yet happy; confident, yet meek.'

- ‘The soul, whose sight all-quickening grace renews,
Takes the resemblance of the good she views,
As diamonds, stripped of their opaque disguise,
Reflect the noon-day glory of the skies.
She speaks of HIM, her Author, Guardian, Friend,
Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,
In language warm as all that love inspires,
And, in the glow of her intense desires,
Pants to communicate her noble fires ;
- She seeks a world stark-blind to what employs
Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys.’

CHAPTER IX.

Scottish Reformation—'Fruits of ministry'—Planting and watering—Cottage-work—Results—'Destroyed thyself'—Conscience and the Word—Babes—Christian in Society—Preaching—Ruskin—'Vague Christianity'—'Ever learning'—Bane of ministry—No driveller—Bishop of Ohio—Saved and unsaved—Not separated—Objective and subjective—Prophecy not a dark place—'Light in a dark place'—Coming of the King—'Many drops'—A true mother—Self-sacrificing Devotion—'An imperfect man'—Nursing—Healthy Tabernacle—Mental development—Lady Warwick—'Well-studied choice'—Conformity to the world—A Line—Not peculiar—Dress—The masses—Spiritual condition—Forty lads—'No man has hired us'—Woman's convictions—Refreshing—'Miracle'—Matron—Seventeenth century—A great sorrow—Servants—How to manage them—Florence Nightingale—Tact and kindness—House in charge of itself—Wheels and master-wheel—Providences—Ladder of St. Augustine—Scale and climb—Higher destinies—A Blacksmith—'A sin'—'Every sin'—To me alone—Way of peace—'Save even me'—Translate anguish—On watch-tower—How kept on it?—The 'Rod'—Why needed?—Ladies' schools—Her handwriting—Plain and beautiful—No crossing—Her style—Pure—No slang—No provincialisms—'Smile of God.'

‘Thou child of God, in sorrow,
Hope for a brighter day ;
The sunshine of the morrow
Shall chase thy griefs away !
Thy Brother’s eye beholds thee ;
His heart feels all thy woes ;
His mighty arm upholds thee ;
Thine every care He knows !’

IN the halcyon days of the Scottish Reformation, it was the happy function of the 'elders' to 'seek for the fruits of the ministry.' The function implied that there were fruits expected; and that expectation gave an edge to the ministry of the Word. Our friend was always looking for such fruits, and was ever and anon finding them.

For example, she writes: 'Your visit was a source of much gratification to us, and, I would hope, also a means of profit, not only to us, but to the neighbourhood. In two cottages which I visited the other day, I heard your address from Hosea referred to; and it seemed to be living in the hearts of the inmates. One poor woman said to me with tears, that she had been telling all her neighbours, and a poor sick girl who lived with her, about "destroying themselves;" but they could not find the text in the Bible. I marked the place for them. None of the family could read, except the little children; but I am sure you would have been deeply affected, had you seen the eagerness with which they listened while I tried to tell *them of Him* who could "help" and

save them. When I ended, the woman thanked me, but still recurred to having "destroyed themselves," and said, "I never heard such words before. I should like to have stopped all night in the laundry to have heard more." She is as ignorant as any heathen; but God's words had found access to her conscience.'

And our friend added : 'What a wonderful engine is the Word, when the Spirit accompanies it ! It is suited to every case and to every degree of intellect. It has depths for the most cultivated, while the great Gospel-truths in their saving simplicity may be apprehended by babes.'

In his *Seven Lamps of Architecture* (of which we have oftentimes spoken together), Ruskin has said, borrowing the thoughts probably from the familiar lines of Herbert, that 'there is no action so slight nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore ; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes—the pleasing of God. We treat God,' he continues, 'with irreverence by banishing Him from our thoughts, not by referring to His will on slight occasions. His is not the finite authority or intelligence which cannot be troubled with small things. There is nothing so small but that we may honour God by asking His guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands. And what is true of the Deity, is equally true of His revelation.

We use it most reverently when most habitually ; our insolence is in ever acting without reference to it ; our true honouring of it is in its universal application. I have been blamed,' he adds, 'for the familiar application of its sacred words. I am grieved to have given pain by so doing ; but my excuse must be my wish that those words were made the ground of every argument, and the test of every action. We have them not often enough upon our lips, nor deeply enough in our memories, nor loyally enough in our lives. The snow, the vapour, and the stormy wind fulfil His word. Are our acts and thoughts lighter and wilder than these—that we should forget it ?' No words could describe more incisively our friend's beautiful life.

In alluding, for instance, to a domestic difficulty about servants, as to which her assistance had been invited, she writes, after sundry useful suggestions : 'I always rejoice to believe that these little things are all *ordered* and ordered wisely. A good and faithful servant is from the Lord, and His hand is not shortened, nor His ear heavy.'

And, after naming some arrangements about a school for one of her children, she concludes :—'The whole steps of the way seem to me to have been providentially marked out for her. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass," has indeed been exemplified in my experience in this matter.'

And, referring to one of the greatest practical problems with which the Christian has daily to deal, she says:—"I believe your rule as to "society" is right. The difficulty is to get strength to keep by it—to get the love of Jesus so to warm the heart, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth *must* speak for Him who is the Beloved of the soul. I feel painfully how far I am from such close walking with God; and yet the times when I have felt so filled with a sense of His presence are the times of the only true happiness. He is to me but too much like a wayfaring man, who tarries but for a night; but I can say I earnestly long for more. I would desire to hear God's words to Jeremiah as if they were spoken to me—"If thou return, then will I bring thee again, and thou shalt stand before me; and, if thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth; let them return unto thee, but return not thou unto them."

The 'rule' was not any hard-and-fast line—she knew too well the true liberty of those 'whom the Son has made free,' to be bound by any such bondage—but the holy determination of an honest and enlightened conscience to take Christ with her into whatsoever scene she entered, and, if a condition of going anywhere was to leave her Master for the time behind her, then to cleave fast to HIM at whatsoever cost. No stranger might come betwixt her and her Lord in deciding such a matter: her own

conscience alone could accept and discharge the responsibility.

In a brief note arranging the hour of her arrival on a visit to our home, she broaches a very grave inquiry for all preachers thus:—‘I do not *wholly* agree with your observations about preaching. Partly I quite coincide with you ; but I doubt whether objective preaching is so likely to draw in sinners as subjective. I think it conduces to the building up of saints, much more than the other ; but a minister should never forget that both these ends are imperatively necessary in a ministry blest by God. I have no time to dilate on the subject, especially as I hope we may speak over it. I know there have been cases, such as Lady Colquhoun’s, where the sinner has been drawn to God simply by a contemplation of His revealed character : but the majority are surely “pricked to the heart” by a sense of their own sin, and urged *primarily*, from a sense of danger only, to flee from “the wrath to come.” Ordinarily, it is afterwards that the beauty and the glory of the Triune Jehovah is revealed to the sinner’s soul, filling him with love, as well as with joy and peace. Which method do you think is most employed by the Spirit in the word ? *That* should be our guide.’

We did have sundry colloquies about it, when such instances, of an opposite kind, were adduced, as Brainerd, who ascribed his conversion to an overwhelming realisation of the majesty and holiness of

God; and as Cæsar Malan, who likened his awakening to a mother awaking her child with a kiss. But we agreed that no exact and exclusive method could be prescribed to the preacher, seeing God had not in His word followed any fixed rule.

Bishop M'Ilvaine of Ohio—a man of rare sagacity and spiritual discernment—gave it forth publicly, as the result of very ample opportunities of personal observation during his many visits to England, that the grand defect in the evangelical preaching of the Church of England lay in a failure to draw the line of demarcation between the saved and the unsaved, and in a tendency to assume that the baptized were *ipso facto* in a more favourable position before God than the unbaptized, so as not to be really still 'dead in trespasses and in sins.' Our friend had too keen an eye not to be struck quite as painfully with the same lamentable deficiency. 'There is,' I find her writing on one occasion, 'an inexplicable error about all Church of England preaching with which I come into contact. Our Church is cleaning, and we had a very indifferent preacher in Mr. ——'s absence; so I went mostly to Mr. S——'s. The first Sabbath, I liked him, and was profited, but not *taught*. The second, I liked him less. And, the third, I was very wearied of him, and could scarcely imagine that many conversions could take place under his ministry. I have been puzzled before at the sort of *vague* Christianity which distinguishes his flock. Many of them

have got the foundation—the blood of Christ applied to their souls ; and that is well : but there they appear to stop, “ever learning, but never coming to the” full “knowledge of the truth.” I now see that the character of the ministry is stereotyped on the people ; and the mistiness of the doctrine does not grow clearer by transmission. That unhappy Catechism seems always to haunt them ; and they have some confused ideas about their congregations being in a different state somehow from unregenerate men, though they be not actually converted. This appears to me to be the great bane of their ministry.’ The preacher indicated was no driveller, and was esteemed by her highly as a personal friend ; but all the more did she lament the failing to which she could not shut her eyes.

Unlike many Christian people who insist, to their own loss of spiritual comfort, upon treating the prophetic word as ‘a dark place,’ she was ever keeping, as we have seen, her steady gaze fixed on that ‘light shining’ in this dark world ; and it enabled her to maintain in her spirit a calm peace amidst all apparent reverses of the Church’s fortunes ! Surely we live in singular times,’ she writes ; ‘while every part of the Continent is convulsed by the revolutionary and republican spirit, we pique ourselves on our loyalty and on the apparent stability of our institutions. And yet every associated body seems to be falling to pieces without any agency from without. It is cer-

tainly a witnessing time : who can say how soon it may turn into a suffering one ? May we be found ready to meet the darkness, and to look for and long after the glorious light which will alone disperse its mists—even the coming of the King !’ And again : ‘Tyre is scarcely synonymous with London. We, as a nation, are sinning against full light, while the Gospel was never proclaimed in the ancient mistress of the seas. I fear that England is wilfully shutting her eyes against the light : and what remains then but to remove the candlestick out of its place ?’

Bishop Hall wrote one day to his brother, counselling him to ‘go on happily’ with his Christian work, because ‘it argues,’ he said, ‘a mind Christianly noble to be encouraged by the need of his labours, and by the difficulties.’ Yet not seldom does a loving Father stimulate His children’s faith and expectation by giving them visible fruit. Such fruit our friend was receiving. ‘There is not wanting here,’ she says, ‘some sign of the Spirit’s working. We have not as yet the shower ; but it would be dishonouring to a prayer-hearing and covenant-keeping God to deny that we have had many drops. Like you, I look back with a most pleasurable recollection on the meeting here ; and, from what I have heard, I believe God was pleased to honour the message from His own Word. I greatly wish you would come to us for a week or two ; for I feel sure that, with the Lord’s blessing, you would not return without fruit.

The people are very interesting ; and it is, as you truly say, an untrodden region.'

It has already been remarked how distasteful to our friend was the modern cant touching 'the rights of women.' She had no ambition to be an imperfect man, but rejoiced rather to take the apostolic place of woman, especially in sacrificing her own convenience and ease and pleasure to her children. 'I rejoice greatly to hear,' she writes, 'that by the blessing of God Mrs. — is so well and prospering in what is at once a mother's duty and her greatest privilege. I must confess that I have always felt nursing a baby to be a terrible restraint ; but if, by the exercise of a little self-denial, we are enabled to build up a healthy tabernacle for the immortal spirit committed to our care, we ought not to care for slight sacrifices of inclination or pleasure. Active duty may be in a great degree prohibited to us ; but we may not be the less doing service in enabling another to perform it afterwards. The *mens sana*, even, depends very much upon the *corpore sano* ; and therefore, in laying the foundation, by a little care and attention, for bodily health and vigour, we may be helping very materially the mental development also.'

It is said of Lady Warwick that her Christian life was the result of 'a well-studied choice.' Not less advisedly had our friend taken up her cross, with a holy determination, by God's grace, to carry it after Jesus to the end. Yet it was not the self-denial of

self-pleasing fanaticism, but the more difficult pathway of a self-renouncing faith, teaching her the mystery of being *in* the world and not *of* it, specially in relation to unsaved neighbours and friends. 'While feeling the danger of even a slight association with the world,' she writes, 'I have a growing sense of relative duties and responsibilities. They weigh very heavily upon my mind, and often make me very sad when I think of my failure in them. As to dress—whilst it seems to me that a Christian ought always to be distinguished by simplicity and modesty, shunning particularly every approach to the reverse, yet it is not right to be *peculiar*, when there is nothing wrong or immodest in the dress generally worn in society. I do not think a Christian's dress should be remarkable in any way except perhaps for neatness and cleanliness; and it is nearly as wrong to wear habitually anything below your station in life as above it. The great rule, after all, is—"Set your affections on things above, not on things upon the earth." If the heart be with Christ, there is little fear of undue attention being paid to the body and the carnal nature.'

Lord Bacon, in one of his essays, says that the true religion is built upon the rock, and the rest are tossed upon the waves of time. It was for this true religion, not for its perishable counterfeits, that our friend was ever on the outlook; and hence her judgment of what met her eye took its form and mould.

‘In England generally,’ she says, ‘I see just now few signs even of the working of the Holy Spirit—far less of His being poured forth in mighty power. Yet man’s extremity is God’s opportunity ; and it is dark enough truly for such a work to be plainly seen to be entirely of Him. And the spirit of the common people, to whom the Gospel has never been preached faithfully, is very remarkable. Mr. R—— collected off the street, one Sabbath afternoon, forty lads from eighteen to twenty-one years of age. They were playing at marbles and pitch-and-toss, and were generally perfect reprobates. Of these, twenty-four have now attended steadily for a month at a class held by him, and are as orderly as any of the other Sabbath-schoolars. Truly, if asked, might they have answered the question, “Why stand ye here?” by “No man hath spoken to us ;” for they seem quite astonished to hear the simplest and most elementary truths.’

‘Did I ever tell you,’ she proceeds, ‘that the woman who was so struck by God’s Word delivered by you,—“Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself,” has never lost the impression, and that I have good hopes that she has passed from death to life? She removed from here last week, and I have rarely seen any of her class exhibit more genuine feeling than she did when she came to bid me farewell. She has gone to a very dark locality ; but, if the true seed be there, God can water and keep it without human instrumentality.’

‘Thank God,’ exclaimed good Bishop Hall, one day, in a sore trial, ‘for the most undoubted liberty we enjoy of consulting Him in difficulties, and of petitioning Him in necessities!’ And he added, ‘Always thirst vehemently after a more full fruition of God!’ Our friend was now learning, in a method not very usual to her, the happiness of her heavenly Father’s loving discipline. ‘I have been very unwell,’ she says: ‘I am thankful to say I am now perfectly recovered; but for a fortnight I was confined to my own room. It is a blessed thing to find that our God is a *faithful* God, as well as a kind and loving Father, and leads us by the *right* way to a city of habitation. I had nearly forgotten the wants and weaknesses of an invalid, when He sent me suffering, that I might more fully enter into and sympathize with those of others; and He has also, I trust, shown me how He can support both mind and body under every shape and form of that cross which it is so needful for our sinful and corrupt nature to bear *daily*.’

It is said of a lady of the seventeenth century that she used to translate to herself another’s anguish, thus faintly resembling Him who ‘Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.’ Our friend was learning this heavenly art more and more perfectly, the more she found herself in that school of trial where the Son of Man Himself ‘learned,’ by His personal trials, to succour them who are tried. Entering thus

sympathetically into a fellow-sufferer's affliction, she wrote :—' So our dear friend Lady H—— has lost her son. She had gone out to Gibraltar in the vain hope of being with him at the last ; but he was in the grave before she landed. She has just landed again in England, and will probably resume her place here by her sister's sick-bed. I do not know when I have felt more for any one ; for he was *almost* " the only son of his mother, and she is a widow," and her affections were deeply garnered up around him, and she had so many hopes as to his future career. She was most wonderfully supported by God's mercy and love, in the last note I had from her ; and I would hope that she gained at Gibraltar some satisfactory evidence as to the state of his soul. She had sedulously, and patiently, and prayerfully sown the seed. I trust that God would let her see that it sprang up—the living fruit—though at the eleventh hour.' And in a subsequent letter she added : ' Lady H—— was expected here last night. She has suffered deeply, yet has been marvellously sustained. What a paradox does " rejoicing in tribulation" appear to those who do not know that our *merciful* and faithful High Priest can make the bitter sweet, as well as the sweet bitter !'

One of the painful features of our civilization, as we used often to remark to each other, is the growing coldness betwixt servants and mistresses, the former becoming more and more content to be mere hire-

lings, whilst the latter find in this degeneracy oftentimes the just Nemesis of their own supercilious and selfish neglect, treating them as mechanical conveniences rather than as beings sharing their own flesh and blood, and as hastening forward to the same immortality. Florence Nightingale attributes bad servants to bad mistresses, who, in their own gross ignorance of housewifery, 'leave the house in charge of itself,' and are surprised to find it is not endowed with an energetic and thoughtful vitality. Our friend (as we have already seen) had been taught to 'command her household after her to walk in the fear of the Lord.' 'I often think,' she said to me one day, 'it is almost miraculous that I should rise, day after day, and find so large a household in perfect health.' Mistress and servant both rejoiced to serve the Lord Christ; and, with occasional exceptions, all went smoothly and pleasantly. The jailor of Philippi was baptized, and likewise 'all his house.' Was not this meant to ennoble the future life of both? And cannot we catch, with the poet, in his *Ladder of St. Augustine*, the echo of the pleasant song of their respective daily toils, as they whispered to one another the inspiring ditty—

'All common things—each day's events—
That with the hour begin and end—
Our pleasures and our discontents—
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

- ‘We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
 But we have feet to scale and climb,
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time.
- ‘The mighty pyramids of stone,
 That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
 When nearer seen and better known,
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs.
- ‘Standing on what too long we bore,
 With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
 We may discern, unseen before,
 A path to higher destinies.’

Her expecting faith was ever and anon meeting its promised reward. ‘The work of the Lord,’ she writes, ‘is still making progress among us. One or two seem always gathered in at intervals. I have not room to write details, or I am sure you would be interested in a case which occurred lately—a blacksmith, a desperately ungodly man, but clever and intelligent. He was wrought upon by no human instrumentality. In mending a lock in his own house, he moistened it with a little oil, which he had stolen from his employers. In a moment it flashed upon him that this was a sin. He flung the bottle that held it into the fire ; and, as the flames rose fiercely up, he saw his deserts there. He sat down on a chair ; and, he says, he thinks every sin he had ever committed during a long and wicked life was brought vividly to his remembrance. As he had not the most distant

conception of any way of escape from merited punishment, you may imagine the anguish and despair into which he was thrown. He could neither eat, drink, nor sleep; his wife and family thought he had gone deranged: no one knew what to make of him. He said a young man told him there was a good minister at S——; and he went to see him. Mr. R. was going to preach, and our missionary told him to go into the church and hear, as he could not then have a personal interview. He had not been in a church for years; and it had been his chief pleasure to ridicule church-going people, and abuse ministers. He thought Mr. R. was speaking to him alone that night; and ever since he has attended every meeting, and it is most interesting to see how the light is breaking in, and his delight at finding that God can be perfectly holy, and yet save even him.'

She was learning now more than ever the momentous place which a heavenly discipline has in the 'making meet' for the kingdom. 'If we only lived nearer to Christ,' she remarked one day, 'living "in the flesh by faith in the Lord Jesus," we should not need the "rod" to drive us to Him.' And another loving use of the 'rod' she noted. 'I do trust and hope,' she remarked, on a later occasion, concerning one in whom we felt a mutual interest, 'that there is a work of the Spirit going on in her heart; and perhaps this illness is just one of the wonderful steps

by which she is to be led to Jesus. No doubt it is needful discipline,' she added, 'to me also.'

Again we find her on a quest for a Ladies' School. 'I have heard,' she says, concerning one upon which she had fixed as on the whole the most suitable, 'a good account of it from several quarters. The only counterbalancing point is that I am a little disappointed in the lady's style of writing. Not being able to go to her personally, I thought it better to make a few observations to her upon some minor arrangements, and also to give her some idea of ——'s character and disposition; and her answer, though sensible and clear, was not very well expressed, and was very badly punctuated. This, however, is of little consequence, compared to the "one thing needful,"—which I trust she possesses, and strives to impart.' Her own handwriting was so plain and beautiful and exact—no crossings, no vain apologies for 'haste,' no 'slang,' no provincialisms—that her standard was probably unduly high. But the 'one thing' she *must* have. And not in vain did she crave it; for the result was—the sowing of the seed of eternal life.

'Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal :

'And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart ;
For a smile of God thou art !'

**'The Truth she loves a sightless world blaspheme,
'Tis childish dotage, a delirious dream :
The danger they discern not they deny,
Laugh at their only remedy, and—die !'**

CHAPTER X.

burch's hope—Lord Bacon and Books—Palestine—American expedition—Curious facts—Fairbairn's *Jonah*—Clever—'Made me think'—Ingenious—Erroneous—Not patriotism—Self-will—Mother's thoughts—Live countless ages—Parental affection—Filial affection—Contrast—Railway Accident—Arthur's *Mysore*—Candid—Nine millions savages—Never once visited—'Shorter Catechism'—'Thing England wants'—'Millennial studies'—Opponents—Anathematizing spirit—Is Advent pre-millennial?—Look to your weapons—Facts of past—Facts of future—Same basis—Firm as a rock—Summer-retreat—Reconciled Father—Grateful love—Her family—Covenant—Believers' children—Earth's wondrous fabric—Its destiny—Fit for sinless—Lord Bacon—Over-early ripe—Feeble betimes—Not spasmodic goodness—New plans of benevolence—Lodgings—Adult classes—Domestic energies—Habit of self-culture—Course of Reading—Illuminations—Indelibly fixed—King's glory—Contrast—Sermons—'Queen's dress'—Lamentable—Profit from it—Cease from man—Strange incident—Nine years' captivity—Miracle—Christian Ministry—Bishop Hall and King James—Desire of Novelty—Another Summer Retreat—Breathing time—Slave-holder—Shimei—Achan in camp—One life—Carlyle's *Sterling*—Coleridge—'Passive bucket'—Not Exhilarating—Marriage—Snare or blessing—Tent and Altar—'Red Indians'—Noble Residence—Oliver Cromwell—'Cups of cold water'—God's Word—Fresh and salient—The Forty Days—Mary's touch—Mysterious—Near the unseen—Mayhew's *London Labour*—Poor—Must evil cease some day—Satan's captives—Bound fast—Still deeper anxiety for souls—Their dreadful condition—God virtually banished—O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!—A true friend—A snare—Literary avocations.

**‘Hope of our hearts ! O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day !
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night
With all our tears away.**

**‘Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee,
Oh, leave the Father’s throne !
Come with the shout of victory, Lord,
And claim us as Thine own !’**

How jealously she watched the stealthy inroads of the canker-worm of worldliness into the soul and into the Church, we may gather from another of her many thoughts concerning 'the blessed hope and the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' 'The "hope,"' she says, 'has not only apathy, but great dislike, with which to contend. We may be sure that this will increase, just in proportion as the darkness of the last days gathers round the horizon. When is the "glorious hope" unwelcome to ourselves? When we are in a state of backsliding, having the face of God hidden from us by reason of sin. Just so it must tell on a world which is taken up with a mere shell of outward profession, while the "carnal mind," which is "death," remains reigning within.'

Lord Bacon has said, concerning the multitude of books in the world, that 'some are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.' Our friend continued to manifest her almost instinctive appreciation of the current literature of the day. 'I have been reading,' she says,

‘Lynch’s *Expedition to the Dead Sea*. I am sure you would be interested in it, from having journeyed over the same route to some extent. It would interest the general reader more, were it less intensely American, and were there more facts and fewer reflections in a very inflated style. Still, it brings many curious details to light. I suppose no one was fully aware of the very tortuous course of the Jordan, or had minutely inspected its rapids; and *I* did not know the extraordinary difference in depth of the sea, the northern end only averaging thirteen, and the southern thirteen hundred feet, with the deep ravine of the Jordan distinctly marked in both.’ It may be added, that the same United States Government Expedition for the first time explained the apparent discrepancy between the rate of the Jordan and the direct distance from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, by ascertaining that whilst that distance, as the crow flies, does not exceed sixty miles, the actual length of the river, by reason of its multitudinous turnings and rapids, is no less than two hundred miles. “Rob Roy,” more recently confirmed this interesting fact in his very brave Expedition.’

Another book is noted after this fashion:—‘I have also been reading *Jonah* by Dr. Fairbairn. It is clever, as all his productions are; and I like them because they make me think—though I do not agree with them, for they are much opposed to *our* views. His theory respecting Jonah is very ingenious; but I

think, erroneous. He considers the leading phase of his character, as exhibited to us in Scripture, to be patriotism, and that his desire for the destruction of Nineveh arose from his hope that it would be a warning to Israel, and cause them to return to the Lord, who had so fearfully visited the sins of the Ninevites upon them. I like his view of Jonah being a *sign* to the Ninevites, better than that of most commentators ; but I consider the leading point of his character to be pride and self-will—not patriotism ; and I have been accustomed to look upon him with wonder, at the smallness of the grace, and the great strength of natural corruption, exhibited in one who was certainly a child of God.'

A mother's thoughts and feelings are elicited by a happy event in another's family, thus:—'Of course, it is the finest child that ever was born !' and she proceeds:—'What a very solemn thing it is to have brought into being an immortal soul—a thing that will never die, but, through the countless ages of eternity, must enjoy unutterable happiness or suffer everlasting misery ! And then the complete incapacity of man to do anything—except in the way of training—to remedy the natural state of every soul born into the world. Many a deep lesson of Christian experience do parents learn. Parental affection opens a new fountain in the heart—the deepest but one on earth, and to which it has pleased God to compare His own infinite love for His chosen

people. But,' she adds, touchingly and most truly, 'a child never knows the extent of that affection, till he is himself a parent. Then we recall a mother's patience and a father's prayers, and wonder we should have thought so lightly of all their anxiety and all their care.'

A new call to 'redeem the time' came to her in this wise :—'What will you say when I tell you that I have been very near you, and that we meditated a flying visit, but were much disappointed when we found it could not be accomplished? We went down about a month ago to see my uncle, who had been seized with a serious illness, and we were providentially preserved in the fearful accident on the line. Our carriage was overturned and very much shattered; but none of us sustained any injury, except Mr. —, whose hand was laid open and cut by the glass of the window.'

Once again at home, she wrote :—'Have you read Arthur's *Mission to the Mysore*? I wish you would. The facts you glean incidentally are calculated to make a deep impression. It seems a *candid* narrative; and it gives rather a different impression of the Hindoo character from what is formed by those who only come in contact with the natives who are under European influence. But it is the extent of the country and its crying wants which have most engaged my attention. Only think of *nine millions* of a savage race, supposed to be the aborigines, living

in caves, and unvisited by civilised man, no one having ever cared for their souls! Twenty millions of Pariahs, born to unmitigated wretchedness! and all the women of one-sixth of the world's population living in degradation and misery!

In another letter, she alludes to the happy lot of the Scottish people in agreeing, with one heart and one mind, in spite of all differences on other matters, to accept the 'Shorter Catechism' as the basis of Christian instruction in schools—'the very thing,' she says, 'that England wants—a clear, comprehensive abstract of doctrinal truth.' Often she used to lament the absence, in her adopted country, of some such system of effective Christian teaching, as originating what our mutual friend, Dr. Hamilton, used to designate as the 'molluscous theology' of the English Church and people.

Few things continued to stir more deeply the calm of her placid mind than the controversial heat manifested by the opponents of her cherished hope of the Lord's personal and premillennial 'appearing.' An occasion arose about this time for handling a publication called '*Millennial Studies*;' and she wrote:—'The aim of the Book is to demolish premillennialism! and if the Malakhoff still stands, it is from no lack of confident boasting on the part of this assailant. It is painful to witness the anathematising spirit which characterises the impugners of the Church's "blessed hope" at the present day.

If most of them had their will, they would exterminate the "heresy," from the earth. "In opposing this system," says the writer, "I believe I am following the steps of the apostle. St. Paul besought the Thessalonians to reject the error as it manifested itself among them. This is what I seek to urge upon Christians now."

'The question betwixt us,' she proceeds, 'is put fairly enough—"Will Christ's coming introduce the millennium, or will it take place only at the final consummation of all things?"'

'We affirm the former position—on two distinct grounds :

'1. (a) The first resurrection is premillennial (Rev. xx. 4-6) ; (b) but this resurrection is effected by Christ's personal appearing (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17) ; (c) therefore, the Lord's personal coming is premillennial.

'2. (a) The destruction of *the* Antichrist (whoever, or whatever, he may be) is premillennial (Rev. xix. 20—xx. 1-3) ; (b) but the Antichrist is destroyed by the Lord's personal appearing (2 Thess. ii. 8) ; (c) therefore the Lord's personal coming is premillennial.

'These are the two great Bible-landmarks, proving Christ's coming to be personal and premillennial.

'Then, as to 2 Thess. ii. 2,' she continues, 'on which anti-millennarians found so confidently, they misapprehend the drift of the passage. There had arisen in Thessalonica some false teacher, affirming that the coming was not literal but spiritual, and that "the

day of the Lord" was already "set in," as the original word properly means. This "troubled" these afflicted people, robbing them of the consolation which in his previous letter the apostle had given them respecting those who had "fallen asleep." St. Paul tells them not to be "troubled" by any such false teaching. "The day of the Lord" was not set in, for it would be ushered in by His visible appearing, and would bring with it that "gathering together unto Him," of which he had spoken. It is plain that this class of heresies was springing up at that time; for, whilst in one Church false teachers spiritualised the Lord's coming, in others Hymeneus's and Philetus's spiritualised the "resurrection," saying that it also was "past already."

And a timely warning is added by her:—'Our friends would do well to look heedfully to their weapons. They little dream of it—many of them; but let them know for certain, that these weapons which they wield so confidently against the premillennialists, in transforming the facts of the future into shadowy myths, are the very identical weapons which rationalism is wielding not less confidently against orthodoxy, and our most cherished beliefs, in reducing to not less shadowy myths the facts and verities of the past.'

A summer-tour suggested the following characteristic reflections:—'We had, indeed, a most enjoyable time. The weather favoured us; we were kept in good health; the country was looking beautiful,

and the friends we visited were all well, and gave us a most kind welcome. Truly may the blessings and beauty scattered so profusely, even in this world of sin and sorrow, make us amazed at the beneficence of the Giver. I cannot fancy now how any one can hold that this wondrous fabric, upon which such extraordinary skill and design have been expended, and which has received the blood of the Eternal One, can be destined to utter annihilation. How far more worthy of Him who makes nothing in vain, to purify and re-model it, and make it meet for the abode of sinless and glorified creatures !'

She continues :—' We went first to Oban—were advised next day not to go on to Staffa and Iona, as it rained heavily, and the sea was very stormy. Afterwards it cleared, and we never had another shower during the whole time. We went on to Bonavie, within the very shadow of Ben Nevis. I daresay you, who have seen Mont Blanc, would scarcely have admired its solemn and silent beauty as much as we did ; and yet it was very grand, with its rugged precipices and snowy summit, reddened by the rays of the setting sun, long after he had sunk behind the smaller hills. Then to Inverness by the Caledonian Canal. We were all disappointed in Inverness. It is a poor place, with nothing striking, either in the town or in the neighbourhood. From this point we returned by Nairn, Forres, and Elgin. We were all surprised and

pleased by the ruined cathedral at the last-named place. Both for extent and for the good preservation of several parts, especially the chapter-house, it is well worth seeing, and I am surprised that it is not more generally known. We then crossed the country to the Don; and, finding the road uninteresting, we crossed again to the Dee, and proceeded down the Dee-side to Aberdeen, where we spent the Sabbath. Then to Stracathro and Luncarty to Edinburgh.

‘I am truly glad to hear,’ she adds, ‘that the children are so well. To grow like willows by the water-courses, is what we should seek for them; but then we must see that the water is beside them—in their homes and in their training.’

A notable Christian lady revealed one day in a single sentence the secret of her life-work, when she said, ‘How poor and despicable is the ambition of living only to shine! Of how little consequence it is, whether we live splendidly, if we live usefully!’ Our friend’s one aim was to elevate those around her in the scale of comfort and well-being, both in soul and in body. And, unlike some whom Lord Bacon describes as ‘over-early ripe,’ but becoming ‘feeble betimes,’ she seemed to grow year by year more fertile in plans and resources. ‘Thank you very much,’ she writes, ‘for your information respecting the “lodging-houses.” We hope to profit by it, though what we intend to build are not designed for

the same class of persons. Our lodgers, I hope, will be stationary ; and I should like to have some rules or hints as to the management. Much good, I am convinced, may be done in this manner ; and many young women, at the most critical stage of their life, may be saved from ruin and trained in right ways. But we must have stringent rules, and strictly enforced ones, too. I see, by Dr. Foulis's Report, that it is possible to make a fortune in process of time as well as perform an act of benevolence ! But, if our house pays its expenses, we shall be more than satisfied. Tell me if anything suggests itself to you ; and you must come and see it and us before we begin to put it in operation. We do not mean to seek Government aid, because it is only nominally a school, but really a chapel, and we do not purpose having a school-master. Mr. R—— and some of us will take evening adult classes to teach them to read and write. We can get any number of strong, middle-aged men and women to attend for such a purpose. They begin to feel the disadvantages of being unable to read.'

The same Christian mother remarked, on another occasion, that, to govern a family wisely, 'there must be an accurate judgment formed respecting the character of each child, and a regular and consistent method, adapted to each, pursued.' It may well be imagined that so thoughtful and loving a mother as our friend was not likely to lose sight of so necessary an element in a fit training. 'At her age,' I find her

writing concerning one who had just left school, and whose real education was, therefore, not 'finished,' but scarcely yet begun, 'it is of the utmost importance to get the *habit* of self-culture fixed, and to have the mind trained to constant and useful employment. I have just allotted her a district, where I trust God will give her grace and ability to work for Him ; and I am about to commence a course of reading with her. I rather hope we may have a snowy winter, and so be less exposed to interruption from the world without.'

And these were not isolated or spasmodic acts of goodness, but portions only of a steady, calm, resolute, and systematic course of life. They remind me of some words of another laborious worker—Bishop Hall, when he told the men and women of his time, in his own gentle and persuasive but emphatic way, that 'all must conspire in honest labour, sweat being the destiny of all trades whether of the body or of the mind, and God never allowing any man to do nothing.' 'How miserable,' the good prelate added, 'is the condition of those men who spend the time as if it were given to them, not lent !'

A scene of another sort now presents itself. 'We went,' she writes, in reference to the Queen's visit to a neighbouring city, 'to see the illumination, in an omnibus—for no carriage could stand the crowd,—and certainly it was an extraordinary sight. I can only compare it to one's wildest imagination of a mob

at the height of the French Revolution. We were a whole hour in — Square without being able either to advance or to retreat a yard ; and the screams of the women, the yelling of the men, the upturned sea of faces rolling like waves, and yet unable, like ourselves, to go forward or to recede, formed a picture which is indelibly impressed on my memory, but which I hope never to see again. Indeed I suspect M—— itself will not be anxious for a second royal visit. This one cost 100,000*l.* We reckon the money for advancing *the KING'S glory*, by units, while we lavish the silver and gold which are His upon such foolish vanities ! Then most of the English clergy preached upon the occasion. Mr. S—— had an audience of two thousand people, and gave them only a minute account of the proceedings in P—— Park, and a description of the Queen, mental and personal, noticing even her dress—*I* rather wonder he omitted to mention that her bonnet was of *drawn silk* (to use a milliner's phrase). The colour he did particularise. The sermon is published. It is quite a curiosity ; but all this is truly lamentable.'

A strange incident is referred to in another letter thus :—'We have been much taken up by that Formosa story you must have seen going the round of the newspapers. The gold signet-ring offered for sale at Hong Kong belonged to Mr. ——'s brother, who was wrecked nine years ago, so there is hope that he is still alive, though death were almost pre-

ferable to nine years' captivity in the sulphur-mines, a slave and in chains. Mr. — has seen Lord Clarendon, and Government seem disposed to render every assistance ; but it is a most difficult task, and much wisdom is needed to know how to rescue them. We had public prayer asked for them in several churches last Sabbath.'

Alluding to a clergyman in whose spiritual condition she had taken a deep interest, and who has since gone to that rest with God for which she had been in a large measure the instrument in God's hand to fit him, she writes :—' I have lent your article on the ministry to Mr. —. He is much changed, and I would hope that the work is begun in his soul, though its traces yet are but faintly visible to the eye of man. How refreshing it is to see the miracle of a soul, lying in the pit, drawn out gradually, and set upon the Rock of Ages !'

I well know, and she well knew, how distasteful to some minds it is to imagine even the possibility of a man, on whom has descended the ' holy ichor ' of ordination, being still ' in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity.' But the appalling fact remains. This clergyman was one of the kindest and most amiable of men, and was labouring with no common energy and even self-denial for the Christian good of his large parish. I used to meet him at my friend's house, and no one could help liking him. But, as he was himself afterwards the most eager to own, he was

unconverted. And how could God's work prosper in his hand ?'

Bishop Hall wrote one day to his brother Samuel: ' Know that in this position of the Christian ministry there will be more holiness required of you than in the ordinary station of a Christian. God sets you for a copy of sanctification to others, wherein every fault is both notable and dangerous. Here is looked for a settled acquaintance with God, and experience both of the proceedings of grace and of the offers and repulses of temptation, which in vain we shall hope to manage in other hearts, if we have not found them in our own.'

And, one day, preaching before the King, the Bishop boldly set forth the too frequent issue of this absence of grace in a preacher—an issue, alas ! by no means confined to the days of King James. ' Hence,' said he, ' all this desire of novelty, introducing new doctrines and a new manner of preaching into our pulpits ! For us,' continued the prelate with great emphasis, ' away with this vain affectation in the matters of God ! Surely, if anything under heaven go down better with us than the savoury viands of " Christ and Him crucified," of faith and repentance, and these plainly dressed, without all the lards and sauces of human devices—to say no more—our souls are sick and we feel it not.'

It was some such standard as this by which our friend not unjustly measured preachers and preaching.

And it was no fault of hers that she so rarely met the man and the thing she was in search of. Yet no one could be more thankful to God when they did come in her way. 'Thank you very much,' she writes, for example, from a summer-retreat at —, 'for your introduction to Mr. —. We heard him yesterday, and have every reason to be thankful to God for giving us so faithful a ministry while we are absent from home. I was delighted with the bold and true yet judicious manner in which he attacked the besetting sin of his congregation, and which I have so often heard Mr. — bewail—a false profession, a resting in ordinances without experiencing a true and vital change of heart.'

Of her thoughts in that retreat we have a glimpse thus:—'I have been greatly enjoying the rest and quiet here. The presence of God can make the most common scenes attractive; and, without that, all external beauty palls upon the eye. But, when He speaks peace to the soul—perhaps after a time of inward conflict and trial—and says to its raging waves and billows, "Peace, be still, it is I; be not afraid!" then the beauty of such a spot as this bears a double loveliness; then the everlasting hills, which He weighs as in a balance—the mighty ocean, which he holds in the hollow of His hand—the very isles, which He taketh up as a very small thing—all seem to swell the grateful love with which a believer rests upon His God and reconciled Father. We have not often—at

least, *I* have not often—such breathing times; and they are generally the precursors of storms and trials. But the *covenant* stands well-ordered and sure, and that though a Father's kindly hand sends needful discipline.

'The time is very short,' she adds; 'then all shall be everlasting peace; and then there shall be neither trouble nor sorrow, for there shall be no more sin. How very fair this world is, even in its ruins! How delightful it will be to see it renovated—covered with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea! Then *all* shall know Him.'

Her motherly anxieties continued to move her thought and prayer. 'Thank you,' she writes, from the same retreat, 'for your interest in me and mine. I trust you will not fail to remember us at the throne of grace. Time is fast passing away; and it is dreadful to think that, privileged as we are here, the Gospel will be a savour either of life unto life or of death unto death. It seems so much to expect that *all* my children will be gathered to Christ; and yet surely this is unbelief, and the promises are wide as our wants, and free. It is want of faith which hinders our appropriation of them. Will you, when you have leisure, give me your ideas about the covenant regarding the children of believers? Many have an unhesitating faith in *every* child being saved. I have never attained to it, nor do I see any direct Scriptural warrant for it. Samuel, Eli, David, Isaac (in Esau)—all seem instances to the contrary.'

And again :—' I write to thank you in the children's name for your kind remembrance of them. They have copied out your messages, and have hung up their cards. I trust they may get them put into their hearts ; and then we shall both rejoice, in the day when He makes up His jewels, that we have been made helpers in so placing them. — particularly was struck by your message ; and my heart was gladdened by seeing several tokens for good during the next few days. You may easily imagine that you cannot come too soon to us ; and oh, that the Spirit Himself may breathe into our hearts and give us true spirituality of mind and circumcision of heart !'

Referring to a marriage in our circle, she wrote : ' The marriage-tie, like all other blessings, sometimes proves a snare ; but, if sanctified, it serves to draw us nearer to God, by giving us a help in times of trouble and dejection, a quickening counsellor, a faithful friend, to warn us when our cold hearts are drawing back from God, and to urge us on when we would falter in the way.' Her own married life was a very happy one ; and she knew, therefore, how to encourage and stimulate others.

Like all noble-minded people, she had an intense abhorrence of slavery, especially as tolerated at that time in a country like America. ' I have been struck lately,' she remarked one day, ' with the character of Shimei. How forcibly he is developed, like some of

those slave-holders! his triumph over those in adversity! his mean subservience and flattery in prosperity! his servants running away, showing him to be an oppressive master! and his death, without seemingly a regret from any one!

In another letter, she asks: 'Have you seen Carlyle's *Sterling*? I have been reading it with great interest, though of course differing widely from its views. It has less mannerism than is wont with Carlyle, and yet is equally racy. Describing Coleridge's incessant conversation, he says, "To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, can, in its nature, be exhilarating to no living creature." He seems to me to over-estimate Sterling. And yet, if he had had a glimpse of evangelical truth, he might have been a noble creature. There is nothing which heightens and refines the intellect more than the knowledge of God in Christ.' And she closes, 'All well and send kind love. Ever yours very affectionately.'

One of her first thoughts, on pitching her tent in a new locality, was to care for the surrounding population. 'We have had our missionary,' she writes, 'over at —, preaching in the hall. The people are very interesting to me. They seem so willing to hear, and so utterly ignorant. The Roman Catholic priests are zealous. The Church of England and Dissent are alike dead. I do trust we have an encouraging prospect—not of a self-sustaining congre-

gation, but of gathering in some souls for Christ out of a population as dark as the Red Indians.'

It was a superb residence—one of the few samples, of the kind, of the architectural genius of Sir Christopher Wren. I used to be struck with the several tiers of windows, all apparently of one size, the optical illusion being effected by the gradual increase of height of the windows in each storey as the building went up. In the front, there were still embedded in the wall sundry bullets which had been fired from a neighbouring height by Oliver Cromwell's soldiers, when it was besieged by him as a Royalist stronghold. But the mansion was entire, and was a most delightful and spacious dwelling, where I have spent many a happy day. Not a few found in it a mental and spiritual rest, refreshing the pilgrim on his weary way. The 'cups of cold water' will 'in no wise lose their reward.'

Fresh and salient thoughts were ever coming forth from her, though without the least pretension to originality or any pomp of diction. Alluding to a hint I had suggested to her about the Lord's ascension, she wrote:—'Your idea is a curious one. It never struck me before. Perhaps, however, it may have been something which individually related to Mary, which caused Jesus to forbid her to "touch" Him. There is not Scripture-evidence for either theory, I think. The appearances of our Lord after His resurrection have always seemed mysterious to

me. He seems either to have assumed other bodies or to have so changed His own that the disciples at one time could recognise Him immediately, and at another did not know Him till He spoke or broke bread to them. In one instance, it is distinctly stated that "their eyes were holden" that they should not know Him; but, in others, as in the case of Mary in the garden, and when He broiled the fish, it is evident that He did not appear as He was accustomed to do. He bids them handle Him and feel that He had flesh and bones; yet He seems to have passed through locked doors and to have rendered Himself invisible instead of leaving them. It is a curious account, and shows us how very near we may be to the unseen inhabitants of the spiritual world!

'And how awful to think,' she adds, 'that Satan is "the prince of the power of the air," and that his emissaries are ever near to whisper their evil suggestions in our ears! Well is it for us, that mightier, far mightier, is He that is for us than all they that are against us—that He will yet utterly crush the serpent—cast down principalities and powers—and triumph over them openly. How thankful we should be if He has broken our yoke and set us free from that accursed dominion!'

Then she gives an instance which is before her at the place at which she is on one of her many visits of mercy. 'I have been saddened since I came here,' she says, 'to see how the enemy of souls *binds fast*

his captives, and how utterly impossible it is for man to seek to unloose the bonds till God speak the word and the dead arise. I have been much with a faithful old nurse, who watched over my infancy, and was in my mother's family nearly thirty years. She is dying fast. She has never known the Saviour; and how vain it is to speak of His glory and of His beauty to a dead and darkened heart! "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved? I can see no beauty in Him that I should desire Him"—is effectually the language of her soul.'

On her return home, she writes:—'We are expecting a visit from Dr. Duff; we are anticipating it with great pleasure, and I trust there may be profit also; but I have too often and too painfully been made to learn the lesson of "ceasing from man," to be very sure of the last. I was impressed with the observation in your last note—that we had but *one* life to spend for Him. I am reading *Hewitson* over again once more, and am dwelling deliberately and quietly upon it.'

'Have you seen a curious book by Mayhew called *London Labour and London Poor*? Some of its details are really appalling. That seething mass of wretchedness and vice *must* boil over some day; and then, I think, the French Revolution will be overshadowed completely. There was quite a *furor* here about Kossuth—principally among the lowest of the middle class and the lowest class of all; but it showed the strength

of *masses*. I agree with you that the elements of a fearful warfare are surging over Europe. The state of the Church generally has weighed heavily on my mind lately. I see few tokens of the Spirit's presence now in these lands. One reason doubtless is, that, while we scan the present and future of others, we are in danger of neglecting our own. Are *my* sins grieving away the Spirit? Am *I* the stumbling-block—the Achan in the camp—the hindrance to the shower? Mine own vineyard have I not kept?

Again she asks:—‘Have you seen *Les Adieux d'Adolphe Monod*? I like it extremely. Do you know *Christian Life* by Mr. Bayne? It is *very* superior—indeed, I have been quite fascinated by it. It is worth your reading and reviewing. I hear he is to be the new editor of the *Witness*, in place of Hugh Miller; and he is only twenty-three. There is some hope yet, even in this age of dwarfish intellect.’ The reader will meet these two books by-and-by, in notices which at my request she prepared; and it will be seen how she handled them *con amore* and incisively.

Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, has said, that a man is known to his dog by his smell, to his tailor by his coat, to his friend by his smile; but how little, or how much, depends on the dignity of the intelligence,—that which is truly and indeed characteristic of the man being known only to God. May *it* be added, that, to appreciate duly our friend's

chief characteristic, there is needed, in the reader, a certain sympathy with God in the great purpose of love to human-kind which constrained Him not to spare His beloved Son ; for, year by year, and almost month by month, I could see more evidently that (to use the opening words of her favourite formulary) her 'chief end was to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever.' 'The longer I live,' she writes, 'the more deeply do I see the necessity of striving to do something for the perishing souls around us. True, we have not here to the same extent as in Scotland, that worst phasis of evil — formalism — where it is so difficult to bring home to the mind a conviction that it is far from God, the doctrinal knowledge being perfect, and Satan keeping his willing slave safe in that refuge of lies—a form of godliness without the power. But with us, as you know, there not being even the intellectual knowledge, men are practical and actual heathens, and God seems virtually banished from the world which He has made. Meanwhile, the distress is increasing. There is "distress of nations with perplexity, men's hearts failing them for fear." It appears to me like that time when the Saviour wept over Jerusalem. It is our "day" now ; and these judgments are intended to *drive* men to take refuge in Him. But how soon may this day be over, and the things which belong to our peace be hid for ever from our eyes !'

On the outlook for a schoolmaster, she writes —

‘ We have had a great many applications ; but it is not easy to select from testimonials. Intellectual qualifications are easily ascertained ; but the most essential one—a spirit of living Christianity—cannot be discovered, except you have a thorough reliance upon the judgment and discernment of the party recommending him. Our standards of godliness, even among real Christians, differ so greatly that, if we do not personally know the individual who gives the testimonial, it makes our choice a doubtful and uncertain one.’

In another letter, she says :—‘ B—— N——l has been preaching here ; but those of our congregation who heard him were amazed at his confused theology and Arminian views. That very meagre doctrinal teaching is very lamentable. The untended masses are becoming every day more isolated and imbued with more infidel views. The Church of England is quite inadequate for the task of reclaiming them ; and Dissent seems equally powerless. Men are trying, by secular education, by music, and by cheap trains, to humanise and civilise them ; but I believe every effort will be in vain, till missionary effort on a large scale from house to house and in the factories and warehouses be adopted.’ And this was no mere sentiment. In quitting their old for their new residence, her husband and herself made a most generous arrangement for sustaining an agency on which they had already expended many thousands of pounds.

Like a true friend, she was ever ready to give a timely hint touching any snare which seemed to be laid for another. Literary avocations might be such a snare, and she wrote :—‘ I trust that book has had the effect of quickening, not of deadening, ministerial effort with you. Satan is very subtle, and often draws us from the watch-tower, by setting us to do some great thing for the Lord, to the hindrance, perhaps, of the work which He has appointed for us, and of the duties of the position in which He has placed us. Forgive me for saying this ; but I have felt the evil influence of this snare myself, and seen the baleful effects on all around me—on my charge—the souls for which, in some degree, I stand responsible to God.’

‘ Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
“ Life is but an empty dream !”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

‘ Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal :
“ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

‘ Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
May find us further than to-day.’

‘ But we, as in a glass, espy
 The glory of His countenance—
Not in a whirlwind hurrying by
 The too presumptuous glance,
But with mild radiance every hour,
 From our dear Saviour’s face benign,
Bent on us with transforming power
 Till we, too, faintly shine.’

CHAPTER XI.

Lord Macaulay—English Revolution—Excellent Protestants—Indifferent Christians—Lord Eldon—A buttress of the Church—Not a pillar—Senseless anti-Popery cry—Mischievous agitation—Mere excitement—Children—Longfellow—‘My fortress’—Their little troubles—Sympathy—Case of deep anguish—Anxiety—Solacing thoughts—Not unto death—Shunammite’s child—‘Never such a miracle’—Dr. Duff—Incidents—Visit—His characteristics—Wreck of form—A right to enforce self-denial—Object of Missions—Our meeting at Stockholm—In St. Petersburg—At Moscow—A scene in Scotland—Sir Andrew Agnew—Sabbath—sanctity—Divine command—Working man’s security—Daniel’s four kingdoms—Dark look-out—Rothschild and the Sultan—Holy Land—Romaine—Different preachers—Various effects—Chalmers—Candlish—Lose self-consciousness—Martha and Mary combined—Turmoil of work—Wear and tear—Visit of Count Guicciardini—Large assemblage—Welcome for Christ’s sake—Poverty-stricken sermons—Verdict—No disenchantment—‘First Sermon this year’—‘Below mediocrity’—Photograph of mental life—Well balanced—True men’s aberrations—Yet angry at moral delinquency—‘Very ferocious’—A death-bed—Suffering terribly—Cannot think for pain—How sweet the rest will be!

**'Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win !
Go forth into the world's highway ;
Compel the wanderer to come in !'**

LORD MACAULAY mentions, in his History, that, at the epoch of the English Revolution, there were not a few who were excellent Protestants, but very indifferent Christians. At a later period, it was remarked of Lord Chancellor Eldon, when complimented on being 'a great pillar of the Church,' that he was 'a buttress, not a pillar;' for he was seldom seen within its walls. Our friend 'felt a moral loathing' (as Chalmers used to express it) of such political stalking-horses. Referring to Lord Russell's notable exploit of chalking on the wall 'No Popery,' and then running away, she writes :—'Never was there a more senseless anti-Popery cry. There appears no religion in the matter. It is a political, Church-and-State affair. Many who never enter a place of worship are the loudest in their zeal, and the most eager for "active measures"—just for the mere pleasure of excitement. The temper of the people may be turned or changed just as speedily and as completely as was that of the multitude who cried, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" almost before the echoes of their "hosannas" had died away. The

violence of the feeling, and these public demonstrations, make me not more but less hopeful as regards this country. The Evangelical people seem so devoid of judgment or right zeal. Fancy Mr. — going over all the country fulminating against the Pope, and cheered by thousands who think it “good fun” to see a man in such a state of excitement! It is easy, it is said, to be wise after the event; but our friend discerned thus clearly the issue in advance.

In his sweet little Sonnet—‘The Children’s Hour’—Longfellow has written,—

‘I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet;
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

‘From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.’

And, after a playful description of the ‘blue-eyed banditti,’ scaling his ‘turret,’ and ‘devouring him with kisses,’ he says:—

‘I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart;
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

‘And there will I keep you for ever—
Yes, for ever and a day—
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.’

Not yet have the walls of that great and affectionate heart crumbled. It was only the other day that the grand old man, on my wife being introduced to him at his beautiful home, said, in allusion to the sonnet, and laying his hand on his daughter's head, said, 'This is Edith with the golden hair.'

It was the same with our friend, as we have already seen, and shall still see to the end. She was ever saying—

'Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

'For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?'

Her one thought was, to fray away any shadow which could dim the gladness of her children's looks. And no trifle did she deem it to vex or disappoint them needlessly. 'I must tell you,' she writes, 'how very, very much disappointed — is at not being with you ; but I believe she has grown in grace by the severe trial it has been to her. I daresay, you—who, like me, know something of the stern realities of life, and what trial really is, may smile at so strong a term, applied to the visit of three days. But we must not measure the depth or the extent of the feelings of a young girl by our own ;

and I speak advisedly when I say that it appears to have been a *very great* grief to her. But she has been taught that she was looking and leaning too much upon an arm of flesh, in supposing that she *must* get good and also great pleasure from being at — ; and also, after some struggle, she has been able to submit her will to God's, and to believe that it is better for her—though she cannot see why.'

If ever any disciple 'knew' in some measure like the Master, 'how to speak a word in season to the weary,' she had 'the tongue of the learned' given to her by the Lord for this end. 'I cannot help writing one line,' she says, 'though it is only to sympathise with you in your present distress. The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save. But we cannot judge what is really good for us. It is best when we are enabled to lie passive in His hand, and know no will but His. You may be sure I will remember you and yours, when I draw near our Father's presence-chamber. I have a strong persuasion—a sort of inward hope—that this sickness is not to be unto death. Perhaps you have been feeling less a stranger here, and in love you have been sent to learn the lesson that all things are passing away—that this is not your rest. When the lesson is learned, it may be the blessing will be restored. You know all these things far better than I do,' she adds, with her accustomed

humbleness; ‘but sometimes, when our hearts are failing us for fear, and our faith is giving way within us, and no light breaks the darkness, it may please God to make use of any unworthy instrument to restore comfort to the soul. Pray, let me have a line. I feel very anxious and very much distressed about you.’

A new object of her exhaustless sympathy found her fulfilling her wonted function of the good Samaritan. ‘We have been in great anxiety,’ she writes, concerning her baby grandson. ‘We scarcely knew how the little thing had twined itself round our hearts, till it seemed to be the Lord’s pleasure to remove him. It is also an affecting thing to see those who have not sinned, except through Adam, suffer fearfully in consequence of that transgression, and to meet the imploring look of an infant’s eye, seeming to ask why it should be so. But God has been very merciful; and when the physicians had announced there was no hope, he had a terrible struggle with death for forty-eight hours, and rallied. His recovery was, I think, as extraordinary as the Shunammite’s child; for one of the doctors said, “I never saw such a miracle since I was created,” and the other turned to me and said, “Receive him like Lazarus, for nothing else can be likened to it.” And now he seems as well as ever, and even appears little reduced by his illness. Many of God’s people were praying for

him. It is surely a token for God ; and I trust it may be the beginning of a new life in him ; for he was not asked without that petition being added.'

The anticipated visit from Dr. Duff at length came. 'We had a splendid sermon on "Be not deceived,"' she wrote. 'It was most searching, and very much needed. I was greatly pleased with the mingled strength and simplicity of his character in private. I have seen men as eminent in ability and in zeal, in wisdom and in courage—men who fearlessly appealed practically to the individual before them and said, "Thou art the man"—and men as humble and meek. But I never saw all these qualities blended in such just proportions as in this "prince of missionaries." It is a privilege to be beside him ; and the wreck which over-work and over-anxiety have wrought upon his face and form gives him a right to enforce zeal and self-denial upon others. He has himself been "spent" in the service of the Lord.'

We used to talk together at various times about this distinguished servant of Christ.

'I like his ideas,' she remarked, one day, 'about the object of missions to gather *a few*. So is St. Paul's expectation—"If I might save *some* ;" not many—he does not expect that ; and yet how he laboured !'

'Yes,' I said, 'I well remember him telling me, that, when he first went to India, he had the idea

that God's purpose in missionary enterprise was to gather the masses to Christ, but that, finding in effect that the masses were not being moved, he felt greatly cast down and unnerved.'

'Then, how did he reach his present convictions?' she asked.

'He told me,' I replied, 'that God had shown him in His Word that He "was visiting the Gentiles" in this dispensation, not to bring them to Christ in the mass, but to "take out of them a people for His name."'

'And that calmed his spirit, and yet did not relax his missionary efforts?'

'Exactly! He never again felt dispirited by the absence of visible results, but laboured on for Christ's name's sake.'

She was not a little amused with a story I related to her a good while afterwards about a rencontre which my wife and myself had with him in Sweden.

We were at Stockholm, on our way to Russia; and had gone on board the steamer one beautiful summer-evening about nine o'clock. Among the passengers was a venerable but plain-looking man, with whom I got into an interesting conversation. He had a very broad Scotch accent; and we soon found that we had many memories in common, especially as we had both quitted the Established Church of Scotland, at its disruption in 1843. Among other topics of mutual interest, India came to be talked

of, and about eleven o'clock we parted for our cabins.

In the morning we were all early astir to witness the sail out to sea for St. Petersburg. It was about two o'clock ; but my fellow-traveller was already on deck, and we resumed our *tête-à-tête*. Still, I had not the slightest idea who this intelligent travelled stranger might be, though I had had Dr. Duff, many years before, as a guest under my own roof. Oddly enough, however, we had scarcely resumed our last night's converse, when I said—'You were speaking to me yesterday evening about Calcutta, I wonder if you ever happened to meet Dr. Duff there ?'

'Ah ! you see before you all that remains of Dr. Duff !' said he.

I could scarcely believe my own eyes and ears ; and yet, though from having raven-locks (as I had last seen him) his hair was now as white as snow, I could readily discern the old play of features on his way-worn face, and the old intonations of voice. Our old friendship seemed to find a new starting-point ; and very pleasant fellowship we three enjoyed all through our Muscovite wanderings.

On our arrival in St. Petersburg, we found no carriage that we could hire ; and, after depositing our luggage in a rude cart, we proceeded to our hotel. Dr. Duff held 'Murray' in his hand ; and, with a plan of the city before his eye, he ferreted his way from one street to another, resolutely declining any extraneous

help or guidance, until at last we found ourselves in the very street where our hotel was situate, and the Doctor exclaimed, with an air of no little triumph, "Now, you see what it is to have faith in "Murray!"

Another little incident in our journey interested her. However early we were on deck, at three or four o'clock even, we found Dr. Duff at his Bible; and to a young Englishman on board he remarked one day—"You see, if this book is the soul's manna, we need it every day as much as the people in the desert needed morning by morning the heaven-sent food for their bodies."

Among other objects of interest, we were at great pains to observe and estimate the spiritual condition of the Greek Church, especially in the new and in the old capitals; and nothing could be more painful than the verdict which it forced from us, that, except for the altered names, the whole worship might have done duty for the most grovelling heathen superstition, Dr. Duff declaring that nowhere in all India had he seen a religion more degraded.

Another incident in our pleasant fellowship with Dr. Duff amused our friend not a little, when I related it to her. It was on our parting evening at Moscow, and he was calling up some old memories of his noble career. One of them related to the official chief of the Scotch India Mission, my own Professor of Hebrew in the Edinburgh University. "I never told it before," said the Doctor; "but you knew him, and I must give it."

It needed a personal knowledge of the Professor to realise the grotesqueness of the scene. He was a very finical man, and had succeeded a personal friend in the direction of the Mission, and had thus been placed in a position in which his personal convictions and his official duties were not in full harmony. I would not myself have repeated the story in this place, if all feeling of delicacy had not been removed by the great missionary's recent lamented decease.

It was about the years 1833-5 : Dr. Duff had returned from India full of overflowing enthusiasm on behalf of its perishing millions ; but what was his mortification to find the Church at home so engrossed with what was called the ' Voluntary Controversy ' touching her very existence as an Establishment, that he could scarcely get a hearing for his burning appeals on behalf of the heathen !

One day, he accidentally met a lay friend, an Edinburgh lawyer, to whom he communicated his griefs.

' Will you come,' said he, ' and meet a few friends in my drawing-room, and tell them what you have seen in India ?'

' With pleasure,' he replied ; and the day and hour were fixed.

When the time came, the Doctor was surprised to find a goodly gathering, some of them members of Dissenting communities, one of them at the close proffering a five-pound note as a contribution to the Mission.

A few days passed, and the missionary was summoned in a very formal way by the 'Convener' to attend a meeting of the Directors of the Mission. They were all there. The chief rose amidst a profound silence. 'Gentlemen,' he said, in the most solemn tones, 'I have called you together on a matter vitally affecting our Indian Mission. I heard that our missionary, Mr. Duff, had been attending clap-trap meetings and accepting offerings from men who are enemies of our Church, and who are seeking her overthrow; and it is for you to say whether you can suffer or sanction such proceedings in your missionary.'

A blank silence ensued, each looking at the other in mute amazement. Duff himself broke the painful suspense.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I must relieve you from your embarrassment by telling you how the matter stands;' and, after narrating what had taken place, and intimating plainly that if placed in the same circumstances he would take the very same course, he called for paper and pen and ink, and wrote his resignation as their missionary, and sat down.

The meeting were petrified. Not a person spoke. After a pause of some minutes, one gentleman took his hat and left the room. After a minute, he was followed by another, then by another and another, until at last the Doctor and the Missionary were left face to face, and alone!

‘I presume,’ said the latter, ‘the business of our meeting is over, and I must bid you good morning.’

The grotesqueness of the scene can scarcely be realised without a personal acquaintance with the actors in it. The ‘resignation’ was cancelled. And the Professor ever afterwards loaded the missionary with kindness. And he told us that he had visited the Professor in his closing days, and had found him resting in Jesus with the simplicity of a little child.

Our parting that night at the old Muscovite capital was of the tenderest kind, in the anticipation of a happy reunion in the presence of that loved and loving Lord whom already he sees face to face.

Another honoured servant of Christ, in a different sphere, attracted her respectful sympathy. ‘I have got Sir Andrew Agnew’s Life,’ she writes. ‘Though sadly too diffuse, it has raised his character considerably in my esteem. It shows what living faith in Christ can enable a man to do and to suffer, whose ordinary talent and ordinary character would otherwise have made him keenly alive to the shafts of ridicule and ill-nature aimed at him by his fellow-senators.’

I remembered how interested she was to hear me tell her about walking with Sir Andrew in his beautiful demesne of Lochnaw Castle, and listening with intense interest to his enthusiastic assertion of the only policy which throughout his parliamentary cam-

paign he had found practically available in defence of the sanctity of the Sabbath. Leaving to others such weapons as the need of a physical rest; or the just right of the working man to a weekly day of leisure, he insisted peremptorily on the *Divine command* as binding on every human conscience, and as the working man's charter and only effectual shield from the tyranny of selfish employers. 'Suppose,' he used to argue, 'a master comes to his men on a Saturday and asks them to oblige him by working half the next day to expedite a pressing contract. One of them replies jauntily that he prefers an excursion, and cannot consent to forego it, the result being that the master is disobliged and offended, and perhaps pays the recusant off. But another workman respectfully and gravely intimates that the Sabbath is not his own day, but God's, and that he cannot and dare not invade its sanctity by working on any part of it; then the master cannot help honouring the man, and mayhap may find in his humble testimony a light to guide his own wandering feet back into the way of life.' This was Sir Andrew's polar star; and, in spite of ridicule and much contempt, though withal convicting not a few consciences even of those despisers, he walked by its guidance steadily and heroically to the end.

Our friend found in this policy her own deeply cherished belief. 'The systematic profanation of the Lord's own day,' she writes, 'is fearful; and yet scarcely any care to tell the deluded multitude of

their danger, or to warn them of the consequences of breaking the Sabbath and profaning the sanctuary.' We shall find by-and-by with what a beautiful brightness the weekly rest-day shone in her own happy home.

The 'sure word of prophecy' continued to attract her thoughtful interest. 'I am very painfully impressed,' says she, 'with the appearance of things just now. Can it be the beginning of darkness, before Antichrist assumes his power, when I conceive the Church will be altogether hidden—not even, like Elijah, knowing that there are any who have not bowed the knee to idols but themselves individually?' And she adds:—'I think the first judgments will fall on Europe—the seat of the beast. But evidently there is another: After the "ten toes" are crushed to pieces, the "image" falls. Is not that to intimate the spread of the judgments over the ancient Babylonish, Persian, and Grecian empires, and the destruction of the last shred of kingly power,—all places where the light had shone sharing the penalty of rejection? America seems to stand alone, untouched by prophecy.'

Who shall say whether, amidst the strange partitions and political surprises of these days, the idea broached in the following query may not be translated into fact? 'Did you see,' she asks, 'that extraordinary statement about Rothschild buying the Holy Land from the Sultan, and becoming its independent

sovereign? That might explain the Temple being built, and sacrifices being again offered, if the Jews, not only return, but are permitted to remain for a while in unbelief.'

And she adds :—' Romaine is one of my greatest favourites. I keep him constantly by me, that I may take up a page or two at any spare moment. If we have these views in our hearts, it will signify little what outward commotions may ensue. The sea may roar and the hills may be removed and cast into the midst of its waves ; but we shall not be moved. Yet we ought to feel the absence of the Spirit ; and I wish God would put it into the hearts of His people to unite in supplication for His outpouring. There is a universal complaint ; we feel and bemoan our "grey hairs ;" but the remedy is not sought.'

'It is a wise adage,' says Carlyle, 'which tells us the darkest hour is nearest the dawn.' And he adds :—'The thinking minds of all countries call for change.' It was her happy lot to know, from God's sure Word, that, in proportion as the darkness deepened, the Church's redemption was drawing nearer and nearer. Writing on New Year's day, she says :—'All of us unite in all the good wishes of the season. It is a very solemn one—another milestone passed, and the darkness thickening all around ! The Lord reigneth, and He cometh ! That is the pole-star !'

In the midst of the darkness, however, she welcomed any scintillations of light, as a token that her

incessant home-labours were beginning to tell. By-and-by she was to witness grander results; but, meanwhile, she could write:—‘Already —— is blossoming to fruit.’ And, in another letter:—‘Since I wrote, our Missionary has heard of another case of good being done in the heart of a young man—*lasting* good, either by your address or Mr. ——’s.’

Though she lamented so much the comparative feebleness of the Christian ministrations which too often fell to her lot, she could appreciate with a fitting zest the grander examples of preaching, and thus analysed their respective effects:—‘His eloquence never carried me away. I admired the eloquence and the fervour. True eloquence leaves you no leisure to analyse your feelings till the orator concludes. I never lost self-consciousness, as I have done both with Dr. Chalmers, and with Dr. Candlish and with others of inferior note. Something might be attributed to the place and the people by whom I was surrounded—accustomed, as they are, to so cold and dead a ministry.’

I always thought that our friend presented a beautiful combination of Mary and Martha, activity and repose being so nicely balanced that neither seemed absent or in excess. ‘I am in a perfect turmoil of business,’ she says: ‘the numberless demands just now upon both time and thought make me ready sometimes almost to break down with the wear and tear of outward cares. I wish you would try to remember me at the Throne. I have great need of

prayer ; for nothing is so apt to deaden the spiritual life as this ceaseless hurry and bustle.'

Her sympathies were ever throwing out their feelers to take hold of any Christian enterprise which presented itself. The cause of Italian freedom and evangelisation found in her a special friend. 'I am very sorry,' she writes, 'to have missed seeing Count Guicciardini. Though I have "seen an end of all perfection," yet with the perverseness of human nature I am still seeking for the *beau ideal* of a man perfect in Christ Jesus. Count Guicciardini seemed *at a distance* to come near that model. Perhaps it is as well I have not been permitted a closer inspection. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," not only as to scenery, but as to men.'

The Count was at the time an exile for Christ's name's sake. For daring to gather together in a room of his ancestral palace in Florence a little company of humble people to read God's Word, this nobleman had been banished by the reigning Satrap of Austria, the Grand Duke of Tuscany ; and now that the way seemed to be opening in Italy for the entrance of the Scriptures, he was seeking the aid of British Christians to aid him in his labour of love. As he was on a visit to me, I took him, at my friend's request, to her residence, and a most pleasant reunion was enjoyed. A very large assemblage, from a circle of some twenty miles, filled her ample rooms, and listened with a thrilling interest to his quiet and un-

adorned but impressive tale of the struggles of not a few longing hearts after the long-hidden light of the Gospel. Our friend felt no disenchantment that day; and the Count was himself in his happiest mood, and seemed to feel himself specially at home. At a day not far distant, the exile was reinstated in his palace, and his ducal persecutor was a fugitive. Such is the Nemesis of crime!

In the month of May she writes: 'I never felt the preaching of the Word more powerful or more sweet than last Sunday. *It is the first sermon I have heard this year.* The rest of the effusions were below mediocrity, and might have been essays on anything or nothing. I see little savour of Christ, and little feeling that He is absent. The first sign of returning life is to feel the present state of darkness and desertion. But when will that sign be shown?'

An eminent Christian once lamented her suffering herself to be so much affected by the opinion of her fellow-creatures, instead of forming her own rule of conduct and judgment, and following it up in the face of all comers. No one could accuse our friend of any such fluctuating hesitancy. She knew how to be tender towards the occasional weakness of a true man. 'Even the little aberration of dear Dr. — in the debate,' she says, 'was so speedily and so honestly atoned for, that it was rather refreshing than otherwise; and, though we saw the crack in the earthen vessel, we saw also the glory shining through.' But,

with another style of man—betraying a moral perversity—she knew how to be angry. ‘He has a right to his opinion,’ she writes again, concerning a public man of this stamp, ‘and, if he have honestly formed it, a right to express it. I see he avows and justifies his sentiments in yesterday’s *Times*. Our difference of opinion is no part of my quarrel with him; it is the want of all moral principle, of common truth and common honesty. As a man, he is a despicable creature. It is better to think *justly* than *kindly* of any man. *Act* as kindly as you will; nothing can be too kind for the precepts of Him whose name is “Love.” But I cannot endure the false spirit of so-called Christian charity which confounds the distinction between right and wrong, and leads one to give praise and honour to those who have no claim on either. I am afraid you will think me very ferocious—I cannot help it. I see more danger in the present state of the Church than in all the efforts of her enemies without. When shall we have a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord?’

Two boys’ sea-side holyday occupations are described in another letter thus:—‘They have built an edifice on the sand, I hear, which they persist in calling “the altar of burnt-offering;” and when my informant left them, they were exerting all their ingenuity to manufacture a ram for the sacrifice!’

And she adds:—‘This is a trying summer, or rather no summer. We had a fearful hailstorm on

Monday ; the size of the stones was from two and a half to three inches in circumference. We had more than two hundred panes of glass broken, and our next neighbour more than seven hundred, besides incalculable damage to fruit and flowers. They might have been perforated and completely riddled by cannon-balls.'

A sick friend is described thus :—' She is suffering terribly. She has not been able to lie down for some weeks ; and consequently is in a state of complete exhaustion. But, besides this, she is never without severe pain all over her body ; and her cough never ceases day or night. She cannot read, or hear reading ; she says she cannot think for pain. Yet she is not only calm, but even joyful, and is made to feel it is all right—the right way to "a city of habitation." She will soon be at home ; and how sweet the rest will be, and the respite from bodily suffering !'

And the home was ere long reached. ' Dear — is gone at last,' she writes ; ' she remained to the end a marvellous example of the power of the grace of God. Long after she was unable to read or write or make her voice heard above a whisper, she went on working for Christ ; she seemed quite absorbed in spiritual things. All her friends will miss her much ; but she is, doubtless, taken away from the evil to come.'

The scene reminds one of the saying of Lord Bacon, that there is no passion in the mind of man so

weak but it mates and masters the fear of death. How much more that most potent of all passions—the ‘resurrection-hope,’ which so penetrates and masters the soul, that, like Lambert at Smithfield, it can enable the martyr to over-master the pain of the fire, and to cry in a calm triumph, ‘None but Christ! none but Christ!’ Her own beautiful exodus was to be another like victory.

‘Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at Heaven, and long to enter in :
But there no evil thing may find a home ;
And yet I hear a voice which bids me “Come !”

‘Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord ;
Thine all the merit, mine the rich reward ;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown :
Mine the life won, Thine the life laid down !’

**'Nay, gracious Saviour, but, as now
Our thoughts have traced Thee to Thy glory-throne,
So help us evermore with Thee to bow
Where human sorrow breathes her lowly moan !'**

CHAPTER XII.

rd Bacon—'A vein to be bridled'—Burning Questions—Ripe judgment—God's Word written—Its inspiration and authenticity—Her incisive method of handling—'Israel in Egypt'—Horatian Rule—Under author's eye thirty years—Issue to be tried—Truth of narrative—Egyptian monuments—Rosetta Stone—Hieroglyphics—List of kings—Read off by Greeks—Pentateuch—Abraham's visit—Epoch of Great Pyramids—Traffic with Canaan—Seven years of plenty—Seven of famine—Baskets of 'bread'—Separate tables—Sudden and enormous gap in population—Irretrievable disaster—A publicist—'Gospel of Jesus'—'Everything or nothing'—German Christianity—Artistic Greece—Goethë—The Gospel—A giant—Skeleton and lamp—Way home—Thrilling story—Two boys—Railway accident—Savour of Jesus—Out of Devourer Sweetness—Versatile mind—Sir Joshua Reynolds—His life—Works—Progress as a painter—Estimate—Truth the key of art—His originality—Dr. Johnson—'Only friend'—Tavern life—'Our Club'—The end—Deep melancholy—Edinburgh University Essays—Blackie on Plato—Mechanical arts—Sir William Hamilton—Allen Gardiner and Patagonia—Christian heroism—Missionary ship—His monument—Dickens' *Little Dorrit*—His religious people—Where does he find them?—Not found in real life—Injustice—'Miserable Sundays'—Extravagance of caricatures—Best antidote—'Arthur Clennam'—In full length—Dreary Sunday—Sleepy Sunday—Interminable Sunday—Resentful Sunday—Her own bright Sunday at home—The happiest of all the seven—Another public instructor—Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*—Mistiness—Story—Character—Theology—God simply merciful—The contrary—A blasphemer—A Dissenter—Evangelical preaching—A picture—Rabid in ferocity—Major Campbell—His address.

**'Not "What thinkest thou?" but "What readest thou?"—
DR. CHALMERS.**

‘THERE be some,’ says Bacon, ‘who think their wits have been asleep except they dart out something that is piquant and to the quick: that is a vein,’ he adds, ‘which should be bridled.’ Our friend had no ambition to be piquant, or to startle people by paradoxes; yet on all the ‘burning questions’ of the day she had formed a ripe judgment, and was ever ready to ‘give a reason of the faith which was in her.’

Of all the burning questions, none moved her more deeply than the question of the authenticity, and inspiration, and authority of God’s Word written. A sample of her incisive method of handling this and kindred matters I am able to give in the shape of some paragraphs from a review, which she wrote at my request, of a book entitled *Israel in Egypt*.

‘This book,’ she says, ‘has met the Horatian rule—rather a rare virtue in this “fast” age,—having been under its author’s eye, not nine, but thirty years. It is the result (he tells us in his preface) of the study of his life.

‘The issue,’ she proceeds, ‘to be tried is this:

If the Bible's spiritual teaching is from God, the Bible history must be a literal record of things as they were, and of facts as they did occur. But, if the history be not thus literally true; if the men named in it, for example, be nations, not individuals; if its positive dates be vague numbers, and its miracles be only metaphors, then its moral teaching is "a lie." The truth of the historical narrative, therefore, is the great problem to be demonstrated. And this demonstration he has found in the *Monuments of Ancient Egypt*.'

'The author,' she continues, 'in his demonstration, proceeds on the assumption that the Rosetta Stone furnishes the key to the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. He takes up the various stages of Egyptian history given in the first books of the Pentateuch, starting from the visit of Abraham and ending at the Exodus; and he points out the several confirmations found on the monuments.

'For example,' she says, 'at the time of Abraham's visit there was a reigning monarch: the monuments, when compared with the lists of kings (originally read off by the Greeks, and handed down from their works by the early Christian writers) distinctly elicit the fact that at that period the Egyptian monarchy had already existed for centuries.

'Again,' she pursues, 'when, after an interval of two hundred and fifteen years, the valley of the Nile,

in the days of Joseph, becomes once more the scene of the inspired narrative, we have on the monuments abundant proofs that, at the epoch of the Great Pyramids—three centuries before Joseph was “sold into Egypt”—Canaanitish men and women performed before the Egyptian princes, and, a century and a half later, slaves formed the materials of a regular traffic with Canaan.

‘Some curious and suggestive details,’ she says, ‘are given respecting the successive seven years of plenty and seven years of famine, certain extraordinary disturbances in the natural phenomena of the Nile being adduced as explanatory of the facts recorded. The custom indicated by Joseph’s command to “set forth bread” for his brethren, and at separate tables from the natives, is illustrated strikingly by the constant representations, on the monuments, of baskets of bread and of separate tables occupied by different classes of guests. The embalming of Jacob and of Joseph furnishes another of the many confirmatory illustrations too familiar to need comment. Again, there are some interesting inductions regarding the number of the Israelites at the Exodus, the number of six hundred thousand fighting men being equal (after adding the old men and children, and all the women) to about four or perhaps five millions; and the alarm of the king on account of their outnumbering his own native subjects, and then the fact, deduced from history, that

the population of Egypt at no time exceeded eight millions, afford on this subject instructive materials of thought. There is, further, an interesting proof given of the irretrievable disaster which this enormous and sudden gap in its population brought upon Egypt.'

She then gives, 'as a specimen of the book's style, and also of its wise and reverent spirit,' an extract on the passage of the Red Sea:—'The gulf of Suez is about eight miles across, and of considerable depth at the point of Gebel Ataka (Baalzephon). The act of God on this occasion was a stupendous miracle. It is worse than trifling with the sacred text to attempt, by any theory of tides, to reduce it to anything less.' After a vivid description of the scene, he says: 'Thus fell Sethos II. It was his terrible destiny to leave to after-times the strongest exemplification of daring wickedness and mad impiety in his life, and of the vengeance of God in his death, that ever was enacted on the earth. The memory of it has never departed from among men. The gulf in which he perished is named "The Sea of Destruction" (Bahr Kelzoum) to this day.'

And she adds:—'It is instructive to note these accumulating evidences of the concentrated attention of men upon the literality of God's Word. The certainties of the future, as inscribed there with God's own finger, are not less literal than those certainties of the past. And surely it is time that a clear and

articulate utterance were given to the warning which events, on the one hand, and the prophetic Word on the other, are sounding so emphatically in men's ears.'

The words remind me of a noble passage of Ruskin, in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, where he says:—'Every subject should surely, at a period like the present, be taken up in this spirit, or not at all. The aspect of the years which approach us is as solemn as it is full of mystery; and the weight of evil against which we have to contend is increasing like the letting out of water. It is no time for the idleness of metaphysics. The blasphemies of the earth are sounding louder, and its miseries heavier, every day.'

In a like strain our friend welcomes another writer, whom she had previously hailed as a doughty champion of the truth. 'Whilst entering,' she says, 'with a fresh and genial zest into the lucubrations of the leading minds of this country and of Germany, his own trumpet gives no uncertain sound. "The Gospel of Jesus," he says, "is everything or nothing; if true at all, every god and oracle must absolutely vanish before it." And, alluding to Germany, he says,—"Christianity will not enter that temple, arrayed as it is in the still artistic beauty of Greece, which Goëthe has reared for it; it either fades utterly, or that temple crumbles into dust before it."'

After sundry quotations from 'his teeming pages,'

she closes with some sentences which are eminently expressive of her own views, and which she wishes were engraven deep in the hearts and understandings of our public men :—‘ To establish a truth in the heart and life of man, to set it by the ploughman in the furrow, with the sailor on the ocean, with the artizan in the workshop, by the household-fire, and in the brawling market-place, it must have some power of laying its hand on the instincts which lie deep and half-concealed in the bosom. The religious instinct is perhaps the deepest and most powerful of all ; no agency will produce a great impression or affect a permanent lodgment in the world, which admits not of being leagued with it ; and, if it has now become a pre-eminent duty of the race to unite science and general education with religion, it may be argued that, if the race is really to bestir itself to effect its thorough education, education must come under the sanction and with the enforcement of religion. Neither must be left to stand alone. A people with a religious instinct strongly developed, yet all unenlightened by education, is like a giant smitten blind, that rushes wildly on, impelled by some resistless force, but towards no definite or noble goal : an enlightened, educated nation, without religion, is like a skeleton bearing a lamp ; it has light, but not force.’

Her intense sympathy with mothers and their children could not fail to be attracted by another

production which I asked her to notice — *The Way Home*. 'It is,' she writes, 'a most touching and thrilling record of a family scene, unhappily too fresh in many memories. The two boys, whose brief course is here sketched with a minuteness and a delicate fondness which only a mother's hand and heart could compass, were suddenly removed from this vale of tears (the elder after a few days' lingering agony) by a frightful accident which occurred some years ago on a railway near Manchester. A test of the interest attaching to the narrative recently came across us. We put it into the hands of a boy of eight, and he could scarcely be got to open another book till he had finished its three or four hundred pages. There is a sweet savour, too, of the name of Jesus about it, which gives it an additional attraction. We congratulate the accomplished authoress on the manner in which she has executed her labour of love. It is not every mind which, out of "the devourer," could have brought forth such "sweetness."'

Her versatile mind did not confine itself to topics strictly Christian. *Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works* fell under her notice thus:—'The volume, consisting chiefly of extracts from his Diary and private letters, is intended to illustrate his progress as a painter rather than his personal private life. It abounds with most interesting glimpses into the various steps by which the greatest of our portrait-painters rose to his well-earned pre-eminence. So

early as the age of eight, we find the future Royal Academician studying "Jesuit's Perspective," and applying its rules in a drawing of his father's school. And one after another of such sketches were done by him. Correctness of design and accuracy of detail were even thus early the marked feature of his productions. And, as he advanced, he exemplified with a rare felicity the truth of the great maxim of Sir Thomas Lawrence that "the history of the greatest masters is but one—truth is the key of art, as knowledge is of power."

'In 1768, in his forty-fifth year,' she continues, 'he was elected the first President of the Academy. "This," said he to a friend, one day, in the Exhibition of 1772, pointing to "A Strawberry Girl" on the wall, "is one of my best pictures." And he added:—"No man ever can produce more than about half-a-dozen really original works in his life; and that is one of mine." Reynolds' great distinction as an artist is here indicated—his originality. He threw *character* into his portraits with a power which has rarely been equalled; and, notwithstanding that in one year he had so many as a hundred and twenty sitters, his genius seemed to carve out his distinctive line for each, as if each were the product of a protracted study. Describing a portrait of Sterne, a critic observed—"This is the most astonishing head for truth of character I ever beheld—I do not except Titian; the subtle, evanescent expression of satire round the lips,

the shrewd significance in the eye, the earnest, contemplative attitude—all convey the strongest impressions of the man, of his peculiar genius, and peculiar humour.”

‘His great boon-companion,’ she continues, ‘was Dr. Johnson. “If I should lose you,” wrote the Doctor to him on one occasion when the artist had been very ill, “I should lose almost the only man I call a friend.” It was by the two friends that the famous Literary Club was established, which soon numbered among its members the most noted characters of the day. Alas! how little fragrance gathers around the memory of those scenes! Pleasure and self-indulgence seemed to be the one end of life. “Our Club,” wrote one of its members in 1769, “has dwindled to nothing; Sir Joshua and Goldsmith have got into such a round of pleasure that they have no time.” Oh, how unlike the holy self-denial of the disciples of the “Man of Sorrows!” “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me.” It is by that test that every man will be tried on “that day.”’

And she adds :—‘Even Samuel Johnson found it needful on his death-bed to give to his friend Sir Joshua an affectionate warning, “not to use his pencil on the Sabbath,” and also an urgent advice “carefully to read the Scriptures.” In October 1791, and in his sixty-ninth year, he was removed from this scene of passing pageants to another where all is intense reality.

A veil rests over his last hour ; he died in deep melancholy, "unable to bear even the consolations of friendship."

In another of her articles, she gives us a passing glimpse of some of the leading luminaries of the chief northern University. *The Edinburgh Essays*, 'by Members of the College,' fall under her purview ; and she writes :—'Following the example of the *Oxford* and *Cambridge Essays* of last year, *Edinburgh* presents us with its first this year. The idea of these literary articles is good. It is the escape from the anonymous,—the mysterious "we," which has frightened many an author—the critic dressed in a little brief authority. The *Essays* are eight in number, and chiefly by pens of fame.

'That on Plato by Professor Blackie,' she proceeds, 'is characteristic of its author. The style is slap-dash, but interesting ; though the statements are often abrupt and odd, the sentiments are generally correct. He thinks it almost impossible for an Englishman to appreciate Plato. Thus he argues :—"One of the strongest features in the Englishman's character is his nationality ; and one of the most striking traits of that nationality is pride. Both these qualities are a great bar in the way of honest appreciation of foreign excellence ; for it is not by the narrowness of a national estimate, but by the breadth of a cosmopolitan sympathy, and by the condescension and chivalrous acknowledgment of love that we learn to

know and to appreciate whatsoever is not ourselves and of ourselves." He also breaks a lance with Mr. Grote on the character of the Sophists.

'The Essay on "The Progress of Britain in the Mechanical Arts,"' she continues, 'is an exceedingly valuable one. It is from the pen of the talented Rector of Moray House Normal School in Edinburgh. It is an able review of the inventions of the last century as applied to industry and usefulness, and presents, in a succinct yet attractive form, the result of all that Watt and Arkwright, Bradley, Stephenson, Fairbairn, Hargraves, and others, have done for science and their country. The Essay on Sir William Hamilton is an admirable portrait of the greatest Scotch philosopher, and one of the most extensively learned men that Oxford ever sent forth. The amazing amount of subjects and works which he professed, in the examination for his degree, appalled the University-professors. His intimate and exact acquaintance with clerical literature confounded the celebrated Dr. Parr. His metaphysical and logical skill were the admiration of the world. Mr. Bayne has written this paper *con amore*.'

And she adds:—'Alexander Smith—no alumnus of the University, but its secretary, and one of the spasmodic poets—contributes an Essay on the Scottish Ballads, which is very readable. Dr. George Wilson has an able one on the Chemical Final Causes. The others are clever, but not so much to our mind. A

note to the preface explains how it is that so few Edinburgh students are graduates. Out of seven hundred students, not a dozen graduate M.A.; the best scholars are not capped. There is no advantage nor privilege attached to the degree. But let no Englishman suppose that those Scotchmen who follow learned professions are non-academic. No man is *ordained* without a University course of four years, and four years of theological study besides.'

A poet has written, that—

‘To all there is not given
Strength for such sublime endeavour,
Thus to scale the walls of Heaven,
And to leaven with fiery leaven
All the hearts of men for ever.’

Yet there are occasions when ‘heaven is scaled’ even by a very brief endeavour, and the hearts of men are leavened by it with ‘a fiery leaven’ for all time. Such a deed was the woman’s of Bethany. Such another was Havelock’s at Lucknow; and still another such was the brave athlete’s, which our friend, noticing the ‘Memoir,’ delighted to record on this wise:— ‘The hero of Patagonia is now a household word in the Church of Christ. Born of godly parents, he was, in answer to their many prayers, early converted to God. Amid the temptations of naval life, he had for a season forgotten his father’s God, not even possessing for a time a Bible, as is also recorded of Hedley Vicars. But, when conviction seized his soul, his first

act was to enter a bookseller's shop and ask for a copy of the Scriptures—an act, he used to say, requiring more courage than to board a frigate of the enemy. But the earnest inquirer overcame his early difficulties, and, to the joy of his friends, became a decided Christian.

‘His first thought,’ she proceeds, ‘was to be a missionary; and, so early as 1822, he offered to go out to South America, but the way was not open. After a service of three years, and a quiet residence with his family for nine more, he made a resolution at the bed-side of his dying wife “to seek out openings for the introduction of the Gospel in any region where no attempt had been made.” Thenceforward this was the purpose of his life.

‘In prosecution of the purpose,’ she continues, ‘he visited the Zulus in South Africa, the Indians of Chili, the Indian Archipelago, Patagonia, and Bolivia, endeavouring in vain to open doors for the entrance of the Gospel. Patagonia seemed the only hope of reaching the continent of South America; and, having won over a few friends and some funds, he made two reconnoitring attempts, which he was obliged to abandon. Nothing, however, could damp the zeal or weaken the courage of the indefatigable pioneer. Dangers, trials, privations, suspicions, disappointments, did not divert him from his resolve. Like Simon Peter, in spite of having “toiled all night and taken nothing,” he still seemed to hear the Master saying, “Let down

the net." Failure had succeeded effort ; but, in failure, his faith rose, and he answered, "I will let it down." In 1850, after eight-and-twenty years of unexhausted waiting, he succeeded in organizing a missionary party of as devoted men as ever made up a forlorn hope. They landed at Picton Island in December, and then commenced a series of sufferings which are almost without a parallel in the history of modern missions. Ultimately the whole company perished of starvation on that inhospitable shore.'

And she concludes :—' Beautiful above measure was the calm joy of their last days, as recorded in their journals, which were found beside their bodies by H.M.S. *Dido*. These journals, and the entire course of the heroic man's life, show that apostolic zeal still survives in the Church, and that there is not wanting the devotion which will constrain a man to take his life in his hand and surrender it joyfully for Christ's name's sake. The Patagonian mission has been since resumed with a more hopeful promise ; and a vessel, as the Missionaries' home, is Allen Gardiner's best monument.'

Sir Isaac Newton used to say to Halley, when the latter ventured in his presence to utter any of his infidel insinuations, ' Stay, my friend ; I have studied these things—you have not.' With a kindred feeling, our friend might well challenge our great novelist as to his not very generous habit of misrepresenting the Christian life. Reviewing his *Little Dorrit*, she wrote :

'Where does Mr. Dickens meet with religious people? We, who may be said to live in religious circles, hardly ever meet with that type which this popular author represents as the ordinary expression of marked Christian character. It is the type which Mr. Kingsley caricatures, and brands with Dissent. Mr. Dickens seems to know nothing else; and hence the injustice which he constantly does to the sacred cause of Christianity in all his works. Mr. Arthur Clennam hated Sundays, and church-bells ringing the populace to come to church. After his return from China, where he had not been troubled with the ring ecclesiastical—we thought that pagodas had lots of bells—the very sound of the city bells "revived a long train of miserable Sundays." "Heaven forgive me," said he, "and those who trained me! How I have hated this day!"'

In a quietly satirical vein, she allows the author his full scope in describing the nicely-adjusted rack:—' "There was the dreary Sunday of his childhood, when he sat with hands before him, scared out of his senses by a horrible tract, which commenced business with the poor child by asking him, in its title, why he was going to perdition?—a piece of curiosity which he really, in a frock and drawers, was not in a condition to satisfy, and which, for the farther attraction of his infant mind, had a parenthesis in every other line, with some such hiccupping reference as 2 Thess. iii. 6 and 7. There was the

sleepy Sunday of his boyhood, when, like a military deserter, he was marched to chapel by a piquet of teachers three times a-day, morally handcuffed to another boy, and when he would willingly have bartered two meals of indigestible sermon for another ounce or two of inferior mutton at his scanty dinner in the flesh. There was the *interminable* Sunday of his nonage, when his mother, stern of face, and unrelenting of heart, would sit all day behind a Bible—bound, like her own construction of it, in the hardest, barest, and straightest boards, with one dented ornament on the corner, like the drag of a chain, and a wrathful sprinkling of red upon the edges of the leaves, as if it, of all books, were a fortification against sweetness of temper, natural affection, and gentle intercourse. There was the *resentful* Sunday, of a little later, when he sat glooming and glooming through the tardy length of the day with a sullen sense of injury in his heart, and no more real knowledge of the beneficent history of the New Testament, than if he had been bred among idolators. There was a *legion* of Sundays—all days of miserable bitterness and mortification—slowly passing before him !”

And then she adds :—‘ It was religion that spoiled Mr. Arthur Clennam’s faith, forsooth ! It was religion that spoiled Mr. Clennam ! Where does Mr. Dickens meet with his types of religious people ? we again ask. Through all this work the evil per-

petrated at the outset is continued. Its gross unfairness was exposed at the time of the appearance of the early numbers, by several persons whose discrimination in literary criticism is well known. It is a pity that a tale, otherwise so interesting and so full of kindness, should be spoiled by its antagonism to our most cherished feelings and convictions.'

She was herself entitled to be a defender of our Sabbath-faith; for no one could pass a Sunday under her hospitable roof without feeling that, to herself and to all its inmates, the day was not dreary or a burden, but 'a delight' and 'honourable,' and honoured. There was no Pharisaic sternness in her consecration of the day. For example, she did not approve of a cold dinner, in case the younger members of the family might be led to associate the day with gloom and repulsiveness; and, on the other hand, she had only one joint prepared by the servant who otherwise would have remained at home. Always public worship was attended twice; and the remainder of the sacred hours were devoted to household and family instruction, to some visits of practical sympathy to the sick, and last, not least, to quiet private thought over God's Holy Word.

One of her favourite authors—Bishop Hall—pictures his Sabbath and hers thus:—'Now I forget the world, and, in a sort, myself. I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other; but

I find it hard to offend in too much devotion. If my heart be early seasoned with His presence, it savours of Him all the day.' And he adds:—'The whole week is sanctified by this day.' I used often to be struck, when under her roof on the Sunday, to observe the kind of after-glow of holiness which seemed to linger on all faces on the Monday morning, as if the glory on the mount still shone, and promised to shine all the week.

And it was with no exaggerated, unreal saintliness that, as each Sunday dawned again, that happy household sang—

'Oh, day of rest and gladness!
 Oh, day of joy and light!
 Oh, balm of care and sadness!
 Most beautiful, most bright!

'New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.'

Before closing this chapter, we are reminded, by an allusion in the preceding critique to Kingsley, of a notice of his *Two Years ago*, which it will still further indicate her indignation at the current caricature of Christianity to adduce. 'If we measure,' she says, 'Mr. Kingsley's popularity by his voluminousness, we must consider him one of the most acceptable authors of the day. Fourteen books, since he accomplished his *chef d'œuvre* of *Alton Locke*,

speaking much for versatility and rapidity, if they give rise to a suspicion that they must become deficient in freshness and power. In these volumes, accordingly, we find a mistiness, not only in the peculiar theology—for that is, perhaps, an unavoidable characteristic of Mr. Kingsley's School,—but in the delineation of character, and even in the story itself. Apart, however, from the merits or demerits of the book as a work of fiction, what we protest against is the caricature which Mr. Kingsley has thought fit to present to his readers as a type of evangelical religion. We gather that the creed he desired to inculcate is, that God is simply merciful—too merciful to condemn to everlasting punishment any creature He has made; that, when any one has discovered that God is love, he knows enough to give him peace and rest. Any one who preaches or teaches that God is just—that He sends judgments upon nations as a punishment for national sin; that we are lying under sin—and that, if we do not flee to Christ, we must perish, he denounces as almost a blasphemous, or, what is nearly equivalent in his eyes, a Dissenter.

‘There is a picture,’ she continues, ‘of evangelical preaching, almost rabid in its ferocity, as well as distorted in every feature. Its effect is represented as neutralised by an impromptu sermon from an officer of High-Church principles, which not only comforts the people who were before becoming

anxious about their souls under an address from an evangelical and dissenting teacher, but strikes such terror into that teacher's breast, that he is seized with cholera and expires in a few hours! We could give an extract which would bear out every word of this statement; but we forbear, for we do not wish unnecessarily to depict what must wound all true Christians deeply. We think Mr. Kingsley should have given Major Campbell's wonderful address, and not left it to the imagination of his readers to supply the arguments which told so powerfully on all.'

And she adds:—'We have noticed this book, because, amidst all its faults, it possesses the usual excellences of Mr. Kingsley's style. His power of delineating natural scenery, the suggestiveness and interest of many of the topics he describes, his pictorial and literary allusions in dialogue, give the book a charm which will attract many readers. It is the more lamentable that Mr. Kingsley should have made it a vehicle for introducing error on a matter so important as personal Christianity—error which may lead astray some unwary soul—lines which, if he be ever brought to see more clearly, he will, in dying, wish to blot.'

'Labour with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone—
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

‘By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates—
With its menace, or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits.

‘And she stands from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.’

thus she stands, awaiting that remaining life-
s, which we hasten to depict.

“ Show me Thy glory, gracious Lord!
’Tis Thee,” he cries, “ not Thine, I seek.”
Nay, start not at so bold a word
From man, frail worm and weak :
The spark of his first deathless fire
Yet buoys him up, and, high above
The holiest creature, dares aspire
To the Creator’s love.’

CHAPTER XIII.

An entire letter—A sample—His people's shade—A baby—'A weaned child'—What is a Christian?—'Careful for nothing'—Bishop Hall—'An impostor'—A public school—Its characteristic—Disappointed—Chatsworth—Hybernation—Robinson Crusoe—Time to read or think—Ellis's Madagascar—Life of Carey—Novels and Novelists—Guthrie's *Inheritance of the Saints*—Captain Bate—A removal—Bitter pang—Gulf of the past—'Go forward!'—Letter returned—Roman post-office—After six years—Done me good—Startled—Change in myself—Could not write it now—No explanation of delay—Watching still for souls—Girl's conversion—Roused three women—Chief Shepherd—Feeds in due season—Undemonstrative—Depths of tenderness—A bereavement—'So unhinged'—'Sent for me'—Perfect peace—Another case—'Grand-motherly advice'—St. Augustine—'A hero of mine'—Monica's unshaken faith—A generation—Abraham nearly three—New Year's wish—Dr. Hamilton—'Nervous inter-views of London'—Exhaustion of brain-power—London monomania—Yet unconsciously attracted—Young women in London—Her intense sympathy with them—Temporary separations—Men call Death—In China—Forty-eight hours ill—All well—Mother sent for her—Lived so near Christ—Work not over yet—Children's idiosyncrasies—Happy way with them—'Our little guest'—Books for children—Signs of the times—Russia—'Ending at Jerusalem'—Hasty conclusions—Open to conviction—Revelation—'Day of the Lord.'

**'What to thee is shadow, to Him is day ;
And the end He knoweth ;
And not a blinded, aimless way
The Spirit goeth.'**

ONE of her homely, quiet epistles the reader may like to see from beginning to end. She writes:—‘My dear friend, we hope to be at home next week, and shall be very glad to see you, any day that you can spare. We are somewhat in disorder, being in the midst of what is popularly called “cleaning down”—which involves the society of sweeps, whitewashers, &c., more than is conducive to comfort. But your room will, I hope, be quite comfortable; and, perhaps, you may even have the luxury of a stair-carpet! We have not nearly arrived at the last process—the “ultima Thule” of desolation, when the stair-carpets are all taken up, and everybody feels privileged to grumble at his or her separate annoyances!

‘We only got home the day before yesterday,’ she continues; ‘so I have not had time to hear from Mrs. C——. I rather think she will already have left ——, but I will let you know next time I write or when I see you. A melancholy thing has happened to the —— of ——. The mother and two daughters went abroad with a sick uncle of the girls. He died at Florence; and the three women must needs go on by

themselves, wandering through Italy till they reached Rome. In the grand ceremonial of the Holy Week, in the Pope's Chapel, and in his presence, Mrs. — was struck senseless by a paralytic stroke. They telegraphed for her son ; and, the last time I heard of them, they remained in this terrible state.

'The time must surely be short now,' she adds ; 'I hear good accounts of a real work of the Lord gathering out His people in Scotland. There have been many undoubted conversions, particularly among men. Kindly write when we may expect you. Meantime, with best regards, believe me, ever yours affectionately.'

Thoughts such as the following she was constantly sharing with her fellow-pilgrims. 'I have been thinking of the Lord,' she writes, 'for the last few days of intensely hot weather, as His people's *shade*—not only a defence, but a source of refreshment and delight.' And, on another occasion, in answer to a friend's inquiry concerning 'a wet-nurse for a dear little baby'—'It has occurred to me that it is very questionable if it would now adopt that mode of nourishment—at least it is very rare when children will do so. I remember thinking what an extraordinary commentary on David's declaration in the Psalms—"My soul is as a weaned child"—was the disgust and loathing with which an infant turns, after weaning, from that which was so sweet and delightful to its taste before.'

And, referring to a relative's decease, she says :—

‘Though I was with her a few days previous to her death, yet her speech was so inarticulate and her bodily powers so enfeebled, that I never felt sure that she recognised me. I believe, however, that she had given token of her love to the Saviour for many years of health, and therefore a death-bed testimony was not needed.’

Nothing could be more beautiful than the quiet submission with which she accepted those little annoyances in daily life which mar, so often, even Christian people’s peace. The ‘peace of God’ seemed always to ‘rule’ and reign in her heart; and the reason was, that she had learned experimentally the heavenly art of being anxiously ‘careful for nothing, but, in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, making her requests known unto God.’ One day Bishop Hall, preaching at Gray’s Inn on ‘the great impostor’ (Jer. xvii. 9), startled his legal auditory by announcing that he could tell them who was the greatest cheat and malefactor in the whole world. After a pause, he said, ‘Our own hearts.’ He might have given an alternative reply, ‘Worry.’ I never knew any one who had more thoroughly mastered and triumphed over the deceits of this ‘great impostor’ than our friend. After a sudden and unexpected derangement of a plan on which she had set her heart relative to a school for one of her daughters, she writes:—‘We are thrown out at the last moment. At present we are quite at sea. Only,

as we have used every means; and the whole thing is so evidently from the Lord, I trust we shall still get a blessing from Him, and be made to see that this is one of the "all things" He has ordered for good. I believe this, though I cannot yet see it. Humanly speaking, the arrangement seemed everything we could desire; but man's wisdom goes a short way in penetrating into the future: so I am content to have our plans frustrated, if it be His will.'

Circumstances occasionally brought her into close contact with one of our great public schools; and her impressions she gives, after one of those visits, thus: 'I was a good deal interested in the literary and religious phase of society I saw there. I had opportunities of meeting in society some of their cleverest men, I believe. I heard Dr. V—— preach, and one of the Masters lecture on "Genius;" and I read a novel compiled by one of them, and differed in opinion from most of them as to its merits. Mrs. V—— came and called upon me; and she is considered the leader of society there; so, altogether, I think I had a fair opportunity of collecting materials for forming a judgment. And the result was—I was disappointed! They seemed to me *narrow*—a kind of clique [the name of the place is given, and an adjective formed from it—the idea corresponding to "Hebrew of the Hebrews"], estimating things and men by their own standard, which did not strike me to be high. I think the most interesting man was a high Puseyite clergy-

man ; so far as preaching is concerned, he was decidedly the most intellectual I heard. He talked vague, dreamy, interesting nonsense about the intermediate state, on the Sabbath I heard him ; but he showed mind, and thought, and poetry of feeling, in the course of his effusion. I feared I have bored you with all this ; but, as you had some idea of sending your boys there, I thought you might be interested even with my impressions.'

Snatches of thoughts touching men and things occur in other letters thus :—' We had a most delightful excursion to Chatsworth last week. It is magnificent, but all of *man*. Even the rocks are artificial. I was much struck with them. They were so natural-looking,—so like professors in the Church, with the form without, and no reality within !'

Later :—' We hybernated for four days last week, when it was either fog or rain during the brief daylight. But, on the whole, we have had beautiful weather, and enjoyed it ; and, in these clear, frosty days, we do not cease communication with the world without. I rather think I should not object to share Robinson Crusoe's island for a week or two : one has so little time, in any other circumstances, either to read or think. I read a great many books during our seclusion last week : Ellis's *Madagascar*—good ; *Life of Carey*—trash ; *Novels and Novelists*—to me very interesting, because it began at Elizabeth and went on to Victoria, and was one of the most singular

delineations of the change in public taste, morals, and manners, I can imagine to be written; Guthrie's *Christ the Inheritance of His Saints*—good. I do not care for his books in general, nor for his preaching; but there are some very striking things in this, and deeper doctrine, as well as sounder, than usual for Dr. Guthrie; *Letters on the state of Protestantism in Italy*—very good. I need not go on, or you will think I am sending you a catalogue.'

Acknowledging a copy of a memoir of a mutual friend, she writes:—'I am sure I shall read it with interest and pleasure. Of course I have had time only to glance at it; but Captain Bate led a life of varied interest, apart from his religious character; and this last adds an element of great attraction to his biography. There is much need of some antidote to the poison of Broad-Churchism, in other words, infidelity, which is being so widely diffused everywhere; and this antidote must not be the old-established, prosy "good books," which only people of a certain calibre of mind and spirituality ever read, but something graphic, and sparkling, and intellectual, so as to meet the enemy on his own ground.'

On a friend's removal to another sphere she comments thus:—'I know you will feel, more deeply than perhaps you think just now, the rending asunder of your present ties. We can never leave a place where we have seen many years, and known both joy and sorrow, and had many experiences alike of the Lord's

faithfulness in chastening, and of His mercy in binding up, without a deep and bitter pang. Another page of the volume of our earthly history is turned over and shut up ; and conscience reminds us of many a neglected opportunity and wasted minutes now all sped into the gulf of the past ! Even pleasing reminiscences become painful, when we remember that we are henceforth to be strangers in the place where they occurred. But it is a wise provision,' she adds, 'that, in the hurry and bustle of removal, we have not much time to brood over these things ; for I doubt whether they do much good. "Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward !"'

A curious incident suggests certain psychological reflections on this wise :—'Last week I received a letter of mine, written to you, and addressed to Rome *six years ago!!* It interested and amused me exceedingly, and I mean to keep it. I think also it has done me good. It startled me ; for I felt I should not have written such a letter now, and it made me think what was the degree and the reason of the change in myself. I wonder what was the cause of the long delay in its being returned through the "dead-letter office." It was marked "No reason assigned from Rome as to the delay." If it was examined and translated, there was a disquisition upon the Pope's character in it ! but it was before he had shown himself in his true colours, and was rather complimentary than otherwise.'

With an unslaked thirst for souls—a characteristic which, amidst whatever other changes, never changed—she still laboured, prayed, expected, and not without increasing fruit. ‘You will be glad to hear,’ she says, ‘there are fresh symptoms of real good at ——. The conversion and death of a little girl at our school was the proximate cause. Her words and warnings roused three women who were living in carelessness and sin; and several more are now anxious about their souls. I do not think it right to say more at the present stage; but I tell you this to ask you to remember the place in prayer, for you also have had the sowing of the seed, of which, I trust, an abundant harvest will yet be reaped.’

And, referring to another sphere, she adds:—‘You do not mention anything about the C——’s, where you were when you last wrote to me. I hope you saw some tokens that the work of grace was prospering among them, and that —— was still in a hopeful state. I am sure your visit would be a real enjoyment to dear ——. How wonderfully the Chief Shepherd provides for the wants of every sheep, sending them their portion of meat *in due season!*’

Naturally somewhat undemonstrative in manner, and sensitively shrinking from whatever was merely effusive, she hid beneath this exterior an ever-deepening well of tenderest sympathy. About one bereavement she writes:—‘I cannot tell you with

what a sudden shock I received the news last night on my return home. In this dispensation He made no mistake. Oh, how unspeakable gain it is to cast off this poor body of disease and suffering—to be dismissed from all care, and anxiety, and grief—and to be translated *already* into the joy of the Lord!’

And about another bereavement she says:—‘ I have not been able to answer your note immediately, for I have been so unhinged, so deeply affected at the sudden death of our dear friend, Mr. C——, that I really was ill and unfit for much exertion. He had had an attack of jaundice and inflammation, but was apparently recovering rapidly, and his doctors had both taken leave of him on Saturday morning, when, about eleven, he became worse, sank rapidly, and expired that night. She wished me to come to her, and Lady W—— wrote to me; but I was too unwell to go immediately, and was obliged to delay a day, which gave her sister, Lady H——, time to come to her. If she (Mrs. C——) stays here, which is uncertain, I shall probably go over and spend next week entirely with her; but I almost hope Lady H—— may persuade her to accompany her home, for Lord H—— is ill, and she cannot remain. His death was a fit termination to his life—perfectly calm, peaceful, and happy. He passed through the dark valley with no cloud between himself and Him on whom he leaned. She is very

desolate, very sorely wounded and crushed ; my very heart aches for her.'

Her perennial sympathy took another form in the following :—' I am very sorry to hear of your little boy's illness. I have heard of so many people being similarly affected, that I cannot help thinking the pain you mention must be in some degree connected with the varied temperature of this very trying spring. As you have Sir Henry Holland, you may think it very presumptuous in me to give my *grandmotherly* advice ; but I fancy he would derive great benefit from taking *genuine* cod-liver oil—not as a medicine, but really as highly vitalising food. It seems to soothe, to invigorate, and to produce flesh.'

On a visit to some neighbours, she writes :—' We are here only for a day or two with the B——. They are very nice people, and I always particularly enjoy her society. They know almost all the people worth knowing in D—— and the neighbourhood ; so we generally meet with pleasant parties here. We have had a deluge of three days. The country about here is all under water. Fresh from Motley's vivid sketches of the noble efforts of the Low Countries against their Spanish oppressors, I could hardly help fancying we were in the midst of a Papal war yesterday, and some patriot had nobly cut the dykes and let the water through the sluices. From Sudbury to Tutbury, it was one vast inland lake. Have you ever

read that book, Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* ?'

On receiving, on New Year's morning, a copy of a memoir of the greatest of the Church-fathers, she wrote :—' St. Augustine has always been a hero of mine since my childhood. I remember reading his *Confessions* at a very early age, and liking it better than most religious books, for which I had no particular taste at that time. The unshaken faith of Monica is very strikingly brought out in your biography. It was so long to wait—for nine and twenty years—for an answer to her prayers, seeing her beloved son going on in error, and having only her simple woman's faith to oppose to the subtle arguments of the skilled rhetorician. Though I knew the story well before, I felt refreshed and strengthened by reading it once more—so graphically told—yesterday. Twenty-nine years—almost a generation's length!—yet Abraham, strong in faith, waited for nearly three before the sure promise was fulfilled. I never thought Augustine clear from the errors of his age respecting baptism. I admit he held the orthodox *experimental* faith ; but, in words, he went further than an Evangelical clergyman would teach in these days.' This the memoir fully admitted, the *entourage* of his age having left its visible impress upon the man, and upon his whole thoughts, and writings, and preaching. It ought to be added here, that so entirely did the great father accord with our

friend in expecting results from the preaching of the Word, that at the close of every sermon he retired into a kind of 'inquiry-room,' to converse with any anxious ones who had been awakened under the Word.

She adds:—' We all unite in wishing you and yours a happy new year. To be indeed happy, we must live near Christ during the next one. May you and we not have to wait like Monica, but, sowing the good seed now in faith and patience, look for a speedy return of fruit in the early spring-time of our dear children's days!'

Our mutual friend, Dr. James Hamilton, used to talk of what he designated 'the nervous interviews of London;' and such was the effect of them, and of his close confinement to his study, upon his highly-wrought and finely strung nervous system, that, for lack of adequate brain-rest, he was—too early for all but himself—cut off in his comparative prime. Our friend used to treat, as a kind of monomania of mine, my preference of London above all other places of residence; and yet scarcely a season passed without finding her a temporary denizen of the great city. 'I hope,' she writes, 'we may come up to town by-and-by for a day or two—if not for a month or two, as you suggest. I daresay London intoxicates people, but I want to remain sober! You will think me incorrigible.'

After one of her visits to it, she asks:—'How is

your class getting on? I think the sight of those young women, all assembled, with so many earnest faces, that Sabbath afternoon, was the most cheering thing I saw in London. That is a great work the Lord has given you to do. May He thoroughly furnish you for it.' This 'class' deeply interested her. It was held in Freemasons' Hall, and afterwards in the Hanover Square Rooms—a gathering of young women in houses of business, invited to meet every Sunday afternoon for an hour's study of the Scriptures. Some two hundred of them assembled; and, by the kind sympathy of about a dozen ladies, they had tea together afterwards, the ladies being encouraged to associate to themselves each about a score of the young women who might look upon her as a friend to whom they might resort in any difficulty during the week. The object of the tea, in addition to its social kindness, was to give the ladies an opportunity of conversing with the girls, and also to afford the young women themselves a refuge till the time of the evening-service in the churches and chapels, as in most of the houses of business they were expected to leave after dinner at two o'clock, and not to return till about nine in the evening. Our friend never was in London without joining this delightful assemblage. She saw it was indeed a work of God, and few knew better how to gauge it.

The thing which men call 'death,' but which the

Christian rejoices to contemplate as only a kind of sunken fence separating, but not visibly, the present life of service and of warfare from the glorious resurrection-life beyond, was taking away one and another of our fellow-pilgrims from our earthly ken. 'And now,' she writes, 'I have to communicate a piece of most sorrowful intelligence—the death of our dear friend, David Sandeman. The news only arrived by the last mail on Monday. He was only forty-eight hours ill—of cholera, caught by attending to a little orphan child, who also died of the same complaint. I cannot tell you how deeply I feel this bereavement. I had a most true and warm affection for him; and though I know it is all right, all well, and that it is better for him—early ripened—to be gathered safe into his Father's garner, yet I do not mourn the less for all that I have lost in him. I think I knew his inner life as well as any one else, or better; and in many a sore struggle, and many a weary conflict, I never knew any one who clung so closely to the Lord, or lived so near to Him. His mother sent for me to come to her. The state of her mind and feelings is very wonderful.'

And, in a later letter, she adds:—'I have received many details of David Sandeman's closing scene. They impress me more than ever with a conviction that few ever followed Jesus with a more single eye, or knew in a fuller extent what true communion with Him is. I do not think his work is over yet.'

I believe his death will be used to quicken many Christians who have been falling asleep. I have heard of two or three instances of this already, and I feel assured that "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

Some idea of the happy and loving skill with which she continued to tend and cultivate the idiosyncrasies of children may be gathered from the following:—' I suppose we must make up our minds to part with our little guest, who has really incorporated himself as one of the family. I have been much interested in watching over him, and marking his different phases. Association with other children always tends to bring out distinctive peculiarities, and very singular is the complete diversity of disposition and temper which shows itself. I think and hope you will find him much improved in bodily health. I consider him much stronger than when he came, and I hope also he has *at least* not deteriorated in other respects. I have just treated him as one of my own—corrected him whenever there was any occasion for it, and encouraged where there was reason for praise. He is very susceptible as to the latter mode of treatment. Nothing he likes more than to be praised by one for whom he has an affection; and it is a valuable power to exercise, yet may degenerate into evil.'

And she adds:—' Your question as to books for a child of ——'s age is a puzzling one; for so much depends upon the individuality of the boy. I like to

find out their peculiar bent and tendencies. — is learning Latin and really likes it, and is also very fond of snatches of Natural History—especially about animals—and the elements of chemistry. The very beginnings of these and other branches of science are to be found in “Pleasant Pages.” There are such various subjects in that book (there are five or six volumes), that you soon find out in what a child is interested. “Near Home” is another school-book he likes. It conveys information of a useful kind very pleasantly. Dickens’ “Child’s History of England” is a good book—in spite of its author: and also “The Boyhood of Great Men” for boys.’

In the light of more recent events, the thoughts given in another letter acquire a new significance. ‘I wish,’ she says, ‘I had heard your lecture on the “Signs of the Times.” I feel as if my preconceived notions were at fault, and as if I could not interpret them. I cannot help thinking from prophecy that Russia must ultimately gain the ascendancy. Perhaps the thing will be bolstered up for the present, Russia yielding to the tempest she herself raised, and the Jews reoccupying their own land, and, after a few years of breathing—distracted by the sounds of the coming tempest, she will again be let loose to scourge the nations, *ending* at Jerusalem. Is anything like this your idea of the present appearance of the political and prophetic horizon?’

I never knew one less given to hasty conclusions

or more ready to revise any conclusions which she had already formed, if only sufficient ground were shown for a change of front. One day, we were talking together of the Book of Revelation, and I was expressing my doubts whether the old idea of its historical fulfilment during these last eighteen centuries could be sustained. I had myself held that belief, and had, like her, begun to feel as if my pre-conceived notions were at fault. I suggested whether such an assumption as the identification of the awful cataclysm of 'the great day of the wrath of the Lamb' with an event so insignificant as the flight of some Roman generals before a baptized heathen like Constantine were not a *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory; and I also suggested whether such language as is used in the eighteenth chapter of Revelation to describe the fall of a vast commercial power amidst the wailings and howlings of all that traded in ships could possibly be fulfilled in the gradual decadence of such a power as the Papacy. I further suggested whether the genius of this current dispensation were not that of a season of God's longsuffering and patience and 'silence,' whilst the coming 'day of the Lord' was to be regarded as a season of swift and terrific judgments such as were portrayed in the Revelation from the fourth chapter onward to the end; and whether in this way the key to the book were not to be found in the episodic announcement in the outset, 'I was in the Spirit in the day of the Lord.' And, lastly, I

suggested whether this hypothesis did not account for the strange dimness which rested on the book, there being no such dimness on any acknowledged fulfilments of prophecies relative to the Lord's first coming, or the Jewish dispersion and return from Babylon, or any like accomplishments. The idea commended itself to her judgment as eminently probable; and, after holding it for a time in her mind 'in solution,' she seemed to accept it as truth. In contrast with the hasty rejection which less disciplined minds at once award to any such thought, she reminded me of those words of Bacon, where, in his essay on Truth, he says that 'certainly it is heaven upon earth to have one's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.'

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‘For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall come a darker day,
And the stars, from Heaven downcast,
Like red leaves be swept away.’

CHAPTER XIV.

Elijah mocking—Priests of Baal—Modern successors—‘Midnight mass’—Scene in Palestine—Ruskin—Stars and angels—Bulwer’s *Wanderer*—Lady Morgan—Grace Elliot—French biographies—French novel—‘Not improper’—Cheever—Carlyle’s *Friedrich*—Rest—When or where!—Knocked up—Sydney Smith—‘Sitting in their bones’—Lancashire Cotton Famine—Electric touch—Human sympathy—A death-bed—‘Metaphysical study’—Perceptions and sensations—Step by step—Highest—Lowest—Mind and matter—Their connexion—Bereavement—‘Borne down’—Labours little marked by man—Funeral—Great gathering—Consolations of Christ—Travelling gossip—‘Engulfer of trunks’—Mediterranean—Austria—Cavern-city—The great Babel—In search of a school—Natural history of schools—A sample—‘A tutor’—‘Gold that glitters—A nugget—Golden dream—Reading—Geology—Pamphlets—Japan—Operas!—La Traviata—Below contempt—‘Intellectual wickedness’—Puerile trash—Country charms—Oral and lectoral—Excavating Mesopotamia—Thoughts impressed—God’s way of using His labourers—Seed—Sowing and reaping—Awakening—Sudden conversions—Ireland—Effects of narrative—‘Grace abounding’—English awakening—A winter resort—Need of Gospel—Invalid—‘Quite fanatical’—Irish Church Missions—Starting-point—‘Message from heaven’—Twenty-five thousand converts—Watchman’s cry—‘Stayed on Him’—‘Dwarfed and meagre’—Playing at being good’—Smiting—‘Excellent oil.’

**‘Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.’**

IF our friend had lived in the days of Elijah, she would have joined the mocking prophet in his contemptuous jeer at the priests of Baal in their idle appeal to their god. Certain modern successors of these men, whose path she crossed whilst on a visit to a relative, she describes thus:—‘At midnight, we were roused from our first sleep by the tolling of the church-bell at the lodge-gates to summon the faithful to a midnight—mass, I was going to write—service, I suppose, is the orthodox term, in honour of St. Andrew! This orgie continued till nearly two o’clock, A.M. Though in virtue of my being a Scotchwoman, I presume St. Andrew is my patron-saint, I could have dispensed with this delicate mark of attention to him.’ The midnight orgie and call to prayer remind me of a not dissimilar scene one night in Palestine, where, as I was sleeping in my tent outside the walls of Jaffa, I heard the Mohammedan priest summoning the faithful from the minaret of the mosque at intervals through the night to prayer. Could one fail to note how painful is the family-likeness between the various forms of ritualistic superstitions? It has been remarked

by Ruskin, that it is impossible to imitate anything that is truly great. It is because everything in superstition is so very little, that the imitation is so ridiculously close, whether in the Mohammedan rite, or the Greek, or the Roman, or its poor counterfeit—the Anglican ritualism.

Her active mind was still, amidst numberless occupations and travellings, storing itself with all manner of mental food. 'Pray send me,' she writes, 'Mr. Forester's Memoir, if you can spare it. Have you seen a very curious book—an odd mixture of sense and nonsense, the nonsense predominating—called *Stars and Angels*? I have met with no book so interesting for a long time as Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. I think I mentioned it to you before. I am busy with Carlyle's *Friedrich*, and Mrs. Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck. We have got Mr. Bulwer's new book, *The Wanderer*, as poetry; Lady Morgan's and Grace Elliott's gossippy Autobiographies, as light literature, and one or two curious French biographies, and one French novel which is not improper!! We had Gladstone's Homer and Rawlinson's Herodotus sent; but I had no time to be classical or scientific, so they were adjourned *sine die*. Do you know Cheever's *Windings of the Water of Life*? It is worth reading, in spite of its affected title. I have got a curious book from Lady H——, called *The Religious History of Man*, by D. Morrison.'

Again she writes:—'I have not been hybernating.

The very reverse has fallen to my portion ; for I have had so much to do, that I have actually not been well ; and, when I applied to my medical friend in M——, he wrote the short and pithy prescription of "Rest," and I wonder where I am to get it. I doubt if it be found, in this age of railways, on this side of eternity. I got a telegram one Saturday night to inform us of the dangerous illness of one of our grandchildren, and I went immediately. The child, thank God, recovered. I took great part of the nursing ; and that, with my hurried journey, and return to hosts of visitors at home and dinner-parties abroad, has rather knocked me up at present. But I have had twenty-four hours of quiet and peace, with only our own family, and feel already refreshed and invigorated. I have just heard from Corfu ; all very well, but nearly melted with heat. Like Sydney Smith, I fancy they are reduced to wish they could take off their flesh and sit in their bones.'

Wherever human suffering lifted its sigh or cry, her active sympathies were excited. Few scenes of need and trial moved her more intensely than what was known as the 'Lancashire Cotton Famine.' Major T—— and myself had been led to visit the district, and been greatly struck with the people's calm, uncomplaining patience, and also with the interest with which, in gatherings of some twelve or fifteen hundred men, they listened to the simple stories of the love of Jesus, as if they had never before heard

the wondrous tale of a sympathising Saviour's compassion. I had written to her some tidings of the visit, and particularly of the closing scene, when, in the noble parish-church of Blackburn, in the presence of the Corporation and of a vast congregation, I had conveyed another message of that English sympathy which seemed to pass like an electric current through England's great heart. And she replied:— 'We hope to see you and Major T—— on your way back to London. You and he will be better for a little rest after your labours, which I am thoroughly thankful to hear have been so successful—so far at least as the attendance is concerned; and, for the rest, if the Word be preached in faith and power, it cannot return void; and the great day will declare it, though you may never know it. I do hope that the extraordinary patience with which this dreadful destitution has been borne is due to higher things than mere advancing intelligence and cultivation of intellect. I trust that some of the really good seed, so long sown in faith, has at last germinated and is now bearing fruit.'

And she adds:— 'I do think people are now doing what they can to relieve the distress. We are arranging to keep two Bible-women till April. We send a weekly contribution to the Central Fund, and we wish to give all we can spare to the soup-kitchens.'

Her psychological proclivities found an affecting

post of observation and induction at the death-bed of an aged relative, which she had been summoned to attend. 'She seemed to be dying,' she wrote; 'and I left home at a moment's notice for Perthshire. She has no disease: it is simply the powers of life slowly giving way from extreme old age, and it is a curious metaphysical study to mark these indications. She was, and is, a very clever woman—acute as a needle—quick, ingenious, and of strong reasoning power. I noticed the perceptions first gave way. She saw illusions, but knew they were illusions. The same in hearing, even in taste and smell. By-and-by, when she did not perceive that her senses were deceiving her, she still reasoned logically from false deductions and you could see the gradual decay in progressive steps—sight, memory, conscience, reasoning, the highest remaining almost untouched, the lowest, the nearest to the senses, giving way, step by step. This is unintelligible, I believe; I could *tell* you about it better: but it is very interesting, as bearing upon the connexion of mind and matter, and upon the influence of old age upon the faculties. My impression is, that the end may be soon, but will certainly be sudden. She is exactly like a lamp, flickering up occasionally with gleams of brightness, but, each time of sinking, drawing nearer to a close.'

The whole scene is an irrefragable argument for an immortality. It reminds one of a saying of Ruskin's,

that the 'soul gains in strength when the hand and the foot are hewn off and cast into the fire. This is true metaphorically, and, in a sense, corporeally.'

On her return home, she adds :—' This is very trying weather. Our neighbour, Mr. B——, is dead; Sir M—— B—— is just dying. This neighbourhood seems coming to an end. There is a change in almost every house; and very soon we shall add to the number, as we still expect to leave here in March.'

Later, she says :—' I have delayed thanking you for your most kind remembrance of me in the shape of your last publication, till I had looked it over and acquired some idea of its contents. I like it exceedingly. I have found it truly refreshing; and it has suggested many new trains of thought. Colonel Hamilton was staying with us when it came, and I spoke to him about Jacob's "wrestling" being sinful. In Scotland I was trained from babyhood to consider the wrestling as prayer. I am now inclined to think your view is right. It is certainly a very true one—that clinging, not wrestling, is the mode to obtain the blessing.'

In the same letter, she says :—' We had a very nice Bible-reading on Tuesday last on Heb. iv. Mr. Forester [now Canon and Chancellor of York] and Colonel Hamilton took the principal part in the discussion. It was extremely interesting; and I think every one found it both pleasant and profitable, though perhaps the party was rather large. We sat

down twenty-two at luncheon. Colonel Hamilton addressed two meetings on two successive nights. On the last occasion, at A——, though he had every opposition to encounter from the clergymen of the parish, yet other clergymen attended, St. John's Hall was crowded to the door, and nearly a hundred people had to go away, being unable to obtain standing-room. I trust some good will come of it for poor A——. They have a famine of the bread of life there.'

The wounds made in her tender heart by bereavements were not speedily healed. Reverting to a death already noted, she wrote: 'I am now somewhat recovered from the shock, but I do not remember having been so thoroughly unhinged and borne down by any bereavement out of my own family for years. Still, the "rest remaineth"—the rest into which he has entered; and few more fully or more worthily filled up his probation-time. Man did not mark his labours much; but that God, in whose eyes a human soul is of such inestimable value that He did not shrink from giving His beloved Son to save some, has marked his labour of love among the poor of D——, and will not be slow in giving him the full reward for every travail of his soul among them. The funeral took place on Monday. There was a great gathering of all the family-connexions; but the church was filled to overflowing by his own people, and the neighbouring clergy, who attended uninvited, to show their sense

of his loss. The funeral was intended to be very private; but, owing to the high estimation in which he was held, it turned out to be almost a public one. This is Mrs. C——'s last day at her pleasant home. It will be a pang, I daresay, to leave the place which has been so long identified with her daily life and his; but the greater sorrow will absorb the less, and I hope she will not feel it very keenly. Meanwhile she is beginning to feel some of the consolations of Christ, and to realise more His immediate presence.'

Another visit to Scotland on a new errand of mercy, is referred to thus:—'We left Scotland last Thursday, and arrived here without misadventure, albeit two unprotected females, and having to pass the Scylla and Charybdis of Preston—that engulfer of trunks and bandboxes—on Friday. We heard from Trieste the day before yesterday. All well; all enjoying the "sunny south" amazingly. They had gone fifty-one miles by rail into the very heart of Austria, to see a famous cavern-city, which far surpassed their utmost expectations. It is ten miles in extent, a succession of the most magnificent pillars, cathedrals, cloisters, crypts, from the hand of the great Architect, putting the puny works of man to shame! Is it not wonderful that such beauty should be hidden in the bowels of the earth? and yet more wonderful that man—fallen as he is—should still retain so much of the image of God in which he was created, as to

reproduce these forms of beauty, though in an inferior degree, in his architecture on earth? Evidently, there must be a co-relation, as well as a power of appreciation, in the mind of man, towards the mind of God. But a note is hardly the place for metaphysics.'

A visit to London elicited the following characteristic note:—'I have scarcely had a moment to say how much we are all obliged to you for your very great kindness during our stay in that great Babel which has such wondrous attractions for you. I have been thinking a great deal about that strong attachment of yours; and I cannot yet feel that you are right in your high estimate of the superiority of a London-residence. But you will only smile, and say I speak in ignorance and inexperience. I have no doubt it is so: but my natural instinct revolts against the idea of large towns producing the highest type of mind or morals. There are exceptions. A great thinker may shut himself up in a back-parlour, and, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," may live in the heart of London as if he were a hundred and fifty miles away from it. But, generally speaking, that rapid current of society; the ever-shifting topics of the day, passing into oblivion in twenty-four hours; the polished coldness; the sort of general compact to be polite because it serves best for our interest, but the want of individualising, producing the want of individuality—must all tend

to that light, superficial way of thinking, which is the characteristic of the present age—skimming the surface of everything, going deeply into nothing. I do not like it; and you will say it is because I do not know it.”

‘Paterfamilias, in search of a School,’ would form one of the most picturesque chapters in the annals of mundane things. A very clever friend of my own, who, on his return from India, had six sons to educate, related to me once his experience. Two of them he entered at Eton, and took a house close at hand to watch over them: after a year or two, it was a failure, and he removed them. With another he tried the experiment of a private school; the principal had begun with some half-dozen pupils, had taught them efficiently, and, having thus got a name, had increased his numbers to fifty or sixty, whose teaching was now relegated chiefly to some under-paid assistants; that, too, was a comparative failure. For a third he got a private tutor, well armed with ‘testimonials,’ who was entrusted with the pupil, and was supposed to be doing everything for him which was to be desired, till one fine morning the confiding paterfamilias happened to lay his hand upon a written Latin exercise, found it full of errors, concluded it to be his son’s first copy—called the tutor, discovered it had already been under his eye, and the mistakes all allowed. The tutor knew scarcely anything of his business, and was summarily

dismissed. By other means, the six boys were trained, till they all, by a successful competitive examination, passed successively into the Royal Engineers, or Artillery.

Our friend had before her a less formidable task. In the tutorial line, she gives her experience in this wise:—‘Our adventures in finding a tutor would fill a volume. Such extraordinary escapes and revelations; such romances in real life; and such theological discussions—as we encountered! We had about forty applications, and personally inspected six or seven.’ And again:—‘We have recovered sixteen applications for the tutorship, which, owing to a mistake in the address, have been floating about Ireland for nearly a month. The results are curious. An Oxford man—I should fancy, Tractarian in his views; a Worcestershire man, who says nothing of his religious opinions; a man, whom I charitably conclude to be deranged, as he writes as if he were copying German, with a parenthesis in every second line, and, having candidly avowed that he has lost his testimonials, indulges himself in a kind of soliloquy as to his motives and character, and ends by saying he does not really expect to succeed in his application. Another offers to teach all we require—he does not seem to be troubled with the notion that he does not possess universal knowledge—for the sum of thirty-five pounds, with bed, board, and washing! deci-

dedly of a practical turn. One or two may possibly be eligible ; so we are going to make farther inquiries about them, and time must show the result.'

The 'result' she thus chronicles :—'We have got a tutor, of whom we hear golden opinions from every one. His name is ——. He seems to combine every requisite we could wish—Christian principle ; extensive and varied information, gentlemanly demeanour and manners, experience in teaching, and facility in communicating modern languages, acquired partly from a residence on the Continent. He has been tutor in the family of Mr. G——, and more recently had the charge of the sons of — ; and the Duke of A—— wished him this winter to undertake the tuition of one of his sons in Edinburgh. We have made minute inquiries ; and the result is, that, if he turn out half so good as represented, we ought to be satisfied. I have lived too long to expect even an approximation to perfection ; but, though all is not gold that glitters, people do occasionally fall in with a nugget in Australia, and we will at least live in hopes of being like such fortunate individuals, till the sad reality dispels the illusion. It is something to have a golden dream !'

In the same letter she continues :—'I have been reading nothing, literally nothing, except a little geology and pamphlets, and the *North British Review*. I have come to the conclusion that life

is too short to get through the American Expedition to Japan, though it really seems interesting. I have been reading French and Italian operas!! to see what the world is made of just now. Anything so utterly below contempt as *La Traviata*, I cannot conceive. I have a respect for intellectual wickedness like Horace Mansfield's, and generally read his articles in the *Westminster* and *Saturday Review*; but the puerile trash, which the *Times* chose to be virtuous about, is really an insult to one's own understanding. By the way, I have read "Dred." The fault of the book is its thorough and utter want of refinement.'

Other stray thoughts are given thus: 'We have been moving about incessantly, and I have read nothing of any consequence—except the *Times*. We have been meeting some intelligent people, and I have been availing myself rather of the oral than of the lectoral mode of gaining knowledge.' And a little later:—'I should have been very glad to undertake the French translation of which you speak, had it been needed. If I can help you at any time in this way, you are very welcome to my poor services. I can read French as easily as English; so I do not think it would be very much trouble to make a rough translation, and you could polish and finish, and give vigour and terseness. Do you see the new Association formed for excavating in Mesopotamia generally—especially in Babylonia and Nineveh,

and that they hope to recover records of two thousand years before Christ? Surely we live in the very last times, when God opens the grave of buried nations and brings their lost history once more into the light of day. "Whatsoever is hidden shall be revealed," may be accomplished even before the coming of the Lord.'

And in the same letter:—"Have you read Hitchcock's *Religion and Geology*. If not, do get it. I like some parts exceedingly. There is a somewhat fanciful yet curious part about the manner in which not only our words and actions but even our thoughts may become impressed upon external nature, so as to be read by higher intelligences, perhaps by ourselves in eternity. It is at all events a most deeply solemnising thought. "What hath been spoken, in darkness shall be heard upon the house-tops."

In his 'Table-talk' Luther once remarked, that, 'though no temporal potentate will allow his ambassador to exceed, or alter, or mystify his instructions, even in one word, yet preachers—a celestial and divine embassy and legation—will be so presumptuous as to add to, or diminish from, or veil, their heavenly instructions, according to their own vain conceits and self-will.' Our friend continued to be vexed and harassed with this perverseness. The contrast of the faithful and the disloyal messengers, and of their respective results, is put thus:—"Our congregation fluctuates. We have had a good preacher;

and it has increased amazingly. Should the next one be like his predecessor, and preach Greek and Hebrew and "lang-nebbed" words such as "antithesis" and "vivification of sanctification," &c. &c., it will fall off again. Still it is pleasant to see that the people do come *for the Word*, and not from curiosity; otherwise, they would not care about understanding the preacher. Alas for the Free Church, if we have seen a fair sample of her preachers! and people say we have had the best.'

Some interesting thoughts are given concerning God's various ways of using His labourers. 'I have often noticed,' she says, 'how very beneficial a change is for the spiritual good of a congregation. It seems as if the Lord seldom left the whole process in the hands of any one individual. M'Cheyne and William Burns are examples; and I know several others, in the English Church. It appears as if He employed several instruments, that He might have all the glory. "One soweth, and another reapeth." The longer I live, the more I see how impossible it is to estimate really what work we are doing. I do not mean but that God occasionally suffers us to see the fruit of our labours, and that we should not expect this and pray for it. Still we really do not know the relative magnitude and importance of work. China just now is a wonderful instance. How little the Missionaries who walked out with texts of Scripture printed on a single sheet could imagine that the seed,

scattered years ago and apparently lost and buried, would be working silently and secretly till it was ready to overturn the foundation of a mighty Empire !'

Few things interested her more than the great awakening in Ireland. The whole of England and Scotland was moved by the tidings. An Artillery officer and myself visited several times the scene of the wonderful work of God ; and we reckoned that, in the space of about three months, we addressed some seventy thousand people in Bath, and Bristol, and other chief towns of the south, finding everywhere 'a wide door and effectual' opened for the Gospel. 'I shall like very much,' she wrote, 'to hear your impressions of the progress of the great work you have been privileged to witness. I hope there are tokens of the grace of God being about to be displayed in this country. I hear of much interest being shown by people who never took an interest in such a matter before.'

Speaking of a winter-resort, she says :—'It is a singular sphere, and requiring ability of a peculiar kind, to speak about eternity to those on the very brink of it, and who yet, from the peculiar nature of their disease, often refuse to believe they are in danger. Still, sickness generally softens the heart and solemnises the most unthinking. You will be glad to hear that young —— has written to several of his old companions, and that they think he has grown quite

fanatical. He has given his illness as a reason for his change of language. This is surely a great step. It is a most difficult thing for a young man to avow any change to ungodly companions. I trust you may gain in him a sheaf made ripe for the harvest.’

The starting-point of the ‘Irish Church Missions’ is indicated thus :—‘Some private Christians met for prayer, and then gave twenty-five thousand missives into the Dublin Post-Office in one night, addressed to Roman Catholics exclusively. They afterwards sent people to ascertain what impression they had made, and discovered that, between superstition and astonishment (the tract was headed “A Voice from Heaven to Ireland”), the people were much impressed. About a couple of years afterwards, they held a “Thanksgiving” for twenty-five thousand converts from Popery. Thirty thousand, I believe, would be nearer the mark ; but they stated it within the number, and according to the tracts. There is a God yet, who is the hearer of prayer.’

Another of her Scotch tours elicited the following :—‘We had a most enjoyable time, and found everything and everybody *couleur de rose* except—the worst of all exceptions—real spiritual life in the professing Church of God. In that respect, the prospect is gloomy indeed. All feel this ; and every one is seeking to remedy the felt evil, but not to trace it to its cause. They are seeking help from outward things—Church extension, combination with other bodies,

societies, &c. Ephraim has grey hairs upon him; and, he knows it: only, he seeks to change their colour by mechanical means instead of getting the roots strengthened.' And again:—'There are few now, who, when you ask, "Watchman! what of the night?" can give you an intelligible answer. This is very much because they do not look to the Second Coming of Him who alone can restore the foundations of the earth which are "out of course."'

A little glimpse into her inner life occurs in another letter thus:—'I am sure the many *unexpected* mercies I receive at the hands of a Covenant-God *ought* to lead me to live by faith on Him, and to roll every care, temporal as well as spiritual, upon Him; and yet how often I am uneasy and disquieted for want of having my mind *stayed* upon Him—for want of faith and trust that all things are and must be for good, however dark they may appear to the carnal sense!'

And on another occasion:—'When I look around me, and more especially within me, my heart is often very sad to think how little real effect practically the saving truths of the Gospel exert even upon saved souls. There seems so much of the external now, so much bustle and working and excitement outwardly, little inward work, little time given to communion with Christ, few real conversions, a dwarfed and meagre Christianity among God's own people! We have been much thrown lately among the English Evan-

gical party. It is true, and bright, and warm religion, but very, very feeble in an intellectual point of view. It will need the rough blasts of God's judgments, beginning with the Church, to cause it to strike its roots deeper into the Rock. It is a puny thing amidst these summer-breezes. It is very like playing at being good, prophecy and popery being a sort of mental dram-drinking—affording the stimulus and excitement they require in private conversation, while public meetings and railway-travelling leave little time for cultivating a personal dealing with a living Saviour.' Let none wince under this smiting sharpness. It comes from a true and not undiscerning disciple, and is meant for 'an excellent oil.'

‘All is of God ! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.’

**'Sprinkled with His atoning blood,
Safely before our God we stand,
As on the Rock the prophet stood
Beneath His shadowing hand.'**

CHAPTER XV.

Bacon — Greatest virtue — ‘Kind of vermin’ — ‘Charity’ — Love of brethren — Judson — Moore’s Memoir — Contrast — Style of Christian — ‘Intellectually religious’ — Review — ‘Harmony of Divine Dispensations’ — Tree of Life — Genesis and Revelation — One Almighty Mind — Culminating point — Not yet revealed — Millennial light needed — David’s tabernacle — No ritual — No Priest or Altar — No Holy of Holies — Prophecy of Amos — Darkness of Holiest — Christ’s darkness — World a Sanctuary for his Sacrifice — Animal forms — Later cherubim — Primitive humanity — Its powers — Length of life — Arts of Middle Ages — Labarte — Nation’s History — Taste in art — Adolphe Monod — *Les Adieux* — Foretaste — Her own departure — Les Regrets d’un Mourant — Playful Mood — Monomania — German life — Tobacco — Lutheran clergy — Bible and cigar! — Children — Quietism — Communion with God — Natural error — In unrenowned Nature — In all ages and countries — Ascetics — Fanatics — Man not a machine — Gift recognised — Serve God as, and how, and when He will — Lecture-giving — Ladies and Embryo-Phidiases — Worthy of *Punch* — Agricultural intellect — Shooting party — Grand battue — Letter — Found leisure! — Read Kingsley — Maurice — Female standard — Not high — Infinitesimal doses.

**' It comes — the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity :**

**Responds, as if with unseen wings
An angel touched its quivering strings !"**

‘GOODNESS,’ says Lord Bacon, ‘is of all virtues and dignities of mind the greatest, being the character of the Deity ; and, without it,’ he adds emphatically, ‘man is a busy, mischievous, wretched being, no better than a kind of vermin.’ ‘Goodness,’ he says, ‘answers to the Scriptural virtue, “Charity”’—without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before God. It will have been seen already, how supreme a place this virtue held in our friend’s life ; and it will be seen, in the sequel, how it increasingly became the very master-wheel of the whole mechanism of her thoughts and daily existence.

Some characteristic thoughts meet us in the fresh outpourings of her loving heart which through her letters were constantly reaching me. For example, a mutual friend is described on this wise :—‘She interests me very much. I fancy she enjoys congenial society, and does not often get it ; I mean not religious *only*—she has enough of that—but intellectually religious.’ And in the same letter :—‘I have been reading for the second time the *Life of Dr. Judson*. Amidst defects of character, and sometimes undue

self-reliance, there is such thorough devotedness and earnestness, that it is refreshing to see it. His three wives seem all to have been such superior women, and so deeply attached to him, that he surely must have been a more loveable domestic character than I can picture him. I know few things more *dramatic* than the simple account of his first imprisonment at Ava.'

And, in another letter :—' We have been reading Moore's *Memoirs*. I wonder Lord Russell should have connected his name in any way with so miserable a production. His diary and letters are really contemptible—not a sparkling of anything even like fancy—far less, reason or philosophy. And yet a better commentary on the utter insufficiency of the world to satisfy or give happiness has not been written—apart from the inspired Record. It is quite a metaphysical study, to see with how little intellect or knowledge you may gain the world's favour, and how it turns to ashes in the getting.'

In his *Stones of Venice*, Ruskin has truly said, that we usually fall into the error of considering the intellectual powers to have dignity in themselves apart from the heart, whereas the truth is, the intellect becomes noble or ignoble according to the food we give it, and the kind of subjects with which it is conversant,—not the reasoning power being in itself noble, but the reasoning power when occupied with its proper objects.' This axiom, if accepted loyally,

would reverse not a few of the verdicts which critics have pronounced upon what are styled the great men of the earth. The Machiavellian niche in the world's Pantheon, especially would be stripped of its chief demigods. Not many women or a more commanding intellect than our friend's could be readily named; yet no one will venture to say that she ever applied it to any but the noblest ends. How she handled one of the most difficult themes connected with the 'intellectually religious' domain, we will now indicate by some paragraphs from a review which she wrote for me, on 'The Harmony of the Divine Dispensations.'

'This volume,' she says, 'forms one of a series by the same author, all of which are designed to elucidate Scripture, by the collation of such facts in ancient or modern history as may throw light on the religious belief of mankind, or on the origin of the different systems of idolatry. It is distinguished, therefore, not so much by originality of thought, as by careful and laborious research and by judicious compilation.'

She continues:—'The plan of the book is to trace the connexion of the wondrous story of redemption from the tree of life in Eden to the closing promise in Revelation—"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." That there is such a connexion to be traced backwards by the light of a fuller revelation and of a larger measure of the Spirit of truth, we cannot doubt; for there must be a perfect

harmony subsisting between different dispensations emanating from one Almighty mind : but it does not follow that this connexion and this harmony should be perfectly apprehended by those beings to whom the promise was first unfolded. The manifestation of God's character, and of His plans regarding man, have evidently been given gradually, not only to His revolted and rebellious creature, but to those higher intelligences who have spent ages in contemplating His perfections. Nor do we believe that the culminating point has yet been reached. The first faint dawn has grown into more perfect day—the Sun of righteousness has risen upon us ; but the full splendour of His noon-tide glory is yet to come, and it will probably require millennial light to read accurately the things in the Word which are to us still dark and hard to be understood.

‘ Even through the countless ages of eternity,’ she says, ‘ leaf after leaf of the story of God's providence and grace has yet to be turned ; and the mightiest of the angels around the throne, as well as the redeemed Church in the midst of it, will stand amazed at new discoveries of our Father's perfections, and feel as unable as ever to comprehend the Infinite One. We dissent, therefore, from the opinion that Adam perfectly understood the promise to mean the incarnation of God, and His vicarious sacrifice for man. Simple faith in a promised deliverer, and the token of that faith expressive of the grand idea of substitution as

bodied forth in the offering of animal-sacrifices, was knowledge enough for the salvation of his soul.

'Though, on this and some other points,' she proceeds, 'we are compelled to differ from our author, yet we must not be understood to detract from the merits of his book as one of no common research and interest. There is scarcely a page which does not afford rich materials for thought to an inquiring mind. Particularly, we would refer to the discourse on the Tabernacle of David. We do not remember to have seen this very interesting subject so well and so clearly brought out by any writer. Mr. Smith points out the singular fact, that the Ark was never restored to the Mosaic Tabernacle, after its capture by the Philistines; and, also, that, in the dwelling-place which David erected for it on Mount Sion, and where it remained for more than thirty years until Solomon removed it to the Temple, there was no ritual service—not even an altar or a priest. The only exception to the employment of the Levites in the Tabernacle was, that two priests sounded the trumpets to call the people to their devotions. There was no Holy of holies. The king and the people worshipped together before the Ark; and the worship seems to have been of a very simple and spiritual character—"to minister before the ark of the Lord, and to record, and to thank, and to praise the God of Israel." Mr. Smith considers the Tabernacle of David therefore, to be a type of the Christian Church.'

And she continues :—‘ We believe it to be so, but would offer a further suggestion. The Mosaic ritual was continued all the time of the Ark’s sojourn at Gibeon, and the priests continued their accustomed sacrifices there. It seems singular that the Temple service and sacrifices continued for about the same space of time after the Christian Church was formed in the “upper room.” Are these both types? And, if so, to what part of the Church’s future history do they refer? Taking the Tabernacle of David as a type of the Christian Church, we read with a new light the prophecy of Amos (ix. 11)—“ In that day will I raise the Tabernacle of David that is fallen,” and the commentary of the Apostle upon it in Acts, xv. 16, 17—which certainly seems to indicate, that the Tabernacle of David refers to the Gentiles as well as to the few believing Jews.’

One or two extracts, quoted by her, will show the kind of truth which attracted her special sympathy :—‘ Let us mark the correspondence between the type and the antitype. As the high-priest entered into the darkness of the inner sanctuary, so Christ called the season of His passion “the hour and the power of darkness ;” and, to give increased significance to the circumstance, as the Saviour drew near the climax of His suffering, darkness covered the earth ; the world was made a sacred sanctuary for the sacrifice of God’s dear Son ; and thus it continued until the offering was completed, when the darkness instantly

departed ;—and, as if to mark unmistakeably the connexion, the darkness of the holy place disappeared at the same moment ; for “ the veil of the Temple was rent in twain in the midst from the top to the bottom,” and the light of heaven shone into the holy place.’

Another extract relates to a most interesting field of thought, the quotation indicating the simple faith with which she accepted the inspired narrative of man’s creation as a holy and grandly formed being—not as a mongrel-product, ‘evolved’ by some ridiculous process from a lower and lower form of life starting from a bit of moss on a meteoric stone.* ‘Redemption,’ he says, ‘implies recovery or restoration. If animal-forms are found in the cherubim [which undoubtedly are symbols, not of angels, as is often supposed, but of redeemed sinners], as typical of high and noble qualities with which our nature is to be invested by the process of redemption, do they not speak of the elevation from which human nature, as we now see it has fallen, and are they not a just representation, in some respects, of man as he came from the hands of his Maker ?

‘If this surmise appears startling or far-fetched,’ he proceeds, ‘let me observe that in one particular we have some information as to the powers of primitive

* Such was the account of the origin of life on this planet, given, three or four years since, from the chair of the British Association for the Advancement of Science !

humanity. During the first two thousand years of human existence, such was the constitutional energy of the human frame, that it sustained all the wear and tear of life for about nine hundred years! Is it unreasonable to suppose, that, in other respects as well as this, man originally possessed a tenfold power compared with his degenerate descendants in these our days? We know that in respect of the duration of life man was not brought to his present period of existence by any judicial act of the Almighty, taking immediate effect upon his system. The duration of human life gradually but irregularly declined, until it reached its present term, where it seems to have been stayed by providential interposition.

‘Looking then,’ he adds, ‘at man as he is—seeing that, if the existence of an individual is protracted a hundred years, the person is regarded as a prodigy—how can we form an idea of the physical powers which could endure seven, eight, or more than nine times that length of life? If, in other respects, a similar alteration has taken place in human nature, some representatives of the highest qualities of animal-life, of different kinds, would be called for in association with the human form, in order to set forth an adequate idea of human nature, as it was in its primitive condition, and as it will be when fully redeemed.’

Scarcely any region of cultured thought was foreign to her. Noticing, for example, an ‘Illustrated Handbook of the Arts of the Middle Ages,’ she writes:—

'Left a co-inheritor of the splendid Debruge-Dameuil Collection, Monsieur Labarte produced a valuable catalogue of the many treasures of art and *vertù* which were comprised in his rich legacy. And, accordingly, we have here a volume containing chapters on sculpture, painting, engraving, enamels, Damascene work, goldsmiths' work, ceramic art, glass and armour, locks, clocks, ecclesiastical and domestic furniture, concluding with a short account of Oriental art.

'We do not positively affirm,' she continues, 'that this volume will be very interesting to the general reader. The connoisseur will value it for its accuracy and condensation, and for the number and beauty of its illustrations of celebrated objects of art. Yet, applied to the subjects of domestic life, art often throws as much light as history upon the habits and manners of the existing times. Therefore, a philosophic mind may obtain most important suggestions from such a work as this. The different phases of popular taste, and even of popular belief, are often recorded in articles of personal adornment or ecclesiastical decoration. One who knew human nature well, said, "Let me have the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who may call himself their king." In the same way many a page in a nation's annals may be rendered more decipherable from a study of its taste in art.'

I remember an animated colloquy we enjoyed one day about a very touching sermon I had heard in the

Oratoire at Geneva. The preacher was M. Pilet, lately gone to be 'with the Lord ;' and the text was the last verse of the seventy-third Psalm, 'It is good for me to draw near to God.' 'Some,' said the preacher, 'find it their weariness to draw near to Him ; others count it their dread ; but David said, 'It is good for me (or, as the French translation has it, *C'est mon bien*—"it is my good").' And, with singular pathos, he entreated his hearers to draw near with holy, loving confidence, through the atoning blood of the Saviour.

Another Frenchman interested her still more deeply—the late M. Adolphe Monod of Montauban ; and, with a special zest, she wrote for me a notice of the French edition, no English translation having then been published, of his '*Les Adieux à ses Amis et à l'église.*'

"The path of the just," she said, "is as the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day." Never was this truth more strikingly illustrated than in the instance of the devoted servant of God, whose last words are here recorded. Laid aside for nearly two years, most part of the time marked by sufferings of more than ordinary intensity, Mons. Monod had space—granted to few—to throw a retrospective glance over his own past history and that of a Church he loved so well and for whose building-up he had laboured so energetically, and to look forward to the "blessed hope" which sustained him in "the

valley of the shadow of death," and to weigh all things by the light which is only given to the weary traveller when near the journey's end. Very precious, therefore, to Christ's people must be this record. We understand it will shortly be translated ; but to all who can read easily the original would we recommend the very words of one who, "being dead, yet speaketh." One extract only will we give from "Les Regrets d'un Mourant," delivered when the speaker was unable to raise himself or turn round, and, fearing lest his very voice might be inaudible, besought his friends "que vous usiez avec moi de la patience de Dieu, a qui l'on est agréable selon ce qu'on a et non ce qu'on n'a pas."

Already she was herself even thus early beginning to take occasional glances from the 'Delectable Mountains,' towards the 'Celestial City' and its beatific rest, and even to take not unfrequent walks on its golden streets, coming down from it to live, if it might be, a yet more heavenly life.

'Voici,' said the dying athlete, 'un point que me frappe. Je regrette d'avoir trop réglé ma vie sur mes propres plans ; j'entends sur mes plans de fidélité et de sanctification Chrétienne, et pas assez simplement sur le plan que le Seigneur déroule pour chacun de nous devant nous. Tandis que ce que voudrais faire, ce serait de prendre le plan de ma vie, et de ma conduite journalière, non pas dans mes idées et dans mes sentiments, mais dans les commandements de Dieu, dans ces témoignages intérieurs, dans la conduite

de son esprit et dans les directions extérieures qu'il donne à notre vie. On comprendra parfaitement ma pensée, sur la manière dont je voudrais régler ma vie, si l'on considère la manière dont Jésus a réglé la sienne. Nous ne trouvons pas chez Jésus ces plans, ces méthodes, qui ont tant occupé beaucoup de gens de bien, et qui souvent les ont tant tourmenté, et leur ont pris un temps considérable qu'ils auraient pu mieux employer. Mais que trouvons-nous? Nous trouvons un homme (je le considère ici comme fils de l'homme) qui ne se propose aucune chose que d'accomplir la mission qu'il a reçu du Père et qui n'a d'autre plan, que d'entier dans le plan du Père; en sorte que les yeux fixés sur le Père, il n'est occupé que d'écouter sa voix pour la suivre, et de discerner sa volonté pour l'exécuter. Les bonnes œuvres de Jésus Christ lui sont toutes données l'une après l'autre, étant toutes mises par la main de Dieu devant lui sur son chemin, et se suivant si naturellement, naissent si facilement les unes des autres, qu'elles ne s'enchevêtrent jamais, même dans les jours les plus occupés de son ministère.'

In a playful mood, she writes :—' I have always time to read *your* letters, wherever I may be. But I begin to think your hallucination must be a settled monomania, as it *invariably* comes on whenever you leave us, and you always require to be reminded to write, though your last words were to the effect that you would certainly gladden me with a sight of your

handwriting.' And later :—'We continue to receive good accounts from —. He likes German life, except that it is so strongly flavoured with tobacco. Dr. — had a Bible-meeting in his drawing-room lately, at which the Lutheran clergy assisted, and each man appeared armed with a Bible and a cigar! and an old pastor with a pipe two and a half feet long!!'

An old friend is remembered in this wise :—'I had a project to send H—— some very nice ducks of a peculiar breed—half wild, half Indian—with black legs and feet, for his lake; but, alas! they have been shot, they say accidentally, by two of the workmen at W——. They ungratefully left Mr. R——'s fostering care, and made their escape to the river, and paid the forfeit of their lives for their folly! I do not recommend him to get cygnets. Swans are savage, ill-tempered animals, and will bear no rivals near their throne. They will destroy any other birds you put on the water, and even their own offspring when grown to maturity.' It was for her *quondam* 'little guest' that she conceived these pleasant kindnesses.

A characteristic note gives her views on a very momentous phase of the Christian life, thus :—'I agree with Mr. — that there is little close spiritual walking with God in this very superficial age; and God forbid that I should write or say anything to hinder its development in any breast. But his notions of communion with God are certainly much mixed

with error; and that it is a *natural* error—one springing out of unrenewed human nature—is proved by its prevalency in every age and under every religion. There will always be a class of minds, even in this practical railway world, who will morbidly dwell on particular points of doctrine, till they degenerate into ascetics and fanatics. I believe every real Christian passes through this ordeal, less or more; but sooner or later they emerge from it into the light and liberty of Christ. When it is said that a Christian ought neither to fix his thoughts on anything, nor to ask any particular favour of Christ, it cannot be pleasing to Him. Man is not meant by Him to be a machine or a mass of inert matter, only moved by an outward force. Christ intends us surely to use our reason, will, and understanding; and He actually desires us to be minute and particular in our requests to Him.'

Her generous and refined mind was always ready to recognise and appreciate whatever was kindred to its own taste. Referring to a religious meeting in a friend's drawing-room, she writes:—'I liked Mr. ——'s address exceedingly. There was none of the usual clap-trap; and there was a finish, a logical clearness, and an earnestness and intellect about it, which delighted me extremely. Personally, I rather liked him also, although his manners are brusque, and his voice very peculiar and unpleasant—harsh in its tones, and short, sharp, and decisive.'

Another form of Christian effort elicits the following:—‘I wonder what effect this phase of lecture-giving, and all the other efforts making to awaken mind, will have upon the next generation, should the world stand so long. As yet I see no effect upon the mass; but perhaps, in this secluded corner, I ought not to judge,—though we have lectures too, and one of our lady-neighbours instructs some embryo-Phidiases in the mysteries of wood-carving, and reads to them Longfellow’s *Psalm of Life* and Shakespeare, while they work!! I have seen one or two prose versions of the first, worthy of *Punch!* one was good; but no individual in the whole class of young men—from twenty to twenty-five—had seized the beautiful thought of—

“Our hearts . . .
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.”

Poetry ought to develop itself in the country; but alas for the agricultural intellect!’

‘Since we came home,’ she continued, ‘I have never had a moment’s leisure, as we had our annual shooting party, and a grand *battue* in the snow. Our large Christmas-party assembles next week. I hope you are all well. It requires a considerable amount of constitution to bear a temperature which ranged from four to sixty in forty-eight hours!’

And a week or two later:—‘We have but one life, and it is a very short one, so that every day ought

to teach us that it is not enough to fill it so as in some measure to glorify God, but to put forth all our strength and energy to do for Him all that is possible to us. I have actually, to my great delight and astonishment, found a little time!! I have been employing it in reading. Have you seen Arthur Helps' *Spanish Conquest of America*? It is a delightful book. I am sure you would like it. I have read several of Kingsley's, one or two of Maurice's, and "Practical Lectures to Ladies," by the united talent of the Broad-Church. They do not seem to have a high standard for the gentler sex; or else they are beginning to infuse wisdom by infinitesimal doses, for I scarcely think little — would take a headache from the severe mental exertion of mastering the ideas in the lectures. Besides these, we have been reading Arago's *Popular Astronomy*, Barrett's *Geology*, with *Hugh Miller*; Reid's *Lectures on British Literature*; various religious books; and a countless multitude of essays and reviews, besides the Bible and *Times*. I feel as if I had devoured a great deal. I must now endeavour to digest it in the intervals left by another shooting party, which fills the house this week. It is a lovely season; and even yet the woods look beautiful in brown.'

'O yes, I love the sunshine;
Like kindness or like mirth
Upon a human countenance
Is sunshine on the earth.'

CHAPTER XVI.

No unhealthy 'haste'—Home—Calm—At disposal of guests—'Going to live'—Intent on work—Making cheeses on Sunday—Cheshire farmers—A ball—Corpse in house—Band—'Cheer, boys, cheer!'—'Past feeling'—Last change of residence—God's leading—Work to do for Him—Tone—Burton's *Africa*—'At home and Abroad'—A failure—Home-tour—Devon—Grudge only Son to God?—Gave His Son—Royal Institution—Faraday—Noble confession—'Natural man'—New faculty needed—Bomb-shell—Another incident—Faraday among Christians—Failing memory—Sir John Malcolm—Biography—Three brothers knighted—In one year—Sketch—Estimate of services—Genial temperament—Rather than great capacity—A popular man—The Iron Duke—Religious character—Rolling years—Ungodliness rampant—Breaches of trust—No disgrace—Feudal code of honour—Tent and altar—Bible-reading—'Day-Dreams of Schoolmaster'—Froude's *History*—Review—Social condition of the people—'Very readable volume'—Henry VIII.—Higher estimate—Sense of duty—'Not a moral monster'—Principles of Reformation misunderstood—Yet tone of reverence—Martin Luther—Trials and bereavements—Household cares—Death of Sister—World more a wilderness—Lady L—S—Gone to Glory—School at Vevey—Another at Lausanne—A Tutor again—A Landslip—Royal Institution—Mental Intercourse—Bible-reading—London society—Like champagne—Exhilarating—Vapid—Used-up air—'The little Kosmos'—Two cases of anxiety—Higher class—Bible-women—Young men—'Raw material of life.'

‘The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.’

WITH all her intense and unceasing activity there was a scarcely intense repose. There was no haste—no disturbing excitement; all was quiet and calm. She was ever at the service of her numerous guests; and yet no household-duty was neglected, nor any Christian work pushed from its supreme place. 'I hope,' we find her writing, in one of her many seasons of yearning after a loneliness which she seemed destined never to enjoy, 'to have a little more leisure by-and-by—a leisure which is always looming in the distance, but, like the *ignis fatuus*, always eludes my grasp. It is one of the curious features of the present time, that everybody is just going to live—in a week or two—but no one can find a moment to occupy himself as he wishes at present, and so life passes on, and the end comes!'

But, withal, she 'lived,' as few have lived. 'Just now,' she says, touching one of her innumerable Christian enterprises, 'we are making an effort to awaken the agricultural mind to the enormity of making cheese on the Sabbath. A great part of the heathenism of the district may be traced to

this universal custom. Several years ago some of the largest Cheshire farmers became sensible of the injurious influence it exerted over their farm-servants, and tried a very simple plan, by which they were able to keep the milk till Monday. They now produce certificates from the cheese-factor, to say, that their cheese maintains its high character for excellence, while they to a man testify that they have not lost a halfpenny by their stoppage of all cheese-work on the Sabbath, but have gained in every way, both in their own comfort and in the increased respectability and morality of their farm-servants.'

And she next relates her method of clenching the process of reform. 'We have got,' she says, 'one of those large farmers—a truly Christian man—to come over here to-day, and give a lecture on the subject. He will encounter violent opposition from the agriculturists here; but one or two may try it, and then the labourers of the others will probably agitate for the like Sabbath-privileges—not to go to church, but to spend the day in idleness.'

And this leads her to give a startling revelation of the moral condition of our population:—'The state of this country,' she continued, 'is really getting appalling. What do you think of some people in Mr. ——'s parish—one of them a member of the —— Town Council—getting up a ball at an inn at ——? The landlady had made all her preparations; the company were assembled; she

went to take a last look to see that everything was right, sat down, complained of violent pain, and was dead in a moment. They carried the corpse out of the room; the band struck up "Cheer, boys, cheer!" and the ball went on!! in the very presence of death, and in spite of a daughter's entreaties, who knew the sin, and whose grief for her mother's awful and sudden call was increased by feeling that she was totally unprepared for her summons. The Dissenting clergyman went and remonstrated; but he was insulted, and all was in vain. They danced till two a.m. Could such a scene be paralleled except in the French Revolution of '92? Sudden death generally strikes awe into the most hardened hearts. I must stop. I did not intend to write all this; but I was much impressed by it, as a token of the "last days," when people will be "past feeling."

Her contemplated change of residence was now to take place. It was a beautiful estate, embracing a spacious house, a deer-park, and an almost princely demesne. The former residence, they found, could not be sold by its owner, and now this other was purchased as a family property and possession. On the eve of removal, she wrote:—"We mean to remain here as long as we can. We are all most sorry to leave a lovely place where we have spent so many happy days, where we have so many kind friends, and are interested in so many poor people. Still we believe the step we have taken is of God.

It was not lightly or inconsiderately adopted. We looked at every break for indications of God's mind and will. We were none of us eager about it. We did not go to it—it came to us. The ministry is High Church; the state of the population appears very darkened. It may be God has a work for us to do among them.' It will be seen in the sequel that this prognostication was not without a most blessed fulfilment.

In a later letter, she writes:—' I have been reading Burton's *First Footsteps in East Africa*. It ought to have been interesting, but it is not. I cannot endure that man's tone of mind. Margaret Fuller Ossoli's *At Home and Abroad*, did interest me; but I have always desired to know more of her mind than the memoir gives; and, as an intellectual description of home and abroad, the book is a failure.'

A little tour whilst their new residence was undergoing extensive alterations, elicited the following:—'North Devonshire is very bracing. Ilfracombe is very cold. We left it yesterday after three weeks' sojourn. You could easily go to Norway in four or five weeks. England has been so thoroughly explored, that I can hardly suggest any place there you have not been, except it may be Cornwall. This (Clovelly) is a very odd place—not changed, I fancy, since Queen Elizabeth's time. It is rather too primitive, however. We are going on to Biddeford this afternoon, and to Exeter to-morrow.'

How few mothers or fathers—even real disciples—would accept and welcome such an appeal as this!—‘His words were, “You will not surely grudge your only son to God, when He so freely gave His only Son for you?”’

Ruskin has said that, ‘to have the heart open, and the eyes and the emotions and thoughts warm and quick—and not the knowing this or the other fact—is the state needed for all mighty doing in this world.’ I do not know that ever I saw or read of any one who was more ready for any act of grateful sacrifice than was our friend, whose unselfish life we are now tracing. Already ‘the white circle,’ as Ruskin calls it, has welcomed her as a fitting comrade of her who washed the Master’s feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

Few things interested her so much, during her occasional sojourns in London, as the Friday evening lecture at the Royal Institution, especially if the lecturer was Michael Faraday. ‘Thanks for the tickets,’ she writes, ‘we are very glad indeed to have them.’ We used to have frequent talks about the illustrious philosopher, for whom we both entertained a most intense reverence, as not only the last survivor of a race of giants, but as a lowly, devoted Christian.

One of our conversations was on this wise:—It was during the popular rage for ‘table-turning;’ and the great philosopher had been solicited to deliver a lecture in the Royal Institution to expose it. The

Prince Consort was to preside, and all the leading *litterateurs* of the day were expected to be present.

Before the lecture, Faraday said to my wife with some emotion,—‘ I am going to-day to utter some truths which will bring down upon me not a little ridicule.’

‘ What truths ? ’ she asked.

‘ Why, I mean to tell those people, that to discern “ the things of the Spirit,” there is needed a *new faculty*, as certainly as the organ of sight is needed for seeing, or of hearing for discerning sound, and that nothing but the recognition of this truth can effectually preserve men from this and all other delusions.’

The lecture-hour came, and with it a most brilliant assemblage of the rank and *haut ton* of London. Faraday was true to his word ; and the confession fell like a bomb-shell on ears all unaccustomed to such declarations. Many a time afterwards did our conversation revert to that never-to-be-forgotten scene.

On a recent occasion, Professor Pritchard, F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, said of Faraday : ‘ I know few episodes in the annals of science more touching than what was communicated to me by “ a deacon ” of the simple-minded Christians to whom Faraday ministered the truths of Christ according to the light in which he had learned to apprehend them. “ It was at Dundee, towards the close of his life, when his memory and his overtaxed

brain had begun to fail him. He opened the Bible, and began his address ; but he stopped, and, in tones which still linger for good on the ears of some of us, he begged his audience to forgive him if his quotations from the Scriptures were sometimes not exact. 'My friends,' said he, 'you know it was not always so.'" And my informant added—"his face shone as an angel's."

I remember hearing him deliver in the Royal Institution the last lecture he ever gave. At its close, I remarked to him : 'Mr. Faraday, no one perceives any loss of memory but yourself.' 'Ah!' he replied, with his beautiful smile, 'I *feel* it—it *must* be so.' His life-work here was over ; and, in all godly quietness, he now looked forward to another and a still nobler work elsewhere.

A man of a different stamp she estimates thus :— 'Sir John Malcolm and his brothers—two of whom received the Order of the Bath in the same year as he did—may be proudly claimed by Scotland as specimens of the effect of her plain, homely, but thoroughly sound, middle-class education. His parents were not in affluent circumstances, and they had seventeen children for whom to provide. Sir John was early destined for the Indian Service, and could not have received much mental culture before he left his native land. His native shrewdness, however, soon taught him his deficiencies ; and, in a very early letter to the dearly-loved circle at Burnfoot, he an-

nounces his determination to educate himself. He fulfilled it, and, in its fulfilment, found wealth, and honour, and position in society. We think Mr. Kaye rates his talents too highly. His distinguishing quality seems rather to have been a warmth and geniality of spirit which brought him friends wherever his lot was cast. He was emphatically a *popular* man, and evidently succeeded in attaching to himself even the Iron Duke, unused as he was to the melting mood. The part of Sir John's memoirs in which he corresponds and is brought into contact with General Wellesley, is the most interesting in the book. This element of pleasing accounts for much which is attributed by Mr. Kaye to the power of intellect, and also makes the reader understand why Malcolm felt so prostrated by the supposed displeasure of the Governor-General, and for the subservient tone in which his letters were written on that occasion. It also accounts for the influence he possessed over the Persian Court and some of the native tribes of India.'

In his *Stones of Venice*, Ruskin has wisely said that, in the sight of God, all the knowledge man can gain is as nothing, but the soul, for which the great scheme of redemption was laid—be it ignorant or be it wise—is all in all; and in the activity, strength, health, and well-being of that soul, lies the main difference, in His sight, between one man and another. From this stand-point it was that our

friend viewed her own entire life, and, naturally, the lives of other men. And, accordingly, this man must, in the unerring balance of the sanctuary, be also weighed. She adds:—‘We are sorry Mr. Kaye can say no more as to the highest and most important part of his hero’s mental life than this concluding sentence: “But there is one point on which I fear scant justice has been done to him in the preceding pages. He had derived, in early youth, from religious parents, lessons of Christian doctrine and principles of Christian conduct, which, although it was not his wont to make parade of these things, he held in solemn remembrance during the whole of his career. He had ever the highest respect for the truths of the Christian Church, and he lived in a state of incessant gratitude and thanksgiving to the benign Creator, whose good gifts had descended so copiously upon him.” Alas, for the distinguished man, if this is all that can be said on the governing principle of his life! Where is the sun of the system—the Saviour of the sinner? Amid his boundless love for his kindred and the *bonhomie* which caused him to look with such friendly warmth on all within his sphere, where is his love for Jesus?’

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, referring, in a letter to a friend, to ‘the nakedness of the boy-nature,’ as developed so painfully oftentimes in a great public school, remarked how hard it was, in looking on human life in its full-dress of decencies and civilisations, to

realise that view of it which the Scripture describes by the figure of 'the strait gate and the wide one,' but how strange it was, on viewing it in its living badness, any lesser likeness should satisfy the calm observer. And hence it came to pass that the more his experience of human nature in himself and in others taught him, he felt the more deeply that the spirit of Elijah (as he expressed it) must ever, in preaching or in any other way of dealing with the conscience, precede the spirit of Christ; in other words, conviction of sin must come before the welcome of Christ as the sin-forgiver. It was a like impression, still more deeply graven in our friend's heart, which accounted for the constantly recurring allusions to human badness. 'Another year,' she writes, 'has been gathered to its predecessors since I heard from you. How fast they roll on now—the faster as they near the end, and as the earth's harvest is ripening for the Lord's sickle! A week in autumn will do more to perfect the maturing of the earth's fruits than a month to develop the bud and germ. Ungodliness raises a more bold and rampant front, in my mind, than this time last year; and partly, I think, it may be traced to the want of *truth* in all parties, which the past year has displayed. Apart from the religious principle, no man seems now able to *trust* his brother, or, if he does, there is cause given to repent of his credulity. The old established code of *honour* seems to have passed away, like the feudal

system or the orders of chivalry ; and our public men do not feel disgraced at the disclosure of breaches of trust or other acts which formerly their own code of morality would have denounced !

Incidental thoughts on other topics fall from her pen :—‘ What a number of casualties ! I knew, or rather knew about, one or two of the people on board the *Arctic*. One of them, I fear, was totally unprepared for so sudden a call into eternity. Everything is uncertain ; but the Lord changes never, and that should be enough to calm the anxieties of His children.’ Again :—‘ — is greatly improved. Her mind seems to have awakened to a perception of her own deficiencies, and to a sense, not only of the heights of intellectual culture which lie before her, but also of the pleasure which its acquisition gives. I hope the next year will do much for her.’ And again :—‘ I trust you will like your stay at —. In the country so very much depends upon your neighbours, and very often it is an atmosphere of dulness, unredeemed by any scintillations of intellectual or religious light.’

Another note reveals her in her ‘ medico-motherly’ phase :—‘ I am very sorry to hear she is still suffering from that pain. I have at home an invaluable recipe for sprains, and I will send it, if I can find it in the present chaos of my possessions. I have a strong idea, however, that it is not a sprain at all, but chronic inflammation of the covering of the spinal

bone, only then to be cured by half-a-dozen leeches, or a little croton oil. I hope she may not require my medical services ; but if she should not be quite well when we meet, they shall be most willingly rendered. I never kill my patients—which is a consolation !’

As her wont was, she had no sooner pitched her tent at the new residence, than she at once and at great cost set up her altar. The latter was in the shape of a comfortable private chapel in the Park, with accommodation for a considerable number of worshippers. And another way of spreading the light was a Bible-reading held in the drawing-room. Describing the first reading, she writes :—‘ Considering the most heterogeneous nature of the assemblage, it was really a success. We drew up regulations, guarding ourselves against *collisions*, so far as we could, and took the first chapter of the first Epistle of John, and had quite an interesting discussion upon the nature of Christian communion, and upon the true meaning of fellowship with God. The next meeting is to be held at our house—subject, John, iv., the living water. We *ought* to get a good deal out of this, and avoid rocks and shoals besides.’ In these readings, we shall meet some characteristic scenes.

In the same letter she writes :—‘ We have had a very large and very amusing party in the house for a week or two. I have had little time for reading ; but I always manage to get some by rising early and

sitting up late. The *Day-dreams of a Schoolmaster* is very interesting. So also Froude's *History*. Have you seen a little book—the *Life of Dorothea Truvel*? It is very well and sensibly written. I wonder who is its author. It does not explain, however, the wonderful stories of “the prayer of faith” which “saves the sick.” I suppose her life cannot be explained. The heat is still intense, though we have had thunder yesterday, but no rain. We drove to call on Lord and Lady M——, and found a thunderbolt had just struck a large oak-tree close to the house. Fortunately no one was near or hurt.’

Froude was one of her favourite writers ; and, at my request, she wrote a review of his history—from which we cite a few paragraphs to indicate her method of handling that class of book.

‘Mr. Froude’s design,’ she says, ‘is to write the history of England from the accession of Henry the Eighth to the death of Queen Elizabeth. The first two volumes—which at present are all that he has published—do not extend further than the execution of Anne Boleyn. We have read them with considerable interest. The style is lively and attractive. Like some other recent historians, Mr. Froude is not content with a mere detail of events ; he also enters into and enlarges upon the social condition of the people. It is evidently his opinion that the most instructive part of the history of a nation is not to be found in the record of its wars, but frequently in those

more silent and unobserved changes which indicate its character and the peculiarities of its people. We rejoice that this is a seemingly growing conviction among historians ; for we have often felt that this class of writers treated us to dry bones, off which the meat had been well picked. Mr. Froude quotes frequently and at large from the Acts of Parliament and public records of the day ; and, though this is by no means the most interesting kind of reading, as to either matter or style, he manages to select so well, and at times to condense so judiciously, that even those portions of his book seldom become tedious. We certainly thank him for these very readable volumes ; and we feel convinced that those who desire a real insight into the history of their country will not be content till they have made themselves acquainted with them.'

In another part of the *Review* she says:—'Perhaps the most novel feature of the book is the view Mr. Froude takes of the character of Henry VIII. It cannot be said that the author labours to establish, for a man he evidently admires, any particularly characteristic virtues. We do not look upon Mr. Froude in the light of an advocate pleading a given cause ; and certainly we find no marks of an endeavour to make the worse the better reason. Still, it is quite plain that Henry VIII. is regarded by Mr. Froude with much greater favour than he meets with from historians in general. He looks upon him as

more sinned against than sinning. He gives him credit for conscientious scruples, where others have seen nothing but the fickleness and craving of a vicious appetite. He thinks some of his apparently most cruel and unfeeling acts were dictated by a sense of duty to the people and the State; and, altogether, he seeks to change our views of one who, though allowed to have been a great king, is commonly regarded as a moral monster.'

And again:—'We are glad to find that Mr. Froude is able to appreciate the character of our reformers, and especially that of good, honest old Hugh Latimer. We think, however, he mistakes the principles of the Reformation, and that, where he seems to attribute the movement in no degree to doctrinal views, he is decidedly in error. We have been pained, too, by a few expressions here and there, which convinces us that still Mr. Froude is but feeling his way towards the full appreciation of the Gospel. But he speaks of religion in a tone of reverence, and in this we cannot but rejoice. Altogether, we regard the book as able, interesting, and instructive. We think it will be much read; and we trust that the remaining volumes will be executed with the same spirit and with an ever-increasing value for sound Protestant and Christian truth.'

Martin Luther used to say that his *tribulations* were more necessary for him than meat or drink. Our friend was not left by her heavenly Father with-

out this loving and needful discipline. 'You may well be surprised at my silence,' she writes, from Tunbridge Wells; 'but I am sure your surprise will cease, when I tell you how I have been occupied. I was summoned here ten days ago to the death-bed of my only sister, where I have been watching with alternations of hope and of fear, fear preponderating. All that care and skill can do has been done; all that love can guard has been fully fulfilled: but only God can ease the suffering or restore the life. The doctor pays six visits in the day, and sleeps here; and twice we have telegraphed for Dr. Sieveking from London, and brought him down when she was apparently at the last extremity and he could do nothing but condole and receive his enormous fee; and twice she has struggled back again. It is a strange yet not altogether sad life; for, though she is one of the closest of my earthly ties—my dearest friend as well as sister, yet she has long been on the Rock, and He does not fail her now. She will leave the world much more of a wilderness to me; but she is going home—if the issue indeed be death. Pray give my kindest regards to Mrs. B—. I have thought of her so often in this sick-room—I suppose on account of her little book—*Our Infirmities*. When shall we meet again?'

The stroke fell upon her; and she wrote:—'Since I came home, I have really not had time to acknowledge your very kind note, though I did not feel the less grateful for your sympathy. It has been indeed

a very sore bereavement to me. My beloved sister was—I must again say—not only a sister, but my dearest and most cherished friend. I never remember having an unkind or harsh word from her. I never remember, even in our childish days, having quarrelled with her. We had much in common: our social position and duties, our trials and temptations, our joys and sorrows, were very similar; and, at my age, I feel her place can never be filled again, nor the loss repaired.'

And she adds:—'But I have the great consolation of knowing that she was ready and quite willing to go *home*, and that for long she had felt this world was not her home. With every luxury—a princely income and everything which unbounded liberality and indulgence on her husband's part could give,—I know no one who lived more above this present world, or was more desirous to consecrate what she had to God her Saviour. Often mixing in society where high rank and talent were conspicuous, I think she was enabled to honour Christ in the drawing-room as well as in the cottage. And that the beauty and consistency of her Christian character were appreciated by both ends of the scale, was shown when, on the funeral day, nearly forty carriages came from remote ends of the county, and Lord B—— rose from his sick-bed to see the remains of his "most valued friend" committed to the grave, and the Bible-woman and her poor people waited in the churchyard and

joined their tears with those of the others. Yes, she has indeed "lived so as to be missed when she died," as M'Cheyne used to say; and the blank is the sorest in her own family. But it is only for "a little while." The Lord will come, and all His saints with Him.'

Another translation of a devoted disciple is alluded to thus:—'I saw the announcement of Lady L—S—'s death, and rejoiced that she had entered into her rest. She often asked me to W—, and she came once or twice to see us at S—; but I never was able to accept her invitation, and so never saw her in her own home.' It was plain to those about her that these successive separations were inoculating her spirit with a fresh heavenliness, and were almost constraining the half-sorrowful and half-rejoicing whisper in her Lord's ear—

'They all are gone to a world of light,
And we alone sit lingering here.'

Schools were again on the tapis; and, with her wonted serviceableness, she was ever ready with her kind counsel:—'There is a school at Vevey, which I think would answer your purpose, if I were quite sure of the Christian element; but I am not. A connexion of ours—well qualified to judge of it educationally—has had all his three sons there, and has been well satisfied with the result. French has been perfectly acquired. The English boys go to the

English church ; but I rather think they are allowed to go out in boats on the lake on Sunday afternoons. It is a first-rate education ; and the boys are occasionally taken by the head-master for short walking excursions through the loveliest parts of the country—by which means they acquire a thorough knowledge, not only of the language, but of the habits and manners, of the people, and explore picturesque nooks and corners not visited by ordinary travellers.

‘There is another school,’ she continues, ‘at Lausanne. General C——, when he was staying with us last summer, left us to take his boy there. He was going into the army, and his father wished him to acquire French perfectly, as it is now a great means of getting on in his profession. The General is too true a Christian to send his child abroad without endeavouring to secure him Christian guidance ; and he thought he had succeeded : but I did not hear the result, though I may possibly hear from him before I close this. For we have had quite a catastrophe this morning—a landslip which has blocked up the high-road and stopped the post ! It is a very curious chasm which has opened in a quarry, and carried away part of the road, and filled the rest with débris eight or ten feet deep ; in fact, it is an earth-avalanche.’

A friend had requested her good offices to find a tutor, and she wrote :—‘Do you know of one ? He must be a Christian and a gentleman—quick, and

clever, and companionable—fond of outdoor amusements, such as shooting, fishing, &c., to please —, who is not of a literary turn, and who should not be left too much without good companionship. He need not be a profound classic; but he must be well acquainted with modern languages. There is the beau ideal! I am afraid it is very ideal indeed.'

During a visit to what Carlyle styles 'our mad Babylon,' which 'wore' his friend (he says) and wasted him, with all its engines, and took it twelve years, and would not improbably have worn our friend in as many months, she writes:—'Very many thanks for the real enjoyment we have had from the Royal Institution cards. We saw Sir Nicholas Chinnery; he called and sat a long time, and was very genial and pleasant. We have never seen the E——s. We were out, and they were out—it is always the case. Mr. R—— called again; he was very amusing, and seemed to know a great deal about art. We are going to Mr. B——'s to-night; he is giving a conversazione in honour of some French pasteurs, and in hopes, I suppose, of collecting subscriptions for the Calvin testimonial. We have seen a great deal of different kinds of society since we came here; and the Christian part of it is very pleasant. Still I shall not be sorry when we get into the country again. I enjoy London very much for a week or two; but that is quite sufficient. The heat is intense just now. W——e was just beginning to look lovely last week; and what a

difference in its pure, cool air, from this gas-loaded and smoke-loaded atmosphere! Though life moves swiftly in London, yet it *progresses* slowly. I infinitely prefer the country; for, apart from physical objections to used-up air, I fancy everything must be so superficial. At the present rate of society, nothing seems to remain long enough to leave “footmarks on the sands of time.” It is like a kaleidoscope—ever changing and ever shifting; and yet, if you miss some of the combinations, you lose a link, and drop out of the little kosmos.’

And in another letter:—‘We had quite a literary party in Grosvenor Street on Monday. Certainly the conversation of such men is very amusing; but, alas! that is all. The sparkling *on dits* of society are like champagne—exhilarating at the time, but vapid next morning.’

And again:—‘The Royal Institution tickets are invaluable to us. Mr. M—— sent us a syllabus of the Lectures, but no tickets. Thanks also for the introductions; for, living as we do in ——shire, without much mental intercourse, we shall take in as much as we can get during our short residence here, knowing that we shall have plenty of time to digest it.’

From her home she writes:—‘The Bible-woman and the mothers’ meetings are already exerting a very beneficial influence on the half-savage population. Mr. ——’s ministry is bearing fruit, and our very

extraordinary and heterogeneous Bible-readings are at least *stirring* the upper classes.'

Anxieties respecting first one and then another of her circle were constantly pressing upon her. 'Do you think,' she writes, 'those baths you mentioned near Geneva would be serviceable in a case of impaired digestion, weakness of stomach, occasioned by debility?' And, on another occasion: 'We generally number just now from twenty-four to thirty in household, and, in the midst of all this, I have had my clothes packed two or three times to go to Scotland, where Mr. — has been apparently *in extremis*. His has been a wonderful case. He has had nine different doctors—all the most eminent in their profession, and at last seems to have been cured by a hazardous experiment—injecting iodine into the liver, after puncturing it. He has had as much as eight ounces injected at once. He appears now to be recovering, but is very, very weak. He got down to C— about a fortnight ago; but it was there he had such a terrible relapse that there seemed no hope for more than a week; so, of course, it would be premature to build much upon a week of amendment. I hope God is going to raise him up; his is a life of singular usefulness. Few have so high an idea of the duties and responsibilities of property; and his princely income is largely employed in doing good to all around him. Here we continue to have many tokens for good among the people. Yesterday, in

harvest-time, I had more than thirty mothers, who had walked great distances only to hear the Word.’

And she adds, about another matter :—‘What a very anomalous state this country is in ! Our young men cannot find employment ; and, when we want them, we cannot find any young men ! It is quite true what the *Times* said the other day, that there is a great deficiency of the raw material of life.’

‘But in her duty prompt at every call,
She watched and wept, she prayed and felt for all,
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
She tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.’

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**'Lord, waive again Thy chastening rod,
Till every idol-throne
Crumble to dust, and Thou, O God,
Reign in our hearts alone !'**

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CHAPTER XVII.

Carlyle—Common Honesty—Sketches of London Life—Population—Seething mass—Beer-shops—Knaveries—Picture-dealer—Confessions—Manufacture of old pictures—Claudes—Cuyps—Teniers—‘A magnificent Cuypp’—Adulteration of goods—Trade-conscience—Contrast—George Hitchcock—A Christian’s sacrifice—Swiss Chateau—Scenery—Household of Seventy—Christ’s bodily presence—In elements!—Spiritualism—‘London gone mad’—Anything new—Not of God—Literary world—Berkeley’s ‘Recollections’—Heaps of scandal—Disgraceful book—Below mediocrity—A sister’s memories—‘The Protoplast’—‘Companion and counsellor’—Kane’s Arctic Expedition—Review—Affecting Incidents—Estimate.

1. When you are listening to
the voice of the Lord
He will be with you in the
stillness of your heart



CHAPTER XVII

Carlyle—Common Honesty—Sketches of London Life—Population—Seething mass—Beer-shops—Knavernies—Picture-dealer—Confessions—Manufacture of old pictures—Clandes—Cryps—Teniers—‘A magnificent Cryp’—Adulteration of goods—Trade-conscience—Contrast—George Hitchcock—A Christian’s sacrifice—Swiss Chateau—Scenery—Household of Seventy—Christ’s bodily presence—In elements’—Spiritualism—‘London gone mad’—Anything new—Not of God—Literary world—Berkeley’s ‘Recollections’—Heaps of scandal—Disgraceful book—Below mediocrity—A sister’s memories—‘The Protoplast’—‘Companion and counsellor’—Kane’s Arctic Expedition—Review—Affecting Incidents—Estimate.

'Fall, fall, ye mighty temples to the ground!
Not in your sculptured rise
Is the real exercise
Of human nature's brightest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
'Tis in the gifted line,
In each far thought divine,
That brings down heaven to light our common soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
'Tis in the generous thought
Of all that man has wrought,
Of all that yet remains for man to do.'

CARLYLE, in one of his Essays, recommends the formation of a 'Society for the Diffusion of Common Honesty.' And especially, looking out from his observatory with his keen eye upon the vast seething population of London, he says truly—"The time is sick and out of joint. Many things have reached their height. There is a deep-lying struggle in the whole fabric of society.' Our friend could scarcely repeat so often her sojourns in the great metropolis, without being touched deeply in her sympathetic heart by its appalling concentration of perfected wickedness. A book, entitled *The Little World of London*, drew from her the following: 'We have here a series of sketches of London life, done by a hand and an eye not unsuited to the task. It is an old saying, that "the one half of the world does not know how the other half lives." And nowhere is the proverb so literally true as in this mighty city. The book before us photographs it in some thirty *tableaux vivants*, embracing "Confessions of a Picture-dealer's hack," "The London Charwoman," "Paternoster Row and

Magazine Day," "Amusements of the Moneyless," "London shops," and other familiar scenes.'

We select two or three paragraphs, as indicative of the scenes which struck her most painfully. 'One of the most startling chapters,' she says, 'is on the beer-shops and gin-palaces, entitled "Signs of the Times." The public-houses in London amount to nearly five thousand; it is calculated that, on an average, each is visited by one hundred customers a-day; the result is, that about half a million of men and women are found daily in the public-house—nearly one-half of the entire adult population! And not the least painful feature of this appalling condition of matters is the fact, that not a few of those horrible hot-beds of iniquity are actually sustained by the capital of men who could not but be regarded as real Christians!'

'Another remarkable glimpse,' she says again, 'into the existing knaveries of the day is given in the "Confessions of a Picture-dealer's Hack." Alas! for the poor dupes who expend their hundreds upon "superb Claudes" and "magnificent Cuyps," and "exquisite Teniers!'" They are manufactured to perfection by the dozen and the score in a single garret in Soho! "I thought myself," quoth the confessor, "pretty well versed in the art and mystery of picture-making, and conceived that, after my long experience under Grabb, I had little if anything left to learn. This worthy undeceived me effectually. In

my former place, I had been the only hand ; here I found three companions, each far more experienced and more clever than myself. One, a gentlemanly old fellow, painted nothing but Morlands from the one year's end to the other. He had been a contemporary of that eccentric genius, and had mastered his style so effectually that he would have deceived even me, had I met with his forgeries elsewhere. He was provided with a complete portfolio of every piece of Morland's which had ever been engraved, besides a considerable number of his original chalk-drawings pentagraphed outlines of the known size of the original paintings, which outlines were transferred to the canvas in a few minutes by means of tracing paper, and painted in from the prints, which were all slightly tinted after the originals for his guidance."

In a closing paragraph, she adds :—' This is but a specimen of what is transacted daily. But there is another region of trade-practice, on which our space does not allow us to enter—the wholesale adulteration of goods, and the shifts and manœuvres to which even men of the highest repute resort, under the pressure of competition, and under the cover of " a trade-conscience." It is time that the trumpet gave a more " certain sound " in this matter. We have reason to know that Christian men, who occupy some of the " chief seats in the synagogue," do not scruple, under this self-deceiving pretext, to pursue habitually a

system of trade, which, stripped of the flimsy dress, would suffuse their cheek with the blush of shame.'

A beautiful contrast to this trade-deceit I interested her extremely on one occasion by narrating. It related to George Hitchcock, of happy memory ; and I had had it from his own lips.

At his conversion, he called together one day the young men of his establishment, numbering, I think, some fifty or sixty, and told them that, as he was a Christian now, he meant to conduct his business thenceforth to please God. One thing he particularly named. The young men were in the habit, after the first rush of the season was over, of offering ladies' dresses at any price they chose to name and of receiving a percentage upon whatever addition they could obtain above a certain price. 'I can no longer,' he said, 'be a party to this system of deceit and exaction ; but I do not intend that you shall suffer by my new method of business. In a day or two, you can let me know what average addition to your yearly earnings you have succeeded in making, and I will add it to your annual salary.' At their next meeting the various sums were added up, and the amount was found to be between eight and nine hundred pounds. It was his first loving sacrifice laid on the altar of Jesus Christ.

We were passing for health's sake some months from the end of September to February in a Swiss chateau on the Lake of Geneva in full view of Mont

Blanc ; and she wrote : ‘ How grand your snow-clad mountains must be looking now ! I should like to see Switzerland in winter. I do not think the summer gives an adequate idea of mountain-scenery. In autumn also, I can hardly fancy the tints can be so varied as in this woodland scenery. We look out upon the greenery of ten thousand acres.’

Again :—‘ How enchanting the scenery must be ! I envy you the daily view of the blue Geneva Lake and of the monarch of mountains with his crown of snow.’

And again : ‘ We are all preparing for the Christmas-tree. We have always about twenty in the drawing-room, and more than fifty in the servants’ hall : so it is no easy matter to arrange something for everybody. We still continue our Bible-readings. Our last meeting was to consider in what way Christ manifested Himself to His people and not to the world (John, xiv.) ; and a clergyman said He did so in *bodily presence* at the Communion in the elements !! He is our most evangelical member ! but, when Mr. —, our minister, remonstrated, he calmly replied he believed it because he had experienced it—he had eaten and drunk the body and blood of the Lord ! Still, these readings are, I am convinced, doing good. They are rousing thought. The —, I am sure, are making great advances in divine truth.’

Later, she writes from London : ‘ There is not much of mark in the literary world this publishing

season. Travels are the cleverest books, and gossip. It is perfectly disgraceful that such a book as Grantley Berkeley's *Recollections* should be published and should be popular. Even in point of talent, it is below mediocrity ; the only thing which can commend it is—the heaps of scandal. By the way, I lent the *Protoplast* to Mrs. C—— B——, and she is quite charmed with it. I always keep it myself in my own room, to take it down at intervals as my companion and counsellor.'

Her active mind was ever diving into all kinds of subjects. Dr. Kane's *Arctic Explorations* elicited the following paragraphs, which we give as samples of a larger review :—' These volumes have acquired a mournful interest by the death of their accomplished author soon after they issued from the press. Although spared to reach his own country in safety, and even having accepted a proposal to renew his explorations in the Arctic Circle in the vain hope of rescuing, or receiving some intelligence of, the lost and lamented Franklin, he fell a sacrifice to the disease which had originally fastened on him during his two years' residence in Smith's Sound. The narrative records the incidents which befell the crew with simple, yet graphic power ; and few could read unmoved the picture of undaunted courage, heroic and sustained endurance of privation, and implicit faith in and reliance upon their commander, which they present, while that commander's character is most

beautifully, because unintentionally, sketched by his own pen in narrating the adventures by flood and fell which were the lot of himself and of his brave companions.'

'Dr. Kane,' she continues, 'left New York in the brig *Advance*, in May 1853. His special object was to discover Sir John Franklin's expedition, or to obtain some clue to his fate. His directions were, to conduct an overland journey from Baffin's Bay to the shore of the Polar Sea, and to make such observations in meteorology, natural history, and other branches of science, as time and opportunity would allow. In pursuance of these instructions, he penetrated, in the autumn of the same year, as high as lat. 78° 43' in Smith's Sound, and was there frozen in and compelled to pass the winter. A dreary winter it was—eighteen men crowded together in a small brig, the sun never rising above the horizon for one hundred and twenty days, and the temperature, in February, when it reached the minimum, at 70° minus Fahrenheit. Chloroform froze on the 24th of February, and so did chloric ether. The darkness brought on a tendency to tonic spasm, almost resembling tetanus, among the crew; and this singular disease extended to the dogs. They lost fifty-seven of the latter, and, with them, much of their chance of success in their search, as they had been carefully trained for polar journeys, and nothing could be substituted for them.'

'As the party,' she continues, 'without the aid of

the dogs, was too small for an extended exploration by land, which Dr. Kane had projected, a detachment of the strongest of the crew was despatched, to try and penetrate to the north over the ice-fields. A storm overtook the little band. Four of the most valuable members were disabled by frost-bites in the extremities ; and, one only being left in charge of them, the others returned to the ship in a state of extreme exhaustion.'

In another paragraph she says :—' Perhaps one of the most touching portions of the book narrates the adventurous journey of Dr. Kane to rescue his comrades ; the fearful perils they underwent ; the struggles against the sleep of death, which exposure to the cold produced ; the snow-blindness ; and, last and worst, the temporary mental aberration with which every one of them was afflicted ; the joy with which they were welcomed by their poor perishing companions ; the undoubting confidence they felt that Dr. Kane would come for them, and the manner in which they obeyed his directions in their perilous homeward journey ; the return to the brig in a state of stupor from sleep, and all, more or less, suffering from mental disturbance, yet still mechanically pressing onwards, and dragging after them their sick comrades, till their longed-for haven of rest appeared ! Two of the party sank after their arrival, in spite of every medical care and attention ; and their frozen graves remain in that wild and barren

region a memento of the power and endurance of man.'

And, in another:—' Four successive journeys, through the summer, amounting in the aggregate to three thousand miles of travel, brought the heroic explorers to the second winter of their residence in the Arctic Regions. The brig was still encased in ice ; the physical energy of the party had declined ; their resources had decreased ; and sickness and famine seemed to stare them in the face. They built an apartment amidship, as a dwelling and dormitory, on the plan of the Esquimaux igloë, and adopted the habits and mode of living of the natives, so far as practicable. They next won the affection and confidence of that light-hearted and kindly people, who guided them in their hunting expeditions for supplies of fresh meat. At length the party was reduced to such straits that at one time every man of the crew was laid helpless in his bed, with the sole exception of Dr. Kane and Mr. Blonsall, who alone had to provide food and fuel, melt ice for water, and cook, and nurse the sick for several weeks.'

And, in another paragraph, she narrates the escape over the ice in three boats, scarcely seaworthy, mounted on runners to pass the frozen part before reaching the water's edge ; the transport of the sick, and the heroic and unselfish spirit of the few survivors ; the terrible apprehension of famine ; the stern reality of stinted rations—all which (she says)

must be read in Dr. Kane's own spirit-stirring pages, to be appreciated as they deserve.'

And her closing paragraph—dictated not by a censorious Pharisaism, but by a truly Christ-like grief:—'It pains us to be obliged to add one short comment. It is not for us to judge one who has passed into the presence of his Maker ; and there are, doubtless, many Nicodemuses who are disciples but secretly for the world. Yet, amid much that was lovely, and of good report ; amid traces of a master-mind, which not only held alike civilised and savage mind in subjection by its power, but transformed both into affectionate friends by its frank cordiality which made even dying and drowning dogs recognise and reward with love its kindness—we miss, we sorrowfully miss, the indications of its own acceptance of the sinner's only hope—a crucified and living Saviour. There was the recognition of a Supreme Being—there was the daily prayer, the Sabbath-service, when practicable ; but we yearn for more. We should have liked a different prayer, offered up in that vast howling wilderness, than—" Lord, accept our gratitude, and restore us to our homes !" We think of Captain Allen Gardiner, and we mourn over a soul kindred to his in nobleness and philanthropy, enduring almost equal sufferings, in the hope of rescuing his fellow-creatures, yet of whom it is not so clearly recorded that he knew Him who would have been a light to them as they sat in dark-

is, and a very present help in every time of trouble.'

'Say, watchman, what of the night?
Do the dews of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral-pall?'

‘ Both cannot govern in one soul—
Then let self-love be disposess’d ;
The love of God deserves the whole,
And will not dwell with so despis’d a guest.’

CHAPTER XVIII.

**Indiscriminate relief—Not tolerated—Healthy independence—
Soup-kitchen—Sold at cost price—Teach washing, ironing—
'Your Eminence'—Passive infidelity—Scotland—Man with-
out religion—Animalised—Canards—Lord Radstock at Ox-
ford—Great impression—Terrible ordeal—Grant of Arndilly
—Bomb-shell—Agricultural labourers—Sanitary precautions
—Drainage— Iodine— Women's 'intuition'— Essex-men's
brains—Who are to be saved?—'Hours of rest'—Only think
at intervals—'My doctoring'—Satan apes the true thing—
Smith's *Dictionary of Bible*—Colenso-ish—Not safe—Scotch
excursion—General Assembly—Generation passing away—
Mr. Gladstone and Dr. MacLeod—Temporalities and patro-
nage—Lay element—New breach—Conviction and conversion
—Household duties—Good mistress, good servant—Thirty
years—Germany—Lutheran preachers—Mitigated Gospel—
Home-efforts—Grotesque results—Common sense—Symp-
toms of decay—Patriarchal circle—Loved and loving centre
—Ninety-nine of family and dependents—Seventy mothers—
Letter-writing—Rejoiced with them who rejoiced—Indian
Civil Service—Mildmay Conference—Visit offered—Times
letter—'Preaching and Preaching'—Petty and trivial—Sub-
limely simple Gospel—'A Bible and a room'—The two
requisites—'Old is better'—Dr. Arnold—Last Declaration—
The Word.**

'More skilled to raise the wretched, than to rise.'

NOTHING was less to her taste than indiscriminate charity. She was a disciple of Chalmers, and reckoned it her primary duty to '*consider* the poor,' and to enable them to help themselves, rather than to sap their feeling of honourable and honest independence, by doling out the regulation-shilling, followed or preceded by the regulation-advice and the regulation-prayer. Writing from her new and final earthly home, she says :—' I have been very busy organising a soup-kitchen on — Hill. It is not for giving away, but for selling at cost price, with the view of creating a want, and eventually teaching the women to make it for themselves. They live on dry bread exclusively, and, in consequence of want of nutrition, are degenerating as a race in every generation. I hope to go on to teach washing and ironing, &c. ; but all this will be a work of time, if the present dispensation should last so long.'

And she adds :—' What strange times we live in ! I was told the other day that the " Prince Cardinal " in Dublin takes precedence of all the nobility and of the Archbishop, and that, at some public assemblage:

lately, the chairman began his address with, "Your Eminence, my Lords, ladies, and gentlemen!" Lord Oranmore is the only one who has remonstrated.'

A most characteristic epistle is on this wise:—
"Where can you have caught your extraordinary canards? I thought no place produced them like — ; but — must exceed it. Last week I heard in one day that two sons of a neighbouring clergyman, with whom we are very intimate, were killed—one with his regiment, the other at Oxford; that —, another neighbour, was outlawed; and that we were leaving this part of the country, and returning to —, our furniture having been seen packed, and at the railway station! *All* this intelligence was without the slightest foundation in any case. The woods are looking lovely, with every varied tint of brown and green. The thing which strikes me most about the *morale* of the place is the tendency to infidelity—not active, but passive; not so much a repugnance or antagonism to truth, as a complete and utter indifference to it. I have been struck also by incidentally hearing little facts from various parts of the country, which lead me to think that this phase of character is developing itself in all parts of the kingdom, including Scotland. I believe, if the statistics of Church-attendance were taken, the result would be perfectly astounding. This phase of infidelity is worse than open opposition; worse even, humanly speaking, than idolatry. A man without

any religion, false or true, becomes fast *animalised*. I feel pretty well convinced, however, that the Lord has a people in this locality, and some work for us to do in gathering them out. Lord Radstock has been preaching at Oxford, and produced a great impression. Truly Oxford is a terrible ordeal.'

She was beginning at intervals to feel some anxiety concerning her husband's health. 'He can walk so little now,' she says, 'that his digestion gets impaired; but, with care, I think he may be spared to enjoy life for many years yet. I am dreadfully busy; I never have a moment of time from morning to night. We have Mr. Grant, of Arndilly, and his niece, staying with us; and a bomb-shell is to be discharged into the dead and sleepy town to-night by an address from him in the Corn Exchange, our friend Mr. B—— taking the chair instead of Mr. ——. All the clergy, of course, are up in arms against this uncanonical proceeding. We had a capital meeting in a barn last night—three or four hundred agricultural labourers; another to-morrow, two on Sunday. I think a blessing will come. There has been much prayer, and some previous preparation.'

Sanitary precautions had always a primary place in her well-ordered home. 'I am convinced,' she says, 'that far more deaths are attributable to the defects in sanitary arrangements than are either generally known or suspected. I heard of the death of a farmer near here the other day, because he

would persist in drawing cider through a little lead-syphon; and another man—who showed all the symptoms of lead-poisoning, and persisted that no lead-pipe was near the water which supplied the house nor was any used in any culinary matter, and the doctor detected it in tea—used (it was found) an old metal tea-pot, from which the obnoxious metal had been conveyed. He recovered, but he had a very near escape for his life. The best disinfectant I know is a very simple one, brought out in the *Lancet* some years ago, and which I have tested, and never found to fail. It is only thirty grains of iodine put into a saucer or plate, and placed on the chimney-piece of the room; no water, nothing is added; you only expose the powder, as you buy it, to the action of the air. Our drains are capitally constructed, and we have no cess-pools; they are exploded in modern buildings. Our water comes two miles.'

My migration to my present Rectory, some ten or eleven years ago, elicited the following:—'I have been waiting to hear from you. They say women have intuitions which often serve instead of reasoning powers; but neither reason nor intuition taught me what was your post-town till your note arrived. I am very glad you like the place; and I trust the Lord will honour you to do His work well and thoroughly, and that many souls will be given you for your reward. Essex men do not stand very

high for intelligence generally, though I believe they take an extra size of hat, and therefore ought to have plenty of brains. Perhaps your parish will be an exception. Pray tell me what kind of aborigines you have, and if you have any Christian society, and if there are any evangelical clergymen. I do not think there are many in the South. Our parish clergyman says there are only three churches whose members can be saved—the Anglican, the Roman Catholic, and the Greek! And he is about the most evangelical, in his notions, of any here, except one in ——. I have been so enjoying Mrs. B——’s book, *Hours of Rest*. I like it very much. It seems an echo of much that has passed through my own mind, and yet so far differing that I think we might have many discussions. Lately I have been far too much occupied to read or write, and could only think at intervals! Our schools are a great success, and will, I hope, work a thorough change among the men. I have now seventy-two mothers at my meetings; but I am going to reduce the number, as they are too many to manage. We have had influenza in the house, which has given me much occupation, as I doctored all the servants outside and in. I turned — over to Dr. —, as she had a very severe attack; and I have cured my dozen of patients more quickly than he has cured his one.’

The biographer of Dr. Arnold has truly and

beautifully said of him, that his whole being—intellectual, moral, and spiritual—was like the cloud of the poet,—

‘Which moveth altogether if it move at all.’

It was thus likewise with our friend. Her convictions and feelings sought no cloak of worldly wisdom to conceal them; everything was open, frank, and explicit; and we should but ill represent her to those who knew her not personally, if we kept back any sentiments on the ground of our own disagreement with the piquant terms in which she saw it right to express them. For example, she writes,—‘I am thinking of beginning a Bible-woman at —; but I foresee great impediment,—the incubus of High Churchism reigns so triumphant, and its watchword is “Intolerance.” Do nothing, especially no good, except through a parish-priest. I feel rather despondent just now about the advance of real religion. Everything seems to be used by Satan to ape the true thing, and delude men into quietness and satisfaction, when there is no true peace. I have been looking over *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*; and, while I admire the talent, I am afraid of its Colenso-ish doctrine. I had no idea it was so impregnated with it. I should not like to place it in the hands of any young person.’

Another Scotch excursion is chronicled thus:—
‘I fancied you might be at the Antipodes, or in

America, or Norway, or Spain; else I should have written to you immediately on my return from Scotland. I came back about ten days ago. Mr. — is very well. The heat agrees with him, and he can both drive and sit in the open air for hours. I am also better for my Scotch excursion. I was at the General Assembly one day, and was struck at observing how our generation is passing away, and how old and worn-out the young men of the disruption were. Some of them I had not seen since 1843. I have no doubt I had changed as much to them as they to me, only they were too polite to say so. They were only doing routine work; I missed both the debates, which might have interested me—that on Union, and that on the Atonement.'

'Was not,' she asks, 'Mr. Gladstone's query to Dr. M'Leod, as to what they were to do with the temporalities, if they abolished patronage, and got the Free Church with them, good? They calculated on Mr. Gladstone's ignorance, and found he was as well up in the question as themselves! I got some pamphlets while I was in Scotland, written for the information of Government about the Church-constitution of Scotland. They are in a dilemma, I understand, about the new Irish Church, wishing what they call the lay-element introduced, and yet not seeing the right mode of mixing it with the sacerdotal caste. I answered several questions put

to me, and said we had no lay-element ; but I cannot get any English person to understand this.'

And she adds: 'I am glad to say Dr. — is permanently settled with us. The work is prospering greatly. There is a very wide door opening in — for the preaching of the gospel ; but it will not be the Church of England that will enter in, as they have just appointed a Ritualist of the deepest dye. One cannot wonder at disestablishment and disendowment being the order of the day, when the State-Church has so betrayed her Protestant profession.' In another letter she says:—'I do not dislike the Church of England, but High Churchism is very distasteful indeed to me.'

A new breach in her circle of relatives seemed to give a fresh impulse to her Christian life. 'I have been painfully occupied,' she writes, 'with her illness and death. Some weeks ago she had an attack of gastric fever, from which she apparently recovered, and was pronounced out of danger, when she suddenly relapsed last Thursday, and died on Friday evening. She had the elements of a noble character ; but I do not know that her mental acuteness and energy found the only true resting-place here, or that, with all her knowledge, she ever *perfectly* knew the Lord. I do not know certainly that she did not. She had many convictions ; and most people who knew her considered her a decided Christian.'

We have alluded already more than once to our friend's quality of a Christian mistress. The words which follow will unfold the secret of her success in that capacity:—'I have been in some trouble since I wrote last. Our valued and valuable servant, Mrs. —, who has been with us over thirty years, has been, and is, very seriously ill. I do not yet know what the issue may be; and I have to sit beside her bed for a good while every day, as the doctors wish her to be kept cheerful, while I have also to undertake her duties—of superintending the household, as well as my own, so that my time is very much occupied.'

And on another matter, she adds:—'We heard from — this morning. He likes Leipzig very much, now that the great fair is over, and he has settled down in his comfortable rooms. The Church is by no means so evangelical as at Duisburg. One or two of the Lutherans preach a mitigated truth; but the reformed clergy are mostly rationalists. His tutor has, however, entered the theological classes at the University; and he thinks the two professors of theology—to whom he has been introduced—are not only kind and intellectual, but living Christians.'

In the face of manifold hindrances, she held on her way, with a steadfast faith that God would 'honour His word.' 'I think,' she says, 'there is a great deal doing in an uncanonical way, both in England and in Scotland; at least, I am sure there

is a very open door here. Mr. R—— could find a deeply attentive and interested audience of hundreds every night in the week, if he had leisure to address them. We brought down a man from London to gather out the navvies, who are working near us, and who are a most reckless set of men. He came; coolly remarked he thought we would have had them all gathered to receive him in a large hall—that he had no notion of seeking them out—that he could not walk, and would not walk—he didn't like it; and that Mrs. C—— N——, who recommended him to us, had always driven him about in her carriage everywhere! I am afraid Mrs. N. has spoiled him. At all events he departed in forty-eight hours. I suppose you do not know of a Christian man, with common sense for this work? Our work, thank God, is prospering, especially the Bible-readings. I am going to ask the Duchess of —— to come next Thursday, and I think she will come, if she possibly can. I am sure they would be the greatest comfort to her.'

She continued to be the loved and loving centre of an almost patriarchal circle; and, in addition, troops of neighbours and friends were always welcome under her hospitable roof:—'We have had such a succession of comings and goings, that I could not fix any plan. For several nights we were reduced to make shake-downs in the dressing-rooms, to accommodate our friends for the night. We did

so enjoy the L——'s visit ; it was truly delightful. They stayed nearly a fortnight. I think both are so grown in grace. I do not think there is the remotest chance of my being abroad again ; for Mr. —— could not go, and I could not bear to be at such a distance from him. And I have such quantities to do at home.'

Yet, with all this incessant activity, she was receiving not altogether unwelcome intimations that the 'rest which remaineth' might be not very far distant. In one letter she speaks of having been 'very ill and unable to use her pen for nearly a week,' and of being 'still very weak.' In another letter :—'I am again under the doctor's hands. At first, I think, he took rather an unfavourable view of the case ; but now he hopes, by a strict attention to regimen, I may recover. At all events,' she adds, with her indomitable energy, 'I am much better—indeed, I feel quite well ; but I am obliged to attend strictly to rules. Mr. —— is very well, and enjoying this delicious weather. But he gets fatigued if too many people are here at once ; so we shall have to take everybody in separate detachments this year.'

In the same letter she adds : 'We have been parting with some of the old W—— outdoor servants, and that is always painful after an acquaintance of eighteen years. We have had a case of scarlatina with one of the indoor ones ; but fortunately I isolated her and it did not spread. Then we have had un-

wonted casualties among the horses. One fell dead of heart-disease in harness, while Mr. — and I were in the carriage. One was shot accidentally ; and one nearly killed himself by getting his head and neck through some bars in a loose box ! Altogether I have been much occupied. I am very glad to hear that — is so much benefited by his trip to India. Our trumpet in the chapel gives no uncertain sound ; and the people of — are beginning to walk out to hear Dr. —. I delight in his preaching ; it is about the only preaching I ever heard which alike satisfies my intellectual and spiritual wants. It is very odd, however, and I cannot imagine the charm it seems to possess for uneducated people.'

Later, she says :—' Death has been busy among our friends and acquaintances. One of our nephews has lost a little girl of scarlatina. Our neighbour, Mr. H—, is dead ; Lord B—, whom I used to see often at my sister's, is dead ; and I greatly fear Mr. — is dying. In the midst of all this, we have our Christmas-tree—twenty-two of ourselves, sixty servants, seventeen of their children, on Christmas-day, seventy mothers to a second edition next day, and a third representation for the school-children next Friday. You may imagine how busy I am and have been, preparing a present for each individual.'

With her characteristic sympathy not only in another's trials but in another's joy, she writes :—' I did see —'s name in the *Times*, and truly happy

was I to see it. He has begun a most prosperous career in this world. I trust he may continue to prosper and advance to as much worldly possessions as will be good for him, and that he will possess the far higher treasure of a heavenly inheritance. I know what the examination for the Indian Civil Service is. It is most highly creditable to him that he stood so high.'

In her latter years, she took a special interest in attending the 'Mildmay Conferences,' then held under the auspices of the Reverend William Pennefather. 'Are you to be at home next week,' she writes, before leaving home to attend one of them, 'and especially next Sunday but one? If quite convenient to you both, we would come to you on Friday next week, and stay over Saturday and Sunday. I want to see your church and hear you preach in it.'

In the same letter, she adds: 'I return your letter. I had not noticed it in the *Times*. It is excellent—clear, sharp, pungent, and *true*. I agree with every word of it.' That the reader may thus indirectly see what her own views were on what she through life held to be the most momentous of all subjects—'Preaching and Preaching'—we close this chapter by recording a few of its paragraphs:—'You never more thoroughly clenched a great argument, on the greatest of all possible concerns, than when, in your article of to-day, you tell the clergy of the English Church, that so many of them are ready to rely upon

anything rather than on the substantial claim of their message. It is a fact which thoughtful men among us daily bewail, that so much of precious time and energy is expended upon new schemes, one party taking (as you so justly observe) to gay dresses, banners, and processions, another to penny readings, political lectures, and concerts. The truth is, men lose confidence in their great commission to go forth, in the supernatural power of God, with the tidings of life and peace; and what marvel is it, if the petty and the trivial be substituted for that sublimely simple "Gospel," which is declared, on the highest of all authority, to be "the power of God to salvation!"

'The reaper's sickle is blunted,' the letter proceeds, 'and he fails to reap the harvest-field. What is wanted is a sharpened sickle; and that is to be obtained only from above. I have ministered both in town and country, and my experience tells me that the human conscience, with which the preacher has to deal, is much the same in both, and that the weapon which is to touch it in each is identical. "A Bible and a room," as you say, are our two requisites—a Bible accepted loyally in all its communications as divine, and the preacher a man who believes it, and lives it in his daily life. That man will speak to men everywhere and at all times—in personal colloquy and from house to house, and in large gatherings or

small; and he will carry with him, and will inspire into others, the conviction that he must and shall be heard.'

'And has not the Master said,' is the closing paragraph of the letter, 'that the message which *He* sends will infallibly accomplish His purpose? In this restless, anxious epoch, earnest men justly crave "results." Let our preachers be but possessed with the assured belief that the good old message, which in other days wrought such marvels, is not grown effete by reason of age, and they will turn with utter distaste from this "new wine" which is proffered to them, because they know that "the old is better."'

May I be forgiven for adding a memorable declaration of the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, made by him on what turned out to be the last evening of his noble life, to a friend who had been drawn aside into what Arnold considered to be an undue reliance upon what was material and external? 'My dear Lake,' said he, with great *empressement* and solemnity, 'God be praised, we *are* told the great mode by which we are affected—we have His own blessed assurance, "The *words* which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."'

'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire!

'Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

'Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

'Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight!

'Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace!'

CHAPTER XIX.

Carlyle and Biographers—'Seeing into'—'Seeing out of'—
Mellowed heavenliness—Dr. James Hamilton—Paralytic
stroke—Time soon be over—An old memory—Reign of Law
—Duke of Argyll—Vestments and candles—Unlicensed
strangers—Mr. Wellesley and navvies—Servants—At wit's
end—London Butler—Fell into knife-box—Helpless intoxica-
tion—Drunken cook—Alcoholic outbreaks—Degenerated
physique—Like Americans—Cannot or will not work—If
made to work, stimulants—Public schools—Estimate not
heightened—Tone hostile to real religion—Boy as idle as he
likes—Left to their own devices—Herded together—No
evening surveillance—The masters—Mildmay Conferences—
Uses—Fall of Established Church—Error within—Abuses
so gross—No spiritual rule—New theory of disease—Man
not omnipotent—Vintage—Gleanings—Quite alone—Un-
speakable luxury—Clever charlatan—Bacon—'Privateness
and retiring'—Created a solitude—Making ready—Desirable
climax—Duty a happiness—Oxford education a delusion—
Mr. Lowe's speech at Edinburgh—Farther glimpses—A sore
bereavement—'Safely housed before the storm'—Thoughts
—Family life—Norway and its carioles—Sir Nicholas Chin-
nery—Abergele Accident—Translation-like—So few plans or
ideas—Pillar-cloud—Revival—What to do with it?—'Had
up by Bishop?'—Sacred spot—'Does not care'—Any instru-
ment—Christian Lady—Driven from her Church—False
doctrine—Blind son—Works as an evangelist—'Very unwell'
—Bible-Society meeting—Great success—Life at hand-gallop

—‘Coming of age’—Demonstration—Hundred people—No drinking or dancing—Villagers threatened for Bible Society—Clergyman’s evangelical doctrine and balls—‘Commemorative sacrifice’—Good Samaritan—Anxiety and fatigue—Injury of health—‘Regularly laid up’—Christian work—Grown immensely—Rooms crammed—Clergy bitterly hostile—Who only be saved?—Much attached personally—But, shut out of heaven!—‘Scarcely got a sight of him.’

‘Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o’er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God!’

‘MAN’S sociality of nature,’ Thomas Carlyle pithily says, in one of his Essays, ‘evinces itself in spite of all that can be said, with abundant evidence by this one fact, were there no other—the unspeakable delight he takes in biography. How inexpressibly comfortable to know our fellow-creature; to see into him, understand his goings forth, decypher the whole heart of his mystery; nay, not only to see into him, but even to see out of him—to view the world altogether as he views it.’

The reader will by this time have ‘seen into’ our friend, for never was a character more transparent; and he will also have been enabled to ‘see out’ of her pretty plainly, and to judge men and things with her keen, but not too keen, eyes. She is growing older now; and the special characteristic of her remaining years will probably be pronounced to be, an increasing mellowness and ripeness of spiritual feeling, which invests these years with an even deeper charm.

Concerning a mutual friend, she writes:—‘I was sorry to hear yesterday, that poor Dr. James Hamilton had had a stroke of paralysis, while staying with a

friend in Kent, and that his brain was much affected. They had met in prayer in Regent Square ; but little hope seemed to be entertained of his recovery. How soon all will be over for all of us ! Dr. H. is an old memory to me now. I have not seen him for many years.'

In the same letter she asks, 'Have you seen the Duke of Argyll's book, *The Reign of Law* ? It is delightful.' And again :—'I am glad you liked the paper. That is a subject much more worthy of being discussed among the clergy, than the shape and colour of vestments, and when to light candles. I trust we may have an outpouring of God's Spirit ; but I do not think it will come in the legally constituted and authorised mode. Do you notice that scarcely a case is mentioned in that paper, which has not been begun without the Church, and generally by unlicensed strangers ? I have got Mr. Wellesley to promise to help us about the navvies. I trust there may be some fruit for the Lord. I am sure there is great need, for they are engaged in a most dangerous work.'

Again she writes :—'I am very sorry you hold out so little prospect of visiting us soon. We purpose having a kind of family-migration to Scotland. — and — are going on a wild sort of fishing expedition with our neighbours the —. I do not think they know where they are going ; for the — have never seen Scotland at all, so they mix up Edinburgh and

the river Spey with all that lies between. Mr. — and his sister Lady C— have taken a great desire to see each other : so we mean to make a progress, by slow stages, and paying visits by the way, from here to Stracathro.'

With all her kind consideration for those under her, she at times found the troubles and vexations, arising from perverse human nature in servants, almost too much for her. 'I have been,' she writes, 'more than occupied with servants' commotion. Our new London-butler only remained three days, having fallen into the knife-box in a state of helpless intoxication, while waiting at dinner ; and I have been obliged to discharge the cook for the same reason, and she is about the best servant I ever had, apart from the alcoholic outbreaks. So I have had to write quires of paper to investigate their successors to the foundation ; and I find that vice becoming so prevalent among servants of all kinds, even among young women. I have an idea that, as a nation, we are losing our physical stamina—like our cousins, the Americans, who are certainly degenerated from the parent-stock ; and the consequence is, that people either cannot or will not work, and, if they are compelled to do so, they have recourse to stimulants. The footman Mrs. — recommended so kindly, is doing very nicely. I like him very much, and I think this place will suit him well, as he has to act as valet to —, and will in other ways be trained for his pro-

fession! His new chief is a very respectable man; and I trust he will now have a good example set before him.'

Public schools again came under her cognizance, in reply to some inquiries respecting one of them:— 'I have not had much to do with it since my nephews left it; but at one time I knew almost all the masters personally, and the school very thoroughly. It is like all public schools—very well adapted for those who are disposed to get on and help themselves, but where a boy may be as idle as he likes. The tone of the school I consider hostile to real religion, and very deadening to spirituality of mind where this exists. But it is not worse than other public schools, or than the universities. I do not know any master who would seek to inculcate true religious principles on his boarders; but the boys are mostly left to their own devices in the evenings, and live quite apart from the master and his wife. Of course, I do not think this plan is good. Mr. —'s house is objectionable on account of the number of boys herded together without much surveillance, and the food is not very good, or rather was not, when the H—s were there. Mr. —'s is a good house in this respect; but the discipline is very lax: Mrs. — is a good-natured woman, who does not interfere much with her household. *Voilà tout!* I shall be very glad if this scanty information helps you. I am not sure about the

expense, but I think it will not be *less* than 200*l.* per annum.'

On some other scenes, physical and spiritual, she 'looks out,' on this wise :—' I have a notion that this lovely Indian summer may tempt you to linger a week longer among the Swiss vineyards ; but, any way, my letter will greet you at your home-coming. I trust you have experienced the benefit of a complete change. I wish I could have taken the same excursion. Nothing like change of air, of scenery, of food, and of habits and manners ! Next week I am going to the Mildmay Conference. To my mind these conferences are very much needed in these trying times, first for seeking a new baptism of the Spirit, without which we shall certainly fall when the troublous times come ; and next, that those who, one may hope, will endure to the end, may become acquainted with one another in some measure. You must have rather mistaken,' she continues, 'the gist of my observations about the fall of the Established Church. I have no wish for it to fall ; but I see it must come to that, and it is no wisdom to shut one's eyes to a plain matter of fact. It will fall from the error within, not from the pressure without. The abuses are so gross, and they cannot be rectified, for there is no spiritual rule. Of course, the other establishment will follow. What then ? Who can say ? "Après moi, le deluge."'

In the same letter, she continues :—' Do you see

Dr. Budd's new theory of disease? I fear they cannot stamp it out, however they may try. Man is not omnipotent ; and, so long as sin remains, disease and death will continue. What a sudden change of weather! The sun shines as brightly this week as last ; but the climate has varied from Lombardy to Spitzbergen. I wonder if it be the same with you? Pray give me the result of your vintage-gleanings. We have been quite alone for nearly a fortnight—an unspeakable luxury to me! — came home last night from shooting in Cheshire. He goes to Oxford next week, and, I hope, will take his degree before he returns. He is going to pass in mathematics. How these young ones make us old! What do I think of —? Just what I always did—that he is a clever charlatan, without an atom of any kind of principle!

And she adds :—‘What is your idea of that text in Hebrews—Jesus suffering without the gate? Taken in connexion with the type in Leviticus, does it not point to the Lord being rejected as a sin-offering by all established churches, and His people coming forth out of the camp beyond the city-walls?’ I found myself unable to assent to this far-fetched idea, because in point of fact the ‘sin-offering’ of Jesus is accepted most unreservedly by the standards of both the established churches, and is rejected most widely by many of the others. It refers rather to that separation from the world which the hearty acceptance of Christ as our atoning Saviour necessarily brings with it, whether

a man be outwardly a churchman or a dissenter. It was not like her to be deceived by so flimsy an argument.

Lord Bacon somewhere speaks of a certain 'privateness and retiring,' which some minds have the happy faculty of creating within them, even in the midst of incessant occupation and distraction. Our friend, as it will have been seen, possessed this power in a very eminent degree. And yet the occasional comparative solitude which fell to her was like a clear sunshine after rain. 'At last,' she says, 'I am enjoying the unwonted luxury of being alone, with only our own family-circle; and I cannot tell you how intensely I enjoy it. Mrs. C—— was the last of our visitors, and her visit was a desirable climax to many months of society, for it is always an enjoyable season to me. Every year we seem drawn closer together; and I value her society more and more.'

Later, she says:—'I enjoyed exceedingly the few days I passed with her at Tunbridge Wells. It is a real refreshment and quickening to be with one whose life is so devoted to Christ. I liked the society there, too: I have rarely met with such a number of pleasant people at once, as she collected in her drawing-room at a "Bible reading."'

And again:—'So the summer and autumn have both ended, and *we* have not met. I do not know yet whether we shall take a house in London this spring or not. It depends entirely on what is good

for Mr. —. For myself, I should greatly prefer staying quietly here. My work is getting very interesting, and the tokens for good are increasing. But we must consider, not what we like, but what is right; and duty then becomes a happiness. Mr. — is in excellent bodily health; but his walking power decreases, instead of increasing. By the way, I think Oxford-education a delusion and a snare. Have you read Mr. Lowe's speech at Edinburgh? I have held those views for many years, and, of course, have never acted on them!!'

A great trial visited her in the death of a deeply-loved grandson, whose marvellous recovery from the very gates of the grave had already moved her. 'He was very suddenly taken away,' she writes. 'The doctors anticipated no danger. But a sore throat suddenly became diphtheria; and in a short time all was over. He had been the child of many prayers, and, owing to a very remarkable resurrection (for I can call it nothing else) during his babyhood in answer to the prayers of many of God's people specially pleading for him, I think I was under the impression that he bore a charmed life, and would be spared to serve God with all the powers which He had so wonderfully given back to him. He was lent to us for eight years longer, and then God took him. His mother has no doubt of a work of grace in his heart for some months previous; so she has been enabled to feel that it is a Father's hand—gentle, tender, and

true, and that His will is right. Surely it is well with the child, safely housed before the storm come—that storm which will try so terribly all that dwell upon the earth!

The extraordinary emotion in the public mind by the decision of the Law-Court on the *Essays and Reviews* was not likely to leave no trace in the thoughts of a wise observer like her:—‘Your pamphlet is everything we could desire. We are deeply interested in the subject. Indeed, it ought to be *the* subject of the day. But the leaven of infidelity is spreading far and wide; and I see a strange shrinking in good men from looking the subject in the face. Surely perilous times are nigh at hand. Do you think the silence of the evangelical clergy is to be accounted for by their being stunned—or feeling powerless—under the recent decision?’

And she adds:—‘I have succeeded in getting a good Bible-woman for this district. The people seem awakening. Crowds come to listen to the Gospel. The High Church clergy are very angry; but they can do nothing, as we are much more independent of them than they are of us; so they content themselves with lamenting our *schism*.’

A domestic bulletin comes in this fashion:—‘We have had a cook only for twenty-four hours; and the footman has not yet arrived, but is confidently expected to make his appearance on Monday: so, after that, we shall be able and very willing to receive

our friends. We have been quite alone, having had neither a footman nor a cook, for a month. It is extraordinary how easily our wants have been supplied without them. Both — and — were much benefited by the pure mountain-air in Norway. The scenery seems magnificent. They crossed the country in carioles ; and — got so attached to these vehicles, that he sent one home, and has been astonishing the natives by driving tandem. They returned by Sweden, Denmark, and Germany. The house is full, as usual in summer, and I must go and see after my guests. When are we to have the happiness of welcoming you ?’

The reader will scarcely have forgotten the appalling Abergele-accident to the Irish mail. Alluding to it with her wonted sympathy, she writes: ‘What a terrible end to poor Sir Nicholas Chinnery! but he was ready!’ The good man had been our guest at my Rectory, and had preached in my church his last sermon, only a few days before. Happy, and bright, and genial, as was his wont, he spoke of his purpose to visit his Irish estates. There was a calm repose about him, which bespoke unmistakeably the deep “peace of God,” which reigned in his heart. I can figure to myself the almost undisturbed serenity with which he doubtless met the fiery ordeal of that horrible catastrophe, when the flames of the blazing petroleum consumed his wife and himself as in a moment, and yet really provided only a kind of

“chariot of fire” to translate them both to heaven.’ It greatly interested our friend to hear these particulars ; and a curious incident she added :—‘ A lady, with whom Sir Christopher Lighton and I lunched while he was with us, and whom he had charged with a message to some mutual friends in Ireland, joined that train at Chester, and only escaped by being put into a London-carriage much against her will.’

In another letter she says :—‘ There never has been a year in which we had so few plans—so few ideas of our whereabouts as *likely* to happen. It is best so ; we can follow more surely the guiding of the pillar-cloud—Jehovah-Jireh. There are some tokens of a revival in this neighbourhood. One clergyman at a little distance has got it, and does not know what to do with it ! He is a good man, too, and I think will be “had up” by the Bishop for allowing Mr. R—— to preach in his pulpit on a Sunday ; but he says he does not care, if the revival only goes on. Besides this, several of the farmers have opened their houses for prayer-meetings. I trust the movement may go on, and the labourers be strengthened by the Lord. They are but few and feeble ; but Jesus can work by any instrument.’

And she adds :—‘ We have been visiting, with great interest an aged Christian lady, who has been driven from the Church in consequence of the doctrine, and seems to have been living a very

isolated life ; but a life of very fervent prayer and much exertion in the Lord's cause. She has a son—indeed, she has many sons, I think—but this one is blind, though his eyes have been spiritually opened, and he also seems to do the work of an evangelist.'

A gratifying incident in the family-annals elicited the following :—'Life really seems running away at a hand-gallop ; and I cannot overtake it. I have either been away from home, or had from twenty to thirty people staying here. Then the people on the property and the servants got up a grand demonstration on ——'s coming of age, and presented him with a really splendid piece of plate. So, of course, we had to reciprocate, and I had to devise methods of amusing a hundred people without the usual accompaniments of dancing and drinking. It proved a great success ; and not the least successful part was the religious service in the chapel, with which we began the entertainment. Certainly there is a wonderful change come over the people round here.'

An incident of a different sort is next noted :—'We have been establishing a branch of the Bible-Society in the village of —— ; and the clergy, to a man, not only bitterly opposed it, but threatened the poor people—and the rich, too, as far as they dared—if they took part in it. Yet our new school-room was opened by this meeting, and we got five good clergymen from a distance, who did not care about

parishes. Canon Allen presided. Mr. Venn of Hereford was one of the best speakers; and not only was the room crammed to the uttermost corner—and it holds nearly three hundred people—but there were numbers listening at a cracked pane of glass outside, in the pouring rain; and one of them said, “I should have liked to listen till morning light!” There never was such a meeting even *imagined* before. Indeed, the only Christian lady I know in all the village had never before heard of the Bible-Society! Is it not very sad? A whole population sound asleep, and in danger of death, and their spiritual directors blind leaders of the blind!’

In the same letter she describes in her graphic and pungent way some other features of surrounding life. ‘Our Bible-readings among the county-families,’ she says, ‘have lately become very interesting. A new clergyman who was recently appointed to a capital living near here, has joined us. We have a curious anomaly now. One is a clergyman of Evangelical principles and High Church practice; enunciating orthodox doctrines, and going to all the balls, theatres, and operas! Another, whilst he appears to be really a Christian man, yet holds most defective doctrine—viz., the divine unction of bishops, apostolical succession, and that, in these Gospel days, *priests* still offer a commemorative sacrifice! I think our meetings will do this latter much good. I fancy he never met with anything

but High-Churchism before. When *can* you and Mrs. B—— come to us ?’

The work of the good Samaritan, to which trusting friends and relatives were continually summoning her, in all directions—often to great distances—was beginning to tell upon her naturally robust frame. ‘I am,’ she writes, ‘still in the land of the living; but I have been really very unwell. I was telegraphed for to go to London, where Mr. —— appeared to be sinking; and afterwards he slightly rallied, and I had a good deal of fatigue and anxiety till his death. Then I had to go to Scotland for the funeral to assist my orphaned nephews and nieces in forming their plans for the future. —— is entailed; so, of course, the younger ones had to seek a home; and the very fact of their father having left them all such ample fortunes—combined with their complete inexperience in the ways of the world—made it a position of much trial. Then it was such a climate! When it did not rain, it snowed; and, when it did not snow, it blew. The end was, that, when I came home, I was regularly laid up; and it is only two or three days ago that I felt able to do anything beyond the most absolutely necessary business?’

She adds:—‘Mr. —— was kept wonderfully well all the time of my absence, and since my return. But his inability to walk increases; and now he only drives out twice a-day. We feel, therefore, he would not enjoy London, and we do not like

to take him far from our kind and skilful medical attendant. So we do not purpose to take a house in London this year. Mr. — likes railway-traveling, however; so I daresay we may pay the great Babel a visit and stay a week or two. — is quite well, and is a great help to me in my work—which has grown immensely. Our large school-rooms are crammed at mothers’ meetings, lectures, and prayer-meetings. I do believe the Spirit of God is working among them. One token is, the clergy are so bitterly hostile. They warn their people not to speak to the Bible-woman; and they got many of the more influential people in the village to promise that they would have nothing to do with the Bible Society.’

And the climax remains:—‘Our parish-clergyman says and says again,’ she adds, ‘he is so very sorry to think that we cannot be saved; for he is personally attached to us; but he does not see that any one who is not a member of the Anglican, the Greek, or the Roman Catholic Church, can possibly be accepted of God!! In other words, we *must* be shut out of heaven, and *must* perish in hell!’

How happy a thing it is that these men do not hold the keys of the kingdom of heaven! And is it wonderful that a feeling of burning indignation should be kindled in the meekest and gentlest bosom by the gross assumption of the men who, whilst giving the right hand of fellowship to the rank idolatry of the Greek and Roman apostasies, pronounce their

damning anathema on men and women whose lives have been one continuous 'living sacrifice' to Him who loved them and gave Himself for them? It reminds me of a clergyman who once somewhat sneeringly said to Mr. Whitefield—'When *we* get to Heaven, shall we see Mr. Wesley?' 'No, sir,' was the reply, 'I fear not; for he will be so near the throne, and we at such a distance, that we shall scarcely get a sight of him!'

'Tis just that God should not be dear
Where self engrosses all the thought;
And groans and murmurs make it clear,
Whate'er is lov'd, the Lord is not.'

CHAPTER XX.

'Delectable Mountains'—Nearing the city—Left very much alone—Another tie severed—Second grandson had been taken—Bright child—One hour ill—'Me love Jesus'—Crowning bereavement—A sheaf fully ripe—Sorrowing family—Return from Vichy—Benefit from waters—Parisian society—Defying God yet—Sitting loose to the world—Bright pilgrim-walk—Not grimaces—Time very short now—Sudden and terrible trouble—Grand-daughter 'taken'—Forty-eight hours' illness—'To be with Christ'—'Dear grandfather'—Herself more than half away—Loud voices—'No continuing city'—Twofold shock—Brave heart shaken—Strange instinct—Scenes of youth—Home tenantless—Little better—Troublesome cough—So many blanks—Christmas gathering—Another bereavement—Beautiful unselfishness—Loving self-abandonment—Lowestoft—Great awakening—Like expedition again to Vichy—Waters' marvellous effects—Communism in England?—Friends in Mediterranean—Frederick Perthes—Review of memoir—Study of individual mind—Noble object in trade—His inner life—Struggled after truth—'Doubt if born good?'—His wife's piety—His triumphant exodus—'For His dear Son's sake'—'A sinner' saved—'Heavenward!'

**'Love is our only business here,
Love simple, constant, and sincere ;
O blessed days our servants are,
Spent, O Lord, in pleasing Thee !'**

THREE weeks before his end, Arnold of Rugby whispered one day to his wife—‘I feel quite a rush of love in my heart towards God and Christ.’ It was much for a reserved and undemonstrative man like him to say, amidst all the turmoil and bustle of his school-surroundings; but it betrayed, only too emphatically, the secret of his great and lowly service. It was more than ‘three weeks’—still, indeed, some years—before our friend was to receive the summons to the abiding ‘rest’ in ‘the city;’ but it could be divined, not uncertainly, from incidental breathings in her letters and words, that she was now more than ever transporting herself by a living, active faith and hope to the ‘Delectable Mountains,’ and viewing with her steadfast gaze the heavenly city, and even taking an almost daily walk on its golden streets, and coming down from it again to live here on earth more intensely the heavenly life.

‘What a season of sickness and sorrow it has been!’ she writes. ‘Another little grandson, a bright and beautiful child, only three years old, died very suddenly, after only an hour’s illness. Many a hope

lies buried in his little grave. He was so like Mr. — in his forehead and mouth! God sent a message of comfort from his baby-lips. A little while before he died, he said, quite unprompted—"Me love Jesus, mamma!"

'Thinking he had heard the words, and was repeating them like a parrot, his mother said—"Do you love mamma?"

'He looked so disappointed, and answered, "Me love oo, mamma! but me love Jesus, too!"

Nurse put him to bed, and his mother was speaking to her, when he raised himself up and said earnestly—"But me *do* love Jesus, mamma!"

'I have written this for Mrs. B——, to tell her little E——; for I remember how he listens to a true story.'

Another reminder of life's uncertainty came. Referring to a mutual friend, long loved by us both, she says: 'Have you heard that Mr. D—— has lost his wife? I had not heard anything of him for a good while, when I was shocked at getting a note from him conveying the sad intelligence. They were at the sea—at Helensburgh—when she took rheumatic fever, and died in little more than a week, leaving two motherless little boys.'

But the crowning bereavement followed. The honoured head of the family was to be taken. 'Mr. — had a bad cold last week,' she writes, 'and I felt rather anxious, as one never knows how it may

affect him now. But he is as well as usual again, and as cheerful and contented as ever.' Though naturally reserved and undemonstrative, he had, like Dr. Arnold, many 'a rush of love' in his heart, I doubt not, towards that Saviour whom he had served so humbly and so devotedly during all the quarter of a century that I had known him. A man of rare sagacity, he had accumulated an enormous fortune, which he knew, above many, how to spend wisely, generously, Christianly. And now the message came to 'go up higher.' And he went into the King's presence-chamber to 'see His face.'

Her strained nervous system—suffering under this continuous tension—demanded an entire change; and she went to Vichy, deriving, as she did once and again afterwards, 'great benefit from the waters,' and 'spending a very pleasant month.' 'We stayed,' she says, 'a little while in Paris on our return, to investigate the ruins more closely than we had had time to do on our outward journey. The people are defying God yet. There is no indication that they will learn the lesson He would fain teach them by these "terrible things in righteousness."' "

More than ever a stranger and a pilgrim, she showed it, not by moans and grimaces, but by a brighter, more shining, rapider walk Sionward. 'I find myself,' she says, 'truly now left very much alone as to my own generation. They have passed away; and, at my age, one does not readily form new ties.'

But so many were gathering now 'beyond the River,' that she was beginning to feel as if she were herself already more than half away.

Another tie was now to be severed, and to be knit again above. 'I intended writing to you,' she says, 'two or three days ago; but a sudden and terrible trouble came upon us. My eldest granddaughter, who had come on a visit to us, was as well and bright and happy as any of us this day fortnight; and perhaps, if any one had been asked who appeared most likely for life in a large and merry party, she would have been selected as the youngest and strongest. A sudden and acute attack of inflammation came on; and, although the disease was subdued, her strength gave way, and, in little more than forty-eight hours, she died. She has been laid in her earthly grave, beside her dear grandfather, a week ago yesterday.'

'You may imagine,' she continues, 'what a shock it gave us. Her mother was with her all the time; but her father could not get here in time to see her alive. It is a great sorrow. One wonders why old and useless lives apparently are often spared, while the young are cut off just as life is opening to them. But we shall know the why and the wherefore by-and-by. Meanwhile, we sorrow not as those who have not the "hope." Three years ago, she was brought to know and love the Lord Jesus; and her faith and trust did not fail her in a dying hour. Life

looked very bright to her, for she was very happy in her home; but she never expressed a wish to live—only that she had lived nearer Jesus here. I feel yet as if it were all a dream, it is so unlike a reality!’

Though maintaining outwardly a brave heart for the sake of those around her, she felt these ever-recurring wounds as if secretly sapping the very life-blood of her being. With that strange instinct which so often leads back to the scenes of early memories the affections of advancing years, she writes:—‘I have not lost my cough; so I purpose trying if the genial air of Scotland in the month of November will cure me! and ——— will accompany me, though I am rather sorry his first introduction to my native country should take place at this particular season; but necessity has no law.’

On her return, she writes:—‘I enjoyed my northern visit very much. Owing to Lord Neaves’ kindness, ——— was introduced to Piazzi Smyth, and astronomized to his heart’s content; while at Lord N.’s house, we met almost every literary celebrity in the Modern Athens. When at another friend’s house, we lived with Dr. McLeod; and at a third we spent some days with Mr. Donald Fraser, late of Inverness, now of Marylebone. He is undoubtedly a man of first-rate talent. He gave a capital lecture one night on Richard Baxter.’

And the home-scene is described thus:—‘We returned home a few days ago; but I unfortunately

caught cold again on my homeward journey, and so am little better than when I left. However, as I have neither pain nor fever, and only a troublesome cough, which I am treating alternately homœopathically and allopathically, I have no doubt it will soon disappear. — and — had only preceded us by a day; so our dear home had been tenantless for a month. But we hope soon to gather again. I cannot endure Christmas now, there are so many blanks and empty places.' And she adds :—' I wish Mrs. B—— knew of a good laundress. I have just parted with one who has been with me five or six years, and I must import one, as nobody can either wash or iron in this benighted region.'

With that beautiful self-denial and loving self-abandonment which now more than ever seemed to dictate her every purpose and movement, she either had home made interesting to her family by all sorts of pleasant attractions, or sacrificed her own growing anxiety for repose by accompanying one or another of them where she knew they would feel happy.

Her heart was comforted by the marriage of another daughter. ' To me,' she writes, ' these things are another breach in our so long unbroken family-circle, and are only sad; but I must learn to rejoice if it should prove, as I firmly believe it will prove, a life-long happiness to my child.'

Then, for another purpose of lovingkindness, I

find her away from her pleasant home at Lowestoft, whence she writes :—‘ — has been very seriously ill. She did not for weeks rally after her father’s death. God gave her strength to continue her loving ministrations to him so long as they were needed, but afterwards the relapse was terrible. We intended going abroad in April ; but she was quite unable to travel, and now she was three days on the journey to reach this place. The journey did her good, however, and she is regaining strength rapidly. We were never on this coast before. The sea is magnificent, and the air delicious, but the place itself is not very interesting.’

But in her eyes any place became beautiful when it was beautified by the grace of God, just as Felix Neff tells us that the very wildness and ice-bound fastnesses of the Higher Alps grew attractive to him, by reason of the evident footprints, among the rude mountaineers, of a gracious, converting Jehovah. ‘ To me, however,’ she proceeds, ‘ the place is truly pleasant, as our reason for coming here was greatly because Mrs. C—— was here, and that we should have the advantage of Mr. Chapman’s ministry. There is a great religious work doing here, and it is a great pleasure to be in the midst of it, and associated with those who are guiding it. The number of conversions is marvellous, and the anxiety of the people to hear. I opened a class at Mrs. C——’s rooms last Sunday, as hers are more commodious

than ours, and twenty women attended. The services everywhere are crowded. Mr. Chapman suffers from hay-fever, almost as much as — ; but he has a yacht, and kindly invites — to accompany him and spend whole days out of sight of land, when both can breathe with comfort.' And she adds :— 'How glad I should have been to come and see you all at Wyvenhoe! but I cannot leave my invalids, and, whenever they are better, we must go home again.'

Some incidental notes are given thus :— 'I am very glad you are going to take a change. Do you fancy Norway? The English have rather spoiled the beaten route, but the scenery must be lovely. Our former neighbour, the member for W—, had a nice property there, and used to show me many of his sketches, especially one of the midnight sun, which I admired very much. Some friends of ours are enjoying an excursion in a Mediterranean steamer very much just now. What do you think of that? It is not expensive; it is not fatiguing; there is much opportunity for the work of the Lord with both the crew and the passengers; and you could choose a route you had not been before, occupying just about a month, or six weeks at the longest. Our friends have been at Gibraltar, Italian coast, Athens, Greek islands, and Constantinople.'

And another :— 'What curious "hidden ones" the Lord raises up! I got an assistant unexpectedly

when I took the Mothers' Meeting at — for a few weeks, and found she was a true Christian, who had been working in that dark place for years, and had gathered quite a little congregation of roughs and vagabonds. She actually attends the parish church, though no one ever heard the Gospel preached there.'

And still another:—'I wish the Lord would come and put all these things straight. Here we are going off to Popery as rapidly as we can go—all Church-people, I mean. We have just been turned out of our seat in the chancel, that the men of the choir might occupy it, it being too holy a place for heathens like us, I suppose,—though that is not the reason given. And no woman may profane it; so the Vicar's daughter plays the harmonium, sitting low down in the aisle, and reaching up to the harmonium in the chancel! I should fancy her hand and arm must be in the holy place! It is such foolery. But I have made the clergyman apologise, though he will not make restitution; but that is a matter of no consequence, as we did not occupy it.'

From Vichy, during another of her expeditions to its healing waters, she writes:—'Grand Hotel du Parc. We have been here for nearly three weeks; and, of course, it is longer still since we left home. We are not sure yet whether we shall take Switzerland on our way back. It is not pleasant to travel in "foreign parts" without a gentleman; and, though

in view of such a contingency, I have brought an elderly butler instead of a young footman, yet he cannot help us much, on account of the language. So I trust — may not require to leave us. If he do, I think we shall go with General and Mrs. and Captain C——, to Geneva, and then by ourselves to the Karlbud on the Righi, where —— and her husband will, I trust, be located. They are still at Spa, and, I am afraid, not much better; but then they have not got into the mountain-air. It makes one shudder to think of the mountain-air, for we have had fires (June 11th), and should have liked sealskins, down here in the valley. And it is not very warm yet. Still I greatly prefer it to the tropical weather of last year; and the waters have wrought their usual marvellous effects on me. I am greatly better. So you are going to Sweden. I presume you will take in Norway and Copenhagen at any rate also. It will be a delightful tour. Our young people often talk of repeating their experience there, but I am too old now to drive in carioles and eat burned eggs and cheese.'

I had been endeavouring to find for a young parishioner a post in a large mercantile house. 'I have tried all my influence for several such cases of late,' she adds, 'and found it unavailing. Large houses now train up their assistants from boys; and, when one goes away, the next in rotation takes his place; and so no vacancy for a young man of

twenty-five ever occurs, except he has been manager in a rising house in the same line. I think you will find this correct almost everywhere. The whole system is changed, and everything else is changed. We are surely living in fearful times. It would not surprise me if Communism spread widely in England. All the working classes seem ready for it; but the Lord reigneth, and surely He will not delay His coming long!

A book which greatly interested her was the 'Memoirs' of the great German bookseller, Frederick Perthes. She describes it as a graphic picture of middle life in the Fatherland fifty or sixty years since. 'It is still more interesting,' she says, 'as the study of an individual mind of uncommon truth, clearness, and sagacity. As a bookseller and publisher, Perthes' name was extensively known throughout Europe. This business he originated and succeeded in establishing by his industry, perseverance, and the confidence he inspired as a strictly honourable man. He seems to have put it on the right basis at the beginning. He says he had observed that, "where a bookseller possessed an educated taste, works of a high class were in demand, and that, where, on the other hand, the bookseller was a man of low taste and immoral character, a licentious and worthless literature had a wide circulation." No mere desire of wealth, therefore, led Perthes to lavish the whole energies of his mind upon his trade, but the strong

conviction that, as a bookseller, he might exercise a powerful influence for good over the minds and manners of his countrymen. Would,' she adds, 'that some of our English publishers realised as vividly the immense amount of good or evil they are instrumental in producing, and exercised more vigilance over the stamp of books they commit to the press.'

Thomas Carlyle once remarked, that, if he were required to characterise this age of ours by a single epithet, he should be tempted to call it, not an Heroical, Devotional, Philosophical, or Moral Age, but, above all others, the Mechanical Age. 'It is,' he sarcastically added, 'the age of Machinery, in every outward and inward sense of that word.' Our friend would have accepted the definition with little, if any, qualification; and she honoured Perthes as the embodiment of a nobler purpose and a more animating ambition. For, what lay at the bottom of his being?

'It is in the history of his hidden life,' she said, 'that we have most delighted to view Perthes. Trained in a family where religion was a mere form, acquiring for himself valued friends who yet were imbued with the prevailing rationalism, whilst others, with whom he afterwards became acquainted—some of them celebrated names in German literature and theology—possessed only the most misty notions of Christianity, Perthes' true heart and clear intellect could rest in none of these phases of belief, or rather of unbelief. He struggled after TRUTH. Often did he

think he had found it, but was as often disappointed. First, he dreamed of a moral regeneration of man by the French Revolution; then, he expected it from freedom and the education of the masses; next, he sought virtue and perfection in avoiding vice and practising certain moralities; then he saw this was not sufficient except the *motives* were right—and he sadly wrote, "It has occurred to me to doubt if we were born good."

It was the beginning of light. The sun was rising above his horizon. And our friend proceeded:—"It is useless to trace further the onward stages in his mental history. It is enough to say that the light, which dawned so dimly at first, waxed gradually into greater clearness—aided by the beautiful character and genuine piety of his first and most beloved wife, Caroline Claudius, and brightened into full daylight at last, so that the same man who expresses his amazement at discovering evil in his nature, and that culture and education alone would not subdue it, was at length led to the Cross as a little child, breathing out, in almost his last words—"Thanks be to God, my faith is firm, and holds in death as in life. For His dear Son's sake, God is merciful to me a sinner!" It was a noble confession—a grand exodus; and now it was understood how it was that this man had turned his own wheel and the wheels of so many others with such energy.' Our friend felt she was herself another Perthes: only hers had been a so

much happier lot, inasmuch as her light had arisen and shone in noonday brightness over her entire life.

‘To prove that without Christ all gain is loss,
All hope despair that stands not on his Cross;
Except the few his God may have impressed,
A tenfold frenzy seizes all the rest.’

CHAPTER XXI.

The city nearer—Laboured on—Home reminiscences—A new page in life's history—Advertising for a Christian—In search of a preached Gospel—'Come ye to the waters!'—'The Church, my lady!'—'Sin of schism'—Work of dozen years—Results—'Tasted Lord is good'—Already she was singing—'For thee, O dear Country!'—Characteristic notice of Emerson—English Traits—Coleridge—Interview—Trinity—Looked up—Looked at—What quackery it is—'A spectacle'—His visit to Carlyle—Desolate hills—'Nourished his mighty heart'—Cliff-like brow—Their talk—Soul's immortality—'Christ died on the tree'—'That built Dunscore Kirk yonder'—Visit to Wordsworth—Curious scene—Garden-walk—Declaiming his verses—Emerson's second visit to England—English inspiration—Source of national greatness—A cold Socinian—Force of living Christianity—Incomprehensible to him.

‘ I’ve stood on the Pisgah-height,
I’ve looked on Immanuel’s land ;
It shines in its own pure light—
The home of the pilgrim-band !

‘ Oh ! the sight has made me strong,
And the cloud has left my brow ;
I can sing my pilgrim-song
With a lighter spirit now :

‘ But I may not enter yet ;
I must wait and watch and pray ;
For a few more suns must set
Ere the Jordan-crossing day !’

THOUGH unconsciously as yet, she was nevertheless nearing the 'City,' and seemed already to be breathing its heavenly atmosphere. Looking back upon the dozen years which she had given to God in her present residence, she would have failed in due thankfulness to Him not to acknowledge that she had been privileged to witness very blessed results.

On taking possession of it, she had written :—' It seems very strange that I should be turning over a new page in my life-history—called upon, in some degree, to take root in a new place, with new associations and new friends, while the companion of my childhood—my nursery-playfellow—should have for ever closed his earthly career. Probably it may be owing to this, that, much as I enjoy the loveliness of external nature in this most lovely place—and you know I have always been most susceptible to its charms—and full of pleasure and comfort as our somewhat *dolce far niente* life is here, yet I cannot somehow feel that it is, or is likely to be, *home*. I think the scenery most beautiful, and the locality very healthy—the house is most comfortable and commodious—

quantities of people have come to call upon us,—yet, with all these *agrémens*, it altogether feels so strange. So far as I can learn, there is only one evangelical clergyman in the district. I was just thinking of adopting old Simeon's plan at Cambridge and advertising for a Christian, when this *rara avis* called, and I heartily enjoyed an hour's talk with him.'

But God, she believed, had sent her thither on one of His loving errands. A voice from above seemed to be whispering in her ear—

'Go, labour on! spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went—
Should not the servant tread it still?

'Go, labour on! 'Tis not for nought;
All earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee not, men praise thee not;
The Master praises! What are men?'

And she did 'labour on,' she did 'spend and was spent.' And the seed sown in faith was already bearing pleasant fruit. 'The people,' she says, appear really to value the reading and exposition of the Scriptures.' Proofs of this have been given already; and other proofs will follow.

That the people needed Christian instruction, a grotesquely painful little incident will show. 'The other day,' she says, 'I was visiting a sick woman and reading to her the fifty-fifth of Isaiah; so, I

stopped to ask if she knew what were "the waters" to which God invited her.

"Oh, certainly," was the reply, "it is the Church, my Lady!"

'—— was with me, and involuntarily smiled; but, trying to conceal it, she knocked down two tracts. One was "Extracts from the *Lyra Germanica*"; and the other was "On the Sin of Schism"! However, generally they tell me they can only read the Prayer-book, not the Bible, nor Tracts; so, my friend would not be solaced by the two left.'

Her keen sense of the humorous and the grotesque in human life was ever and anon revealing itself. A scene depicted very graphically by Emerson in his *English Traits*, and selected by her as a sample of a very peculiar man, she gives on this wise:—'One autumn morning, the American—who had been attracted to Europe chiefly by a desire to "see the faces" of some of the "strong men of the day"—sallied forth to Highgate, bent on seeing Coleridge. It was near noon when he arrived, and Coleridge was not up. Returning at one, he was ushered into the presence of "a short, thick old man, with bright blue eyes, and fine clear complexion, leaning on his cane."

'The topic of conversation,' she proceeds, 'was—Unitarianism and Dr. Channing.

"I wonder," said Coleridge, somewhat warmly, "that, after so many ages of unquestioning acquies-

cence in the doctrine of the Trinity, this handful of Priestleians should take on themselves to deny it. I am very sorry that Dr. Channing—a man to whom I looked up—no, to say that I looked *up* to him would be to speak falsely, but a man whom I looked *at* with so much interest—should embrace such views.”

‘The visitor interposed,’ she continues, ‘ remarking that he felt bound to tell him that he himself had been born and bred an Unitarian.

““Yes,” rejoined Coleridge, “I supposed so. I know all about Unitarianism perfectly well ; I once was one, and I know what quackery it is.”

‘It may well be imagined,’ she adds, ‘that the two men did not feel much mutual sympathy. And, accordingly, after some inquiries about his travels, Coleridge bade him adieu, the American feeling that the visit had been “rather a spectacle than a conversation.” “He was old,” adds Emerson, “and pre-occupied, and could not bend to a new companion and think with him.”’

But something grand and noble also met her in these *Traits*. Emerson next went to ‘see the face,’ of Thomas Carlyle. And he hied him to the North in search of him.

‘Arriving at Dumfries,’ she says, ‘and finding that no public coach passed near the spot, he hired a private carriage, and set out for Craigenputtock—a farm in Nithsdale, some sixteen miles distant.

The house he found amid heathery, desolate hills, "where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." Tall and gaunt; with a cliff-like brow; clinging with an evident relish to his Northern accent; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humour which "floated everything he looked upon,"—he put his visitor into ecstasies at once: he was in the presence of a true "representative man." "We talked," he says, "of books. Plato he does not read; and he disparages Socrates, and, when pressed, persists in making Mirabeau a hero. *Tristram Shandy* was one of his first books after *Robinson Crusoe*, and Robertson's *America* was an early favourite. Rousseau's *Confessions* had discovered to him that he was not a dunce; and it was now ten years since he had learned German, by the advice of a man who told him he would find in that language what he wanted. They went out to walk "over long hills." Sitting down on a heathery clump, they began to "talk of the soul's immortality." "Christ," said Carlyle, at one of the pauses in the conversation, "died on the Tree: *that* built Dun-score Kirk yonder; *that* brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence."

'Emerson's next visit,' she tells us, selecting another sample of the grotesque, 'was to Rydal Mount. Wordsworth had just returned from a journey. "His daughter," says the traveller, "called in her father—a plain, elderly, white-haired man

not prepossessing, and disfigured by greengoggles. He sat down, and talked with great simplicity." Talking of America, he got upon his "favourite topic—that society is being enlightened by a superficial tuition, out of all proportion to its being restrained, by moral culture." He had just returned from Staffa and Iona, and had composed three Sonnets on Fingal's Cave. "Would you like to hear them?" he asked. "By all means," replied Emerson. Then, recollecting himself for a few moments—he stood forth—it was in the garden—and repeated, one after another, the three entire sonnets with great animation. "The recitation," Emerson adds, "was so unlooked for and surprising—he, the old Wordsworth, standing apart, and reciting to me in a garden-walk, like a school-boy declaiming—that I at first was near to laugh; but, recollecting myself, that I had come thus far to see a poet, and he was chanting poems to me, I saw that he was right and I was wrong, and gladly gave myself to hear."

Emerson's second visit to our shores she describes as one continuous 'English inspiration,' which communicated a *couleur de rose* to 'English sentiments, English loves and fears, English history and social modes.' 'England,' she says, 'he characterises as "a garden," in which, under an ash-coloured sky, the soil has been "combed and rolled, till it looks as if it had been finished with a pencil

instead of a plough." Then he speaks of the rivers, hills, valleys, even the sea itself, as "feeling the hand of a master," and of the railway travellers being "cushioned and comforted in every manner, riding as on a cannon-ball, high and low, over rivers and towns, through mountains, in tunnels of three or four miles" at near twice the speed of his own country's trains, whilst he "quietly reads *The Times* newspaper, which seems to have machinised the world for its occasion."

'Elsewhere,' she says, 'he describes England as "anchored at the side of modern Europe," and "right in the heart of the modern world." Again, he speaks of it as a huge workshop—"a bigger Birmingham." Sir John Herschell used to say that London was the centre of the terrene globe. "The shop-keeping nation," says Emerson, "to use a shop-word, has a good stand."'

And she adds this characteristic comment on the book and the man :—'Our traveller is at a loss to account for our national greatness. "Is it due to race?" he asks. "In race," he says, "it is not the broad shoulders, or litheness, or stature, that give advantage, but a symmetry which reaches as far as to the wit. Then the miracle and renown begin." And of the pedigree and the training, the schooling and the exercises, the resulting mother-wit, the delicacy of thought, and the robust wisdom—as exemplified in a bede-roll comprehending such notables as

King Alfred and Roger Bacon, Walter Raleigh, Philip Sidney, Isaac Newton, William Shakespeare, Francis Bacon, George Herbert, Henry Vane—he discourses right nobly and right worthily. And again, he asks, "Is it race?" And his strong mind scarcely dares to say "Yes." It does not seem,' she continues, 'to have occurred to Mr. Emerson that there has been at work in England—and, let it be added, in New England—a power which has done more to mould and elevate the national character than race and all other factors besides. It is natural, alas! that he, a cold Socinian, should be a stranger to the force which Christianity communicates to the soul in all its actings and aspirations. But who that has studied, however slightly, the developments of mind in countries where Protestant Christianity has been in the ascendant, can fail to be struck with the palpable contrast which that mastering element alone introduces into the result?'

Hints were ever and anon reaching her that her pilgrimage might by and by be over. 'I have been very unwell for the last five or six weeks,' she writes; 'and I am still in the doctor's hands,—though, thank God, I am nearly well again. What do you think of the times now? The world is running fast, as it nears the end. Events seem to move with such marvellous rapidity.'

Yet she kept her lamp burning, and did not in-

dulge in a mere idle dream. 'We had another Bible-Society meeting yesterday,' she writes, '—a very large gathering—both in the drawing-room, in the afternoon, of the County families, and, in the evening, of the poor people. It has been very successful; but I had some trouble to make it so. We had Mr. Kemble, the Rector of Bath, and Mr. Cheese, Vicar of Borbury. The former had a wonderful reputation for ability and eloquence; but I much preferred the latter. I am so glad to be better, if it were only for the energy of mind—to say nothing of the body. What changes go on continually! One of our family-circle going one way, and another another; but each separation saying loudly that this is not our rest—here we have no continuing city! I hope Mrs. B— is still feeling the good effects of her Eastern tour. Is she likely to know of a cook? — wants one; but it seems of no use to ask about that, for the species is extinct—died out from *delirium tremens*, I should think, for all drink who can cook! The last of our guests left to-day, and a new relay come to-morrow.'

Dr. Arnold left this closing entry in his diary— 'Labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapprove of my doing it.' It was this waiting attitude that our friend found it more and more her joy to occupy, filling up every hour for Christ, but most of all feeling how much better it would be to

be face to face with her Lord. Her daily whisper in
His ear seemed to be—

‘ For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep :

‘ The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest :

‘ In mercy, JESUS, bring me
To that dear land of rest,
Where Thou art, with the Father
And Spirit, ever blest !’

CHAPTER XXII.

Penalty of prolonged pilgrimage—Many going before—Visit of Bishop—Sir C. Lighton—Not turning to East—Congenial society—Boon when weary in work—Energies braced—God's recent method—Individual effort—'His religious ideas deplorable'—Bouleversement of all things at hand—Solitary life—Model confirmation—'All both bad and good'—'Wine had got into their heads'—Activity and repose—Beautifully combined—*Festina lente*—Never unready—Vichy—Discriminating charity—Trades' Unions—'Nothing dearer than life—Except living'—How unable to buy new tools—Insubordination—Lawlessness—Wave of evil—'Declared nearly well'—Carbonic-acid gas—Hay-fever warded off—'Old quiet life again'—Think and read—'Can do neither'—At the very door.

**' Since life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it—I am well content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Seeking only growth in LOVE.'**

CARLYLE wrote one day of another who has been taken to be with Christ:—‘ Here once more was a genuine man, sent into this our *ungenuine* phantasmagory of a world—which would go to ruin without such.’ Our friend was a genuine woman, and many a beautiful and compact and happy home would have been a mere ‘ ruin ’ but for her loving service. Labouring on, and suffering, and giving, and sympathising without stint or thought of her own comfort or ease, she writes:—‘ I was obliged to leave home almost as soon as I had returned, on business which gave me time for nothing but itself. Then —— and I went on to Penmaenmaur to see a friend who is, I fear, dying, and who had tried that air as a last resource. We all lived together at the Hotel, and I could not but feel, when we took leave of each other at the end, that we were not likely to meet on earth again.’

‘ Then we came home,’ she proceeds. ‘ And the Bishop arrived upon us to consecrate the ground we had given to be added to the churchyard. This took place yesterday ; and we had forty-six people to

a cold dinner afterwards—which was rather trying, as — is absent. However, Sir Christopher Lighton was so very kind, and gave me every assistance, and declined joining the procession that he might stand with me under a tree while the necessary ceremonial took place. — is working his parish like a steam-engine, and is quite decided in his views. Yesterday he and Sir Christopher were the only clergymen who did not turn to the East. Even the Bishop did.'

And she adds:—'We see a great deal of —. I am glad to tell you that the clergy here think his religious ideas "deplorable." I fancy they will think his conduct equally deplorable; for he has been helping Dr. — to collect for the French Protestants, while they, in answer to Dr. —'s application to them, replied they could not recognise denominational distinctions in France any more than in England, nor give a collection except ordered by their diocesan! The fact is, their leanings are all to Popery.'

Then a brief gleam of rest comes. '— and I,' she writes, 'have been leading a strange and solitary life—the only inmates of this large house. — is out with the militia. Our economical government is determined to get money's worth for military money; so, they are on such hard duty that all the officers must live at headquarters. I hear that he is distinguishing himself, and that he has gained the silver cup for musketry practice. In the autumn, we mean to migrate *en masse* to Vichy. This, however, if the

Lord will. How little we know what a day or an hour may bring forth! I confess I do not anticipate anything but evil—politically or socially. It seems as if the moral tone of the nation were degenerating.'

And she adds:—'A clergyman near here lately collected together everybody he could find—bad or good—for Confirmation, and then insisted on their partaking of the Lord's Supper! One of them was a girl I had discharged for misconduct; and the majority were, not only ignorant, but living in sin. Two girls fought three times before reaching home after partaking of their first Communion, and, being reprov'd by a Christian woman, said they could not help it—the wine had got into their heads! But, thank God, there is a real work doing, and I have much encouragement at present. Thank you for the little book. I read it aloud, first on Sunday evening to the servants, and then on Monday to the mothers; and it interested them so much, that I determin'd to write to tell you so.'

Few literary productions coincided more exactly with her own ideas of English life and character than those *Traits* which we found her handling in the preceding Chapter—not, of course, that she agreed with all the clever author's statements, and still less that she had any sympathy with his' meagre and blank religionism, but that she recognised, in that series of *tableaux vivants*, 'John Bull' done to the very life by cousin Jonathan, and with a fairness and a justice no

always signalling his efforts in that line. A few of her brief selections must suffice to indicate her own special taste.

‘Speaking of our outward *contour*,’ she writes, ‘Mr. Emerson attributes to us great vigour of body and endurance. Then, turning to the “strong divinity of soul” within, he finds written on the English face combined decision and nerve, coupled with the love of truth. They are rather manly, he thinks, than warlike—delighting, in the antagonism which unites in one person the extremes of courage and of tenderness. Then he hits off most shrewdly our characteristic penchant for “common sense”—our impatience of genius or of mere contemplation—our “supreme eye for facts” and for that logic which brings salt to soup, hammer to nail, oar to boat. And this practical side of us, as distinguished from the Frenchman, is done off with one touch of the brush:—“To show capacity,” the latter pronounced to be the purpose of a speech in debate:—“No,” said an Englishman, “but to set your shoulder at the wheel—to advance the business.” The triumphs of the steam-engine among us he finishes off thus—“Steam is almost an Englishman. I do not know but they will send him to Parliament to make laws. He weaves, forges, saws, pounds, fans; and now he must pump, grind, dig, and plough for the farmer.”

‘And another “trait” is that “electric touch,” by any of our national ideas, “melting us into one family, and

making us embrace our national cause with more tenacity than our life, these private, reserved family-men adopting a public end with their whole heart." And one other trait is—our taste for plain, strong speech, homely, but not vulgar—the speech of Alfred, Latimer, Bunyan, Shakespeare, Milton.' But we pass from these traits of her selection, with this closing observation, that I should look in vain, in any English-woman, for a nobler personal example of them.

We return to her home-hearth; and, announcing the birth of a grandson, she says:—'He was born on his dear grandfather's birthday, and is to bear his name. May God grant that he may prove worthy of it! and then he will be all that his friends can desire.' Adverting to the 'Signs of the Times,' she says:—'Truly one has hardly time to look back just now—scarcely time for the present, when God is wonderfully calling all men to stand still and mark what He is doing. There is a *bouleversement* of all things at hand; and, in this country, if the throne is shaken and the National Church rent asunder and disestablished and disendowed, it is Popery that will do it in England, and worldliness and infidelity in Scotland. But I do think God is gathering His elect more quickly than formerly, and also more numerously. He seems to bless individual effort. I have been much interested lately in a little book, called *Work among the Lost*, as a sample of this.'

An active repose continued, more notably, if pos-

sible, than ever, to be the special feature of her daily life. 'I go home to-morrow again,' she writes, 'as I have a good deal to arrange, and return, D.V., on Tuesday; Paris on Wednesday; Vichy on Thursday—if the Lord will. We are a large party—twelve, at least, with servants.' And she adds:—'I suppose you were not at the Mildmay Conference. I enjoyed it very much the two days I was there. But I was disappointed at not getting to the Female Workers' Association—which is interesting from the number of women who are doing wonderful things just now.'

Her lengthened experience in the relief of the distressed had not hardened her heart against the cry of trouble; but it had made her very wary in interpreting it. A fire had burnt down a shipyard in my Parish, and a subscription to replace the workmen's tools was asked from her. 'I fear,' she wrote, 'I can do nothing in the calamitous case you mention. In these days, when, as Punch says, "nothing is dearer than life, except living," one must be careful to calculate the increased price of everything. This very increased price is owing to the very high wages demanded and received by artisans. Do these shipwrights not belong to some Trades' Union? and ought not the Union to help them out of their difficulty, instead of supporting them in idleness? It would be well that you inquired into this, before moving much more in the matter: or, you may be

doing more harm to the community at large than good to these particular individuals. I think, also, that it might be well to investigate how it happens that, with such wages, they have not enough laid up to re-purchase their own tools? Either they could do so, I should imagine; or they must have spent their money in dissipation and sin.'

The midnight-cry seemed to be ever sounding its alarm in her watchful ear. 'Now that you are home from Moscow,' she wrote, 'I seize the earliest moment to thank you very much indeed for that little book on Prophecy. I am sure the times are ominous enough, and that, if we would open our eyes, we should see very distinctly the tokens of our Lord's near approach, and that truly, when we mark the spirit of insubordination and lawlessness over all the earth, we must feel assured the time for "the restitution of all things" must be near at hand. The world is certainly not growing better. There seems a perfect wave of evil everywhere.'

The expedition to Vichy was accomplished happily. 'We have all greatly benefited,' she says, 'by our sojourn there. I am declared nearly well, both by French and by English doctors. — inhaled carbonic acid gas, and warded off hay-fever. We returned home through Switzerland and Germany. If you find such arrears of business as I did on my return, you will not have had much leisure to write to any one yet. I often wish we could abolish railways and telegrams,

and live our old quiet life again, and have leisure to think, and read. I can do neither now.'

And she adds:—'To-night we hold a prayer-meeting for the outpouring of the Spirit; and we are all earnestly hoping for a great blessing. I believe the Lord is at the very door. He is certainly gathering out His elect.'

'My heart is with Him on the throne,
And ill can brook delay,
Each moment listening for the word—
"Rise up, and come away!"'

CHAPTER XXIII.

Errand after errand—Seldom able to rest—Final Christmas gathering—Loving circle—Awakening—Prayer-meeting—Outpouring of Spirit—American Evangelists—Intensely interested—‘Moody and Sankey movement’—Home revival—‘Marvellous work of Grace all around us’—Meetings thronged—Thirst for the Gospel—‘Some one, any one, to preach’—Fruit of so many efforts and prayers—Justifiable thankfulness—Herself ripening for heavenly garner—Waiting and working—‘Consecration movement’—Only what is taught in *Shorter Catechism*—‘Old Story’—‘New Revelation’—No fear of being *too* holy—Handwriting distinct and vigorous to the end—Eye not dim—Natural strength scarcely abated—Imperfectness of heavenliest fellowship felt—Soul’s night-time—‘Oh, to be over yonder’—Sudden sinking of strength—No pain—Mind clear as ever—Abundant entrance—Victory—‘My Lord!’—Not taken by surprise—Was not—God had taken her—Closing aspiration.

'I do not speak of the body and soul as separable: The man is made up of both; they are to be raised and glorified together.'—RUSKIN.

ONE of the last sayings of Dr. Arnold was, that the mere contemplation of Christ will transform us into His likeness. This had been the great 'transforming' secret of our dear friend's grandly simple life. She had now for many years been *in* heaven; and now the time was drawing near when she was to be *at* it. From the spring of the year, fondly observant eyes had marked a comparative failing of her great bodily energy; yet such was her immense force of will, that she seemed to rise over every hindrance to the execution of her life-work; and, with a restless energy resembling the prophet's of Gilead on his translation-day, she appeared to be, almost consciously, crowding into her remaining pilgrim-journey an unwonted amount of work and interest.

Once more she visited Vichy and 'enjoyed it immensely'; and she returned to England with apparently renewed energy.

Like all true disciples of Him who 'came to seek and to save that which was lost,' she hailed, that summer, with a peculiar welcome, the labours of the American evangelists. 'I have been intensely inter-

ested,' she writes, 'in the Moody and Sankey movement ; and we are going to try to get them to come here.'

'The hand of the Lord, however,' she continues, 'is stretched out without them. We have had a wonderful work of grace all around us, even in this dead and dry region, and in spite of the opposition of the High-Church clergy. The people throng the meetings ; and in several villages they have gathered themselves together and entreated us to send some one—any one—to preach the Gospel to them. We have sent a grocer's apprentice and Mr. R——'s youngest son—a lad of eighteen ; and many souls have been saved under even this instrumentality. I am sorry to say that Dr. S—— is quite knocked up. He preaches three times every Sunday—to crowds in the evening at —— ; and I am afraid he will soon be entirely laid aside. But he dare not leave this perishing people to the terrible teaching all around.

It was a justifiable thankfulness to her loved and loving Master that now filled her heart, when she rejoiced over a third harvest-field thus yielding its autumnal sheaves to her long-expecting faith. On three different scenes—all of them, in a spiritual sense, more or less uninviting—she had scattered the precious seed of the Word. And from each in succession she had gathered a goodly harvest. And now she was herself fast ripening for the heavenly garner.

Another movement, that summer, interested her

scarcely less deeply. One who had gauged so wisely the heavenly life of Madame de Guyon, and had severed from the divine handiwork in her that 'quietism' which was only 'of the earth earthy,' was not likely, either on the one hand to set at nought that 'consecration'-work which was stirring into a new heavenliness so many loyal hearts, or on the other hand to fail to detect that tendency to a carnal and unwatchful abandonment which Satan contrived to introduce, as a dead fly, into the divine ointment.

'Au reste,' she says, 'the doctrine which has startled so many weak minds is only what is so admirably expressed in the *Shorter Catechism* — for example, in such words as these—"The benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption and sanctification, are assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end." But to the English mind, which is guiltless of systematic theology, the "old story" appears like a "new revelation." Some of these men occasionally use incautious words; but I do not think any of us need apprehend being *too* holy, and this theory of "consecration" only leads to an endeavour after nearer communion with Christ, and increased love and devotion to Him, and so I welcome it and think — — and others of his type are all the better for increased knowledge, and to get beyond the A. B. C. of Christianity.'

A mutual friend of thirty years' standing seemed as if about to precede her to the 'City.' 'I was much shocked,' she adds, in the letter just quoted, 'at getting a pencil-note the other day from our old friend Mr. D——. He had been confined to bed with a kind of low fever for a fortnight, and was then so weak that he could not turn without assistance. I hope the danger is over ; but he must have been very ill.' Of him it might most truly be said, what the greatest living writer once wrote of another—that he was so loving, so full of hope, so simple-hearted, that he made all who approached him his ; to be a reality was indispensable to him. His time to be 'taken,' however, was not yet ; hers was even now always ready.

A pamphlet I had sent her on *The English Pulpit*, elicited her final thoughts upon a subject which through life had been very near her heart. 'On my return from the Continent,' she wrote, 'I found a pamphlet with your writing on the direction. I would have written to thank you for it immediately ; but I was taken ill the very next day, and since then I have been little out of my room. I am now, thank God, quite well again ; and I did not wish to delay longer thanking you for your kind remembrance of me in sending me your thoughts on a subject which so deeply interests me. You have indeed spoken "a word in season." Oh, how much it is needed ! It grieves me to the heart when I hear men—and, it is to be hoped, Christian men—

dwelling on all the little outside points of mere detail, and neglecting the preaching of "Christ and Him crucified" to perishing souls. I do not believe that the majority of clergymen think their people are perishing. They have little or no theology; and even the Evangelical ones have a hazy idea that admission by baptism into a visible Church takes away the guilt of Adam and the sin of our fallen nature. Therefore, their preaching is hazy; and their congregations are never brought to face the awful truth that they are "dead"—lying under God's wrath and curse—and that, if His mercy in giving them life prevent not, they must perish eternally.'

Such was her robust faith to the end, so that, with a calm, quiet, daily thanksgiving, she would be lifting up her firm but lowly orison in some such fashion as this—

'O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom-globe surveys,
To Thee, my only Rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise!'

And, if it had been left to herself to frame her own epitaph, what nobler 'Nunc dimittis,' could she have sung than the following? 'We have been,' she wrote, whilst still looking forward to an extended reaping in the Master's fields, 'partakers lately of God's abounding mercy. The neighbourhood is all aroused, and I cannot count the number of conversions. It is the mighty power of God shed forth;

for the instruments are few and feeble. Many of the outdoor servants, and all the indoor ones but two, seem to have been really converted. We are so happy now—not a jar, or an unkind word! It is quite delightful, and quite wonderful, to feel you are living in a Christian household! I am perfectly well now. Lady L—— left us on Saturday; she has been marvellously sustained under her sore bereavement.’

‘How gladsome it will be, when we hear “Come up hither!”’ Such were about the closing words she wrote to me. Her handwriting was as distinct, and neat, and vigorous, and beautiful as ever; her eye was not dim; and her natural force was scarcely abated. Yet, feeling, almost day by day, the imperfectness of even the heavenliest fellowship, with the Lord or with His saints, which is vouchsafed to us in this our ‘night-time,’ she was breathing out her longings after something less veiled and less indistinct, thus—

‘ Oh, to be over yonder,
 In that land of wonder,
 Where life, and light, and sunshine beam on every thing :
 Where the day-beam is unshaded,
 As pure as He who made it—
 The land of cloudless sunshine, where Jesus is the King !

‘ O to be over yonder !
 My yearning heart grows fonder
 Of looking to the east, to see the day-star bring
 Some tidings of the waking,
 The cloudless, pure day breaking,
 My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of the King

‘ O when shall I be dwelling,
Where the angel-voices swelling
In triumphant halleluiahs make the vaulted heavens ring;
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning-star is beaming;
O when shall I be yonder, in the presence of the King?

‘ O when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger,
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing,
Within those heavenly mansions,
Where the angels veil their faces,
In awe and adoration, in the presence of the King!’

Suddenly there came upon her a strange sinking of strength. So unexpected was the prostration, that, when two of her daughters came home from a brief visit to London, they were quite alarmed by her state, the doctors evidently thinking very gravely of the case. But she herself was not taken by surprise. ‘Never,’ writes one who witnessed the triumphant scene, ‘was there a more abundant entrance given into the presence of the Lord.’

‘Thanks be unto God,’ she calmly whispered, as her bodily energy was fast ebbing away, ‘who hath given me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ!’

Another time, lifting her eyes heavenward, as if already gazing on the face of the King, she said, ‘*My* Lord and *my* God!’

‘There was no suffering,’ writes the same eye-witness, ‘to cloud the spirit’s flight. Not only in perfect peace, but in the joy and strength of her Lord,

her eye piercing behind the veil, union lost in full communion, she passed into the land of light—into the presence of her Lord.'

It was on the twenty-seventh of November, 1875.

A more fitting translation could scarcely have crowned her noble, self-denying, truly grand life. 'As the remembrance of her last days and hours,' says the same eye-witness, 'rises more and more clearly over the surgings of our hearts, we feel that for her we can only give thanks. Working to the end, in all the fulness of mental gift and spiritual grace, for her Lord, she was waiting for Him, too; and she was not, for God took her.'

Yes, and what strange melody is this which seems already to strike the ear?

'I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now!

'I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus has set free;
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody!'

And may the writer presume to whisper in the sympathising reader's ear his own 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord'? And what remains for him but to sing, as the departed, in her hours

of waiting and working and watching, oftentimes
sang—

‘O to be over yonder!
Alas! I sigh and wonder,
Why clings my poor weak heart to any earthly thing?
Each tie of earth must sever,
And pass away for ever;
But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.

‘O! soon, soon I'll be yonder,
All lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—for the bird's fleet wing:
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary;
But there's no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the
King!’

**'But now, alas! the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here:
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.'**

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the 1990s, the number of people who have been infected with HIV has increased in almost every country in the world. In 1990, there were 1.5 million people living with HIV, and in 2000, there were 36 million. The number of people who have died from AIDS is also increasing. In 1990, there were 1.5 million people who had died from AIDS, and in 2000, there were 16 million.

The increase in the number of people who have been infected with HIV and the number of people who have died from AIDS is a result of the spread of the virus. The virus is spread by contact with the blood, semen, or vaginal fluids of an infected person. The most common way of spreading the virus is through sexual contact. Other ways of spreading the virus include sharing needles and syringes, and contact with infected blood.

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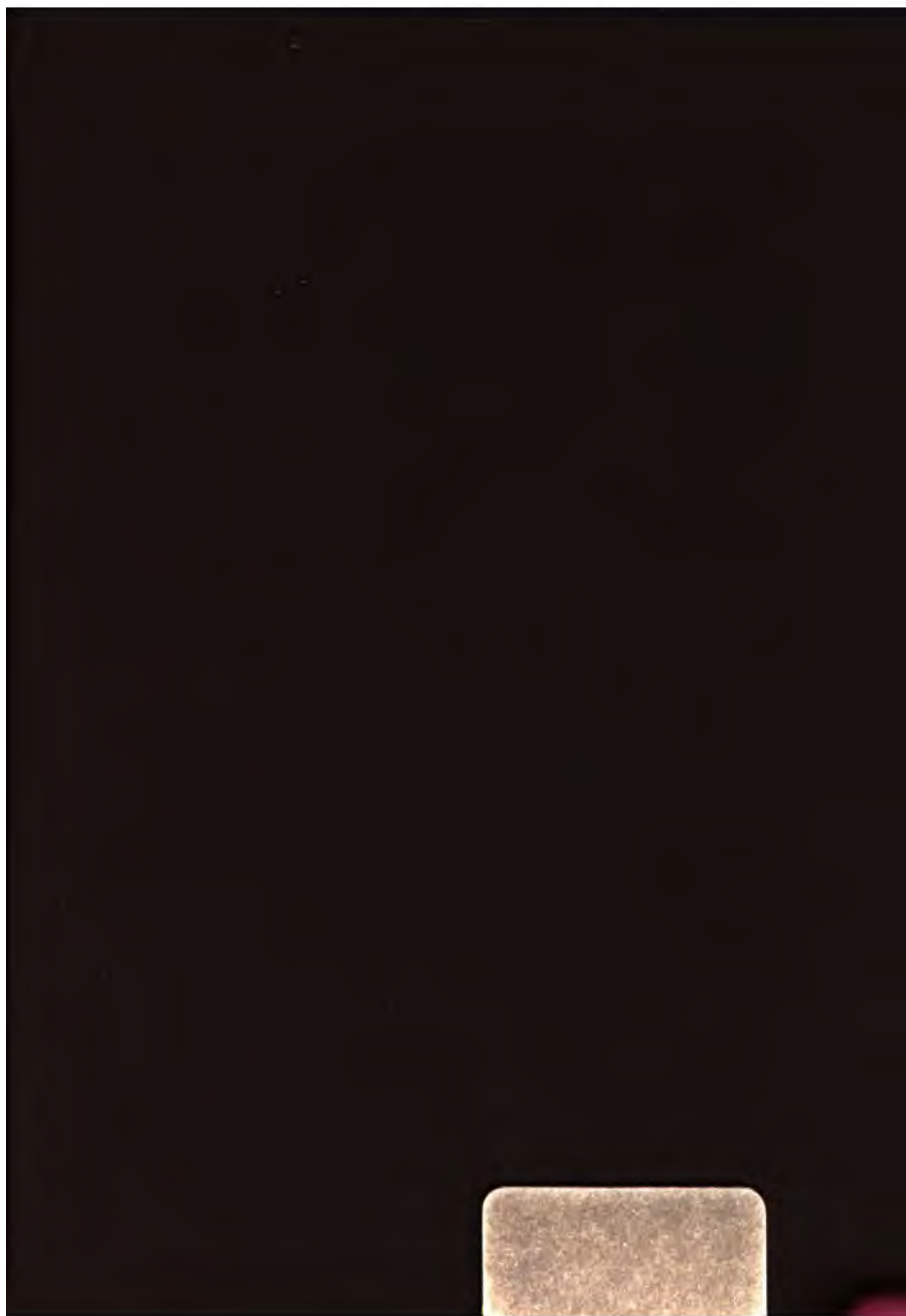
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